The Saturday Evening
# POST
April 8, 1961 – 15¢

## CASTRO'S EXILES IN FLORIDA

## A NEW NOVEL BY STORM JAMESON

## Preview of the New York World's Fair

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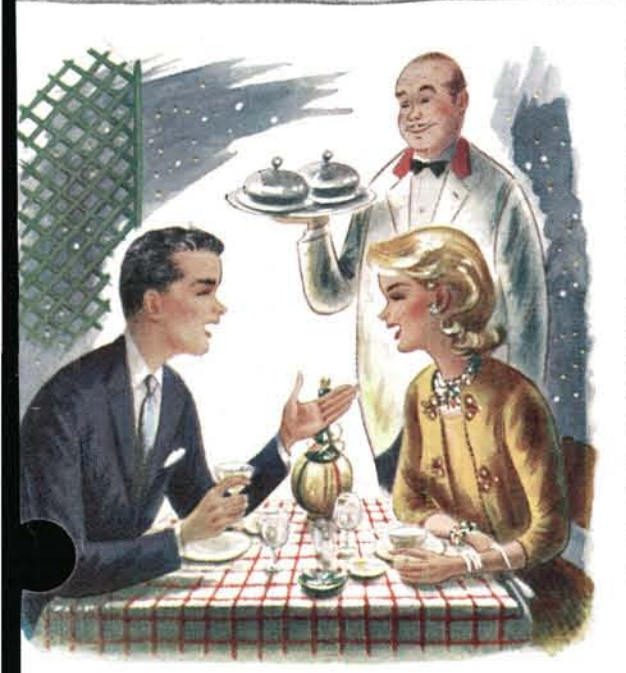

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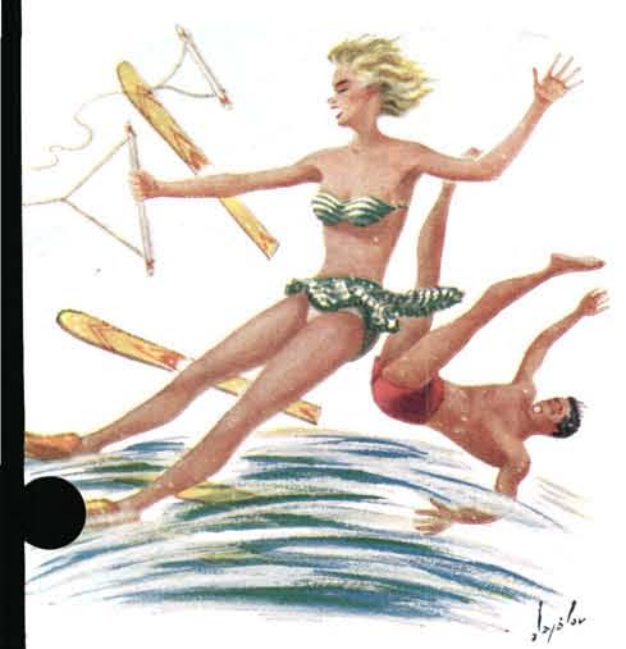

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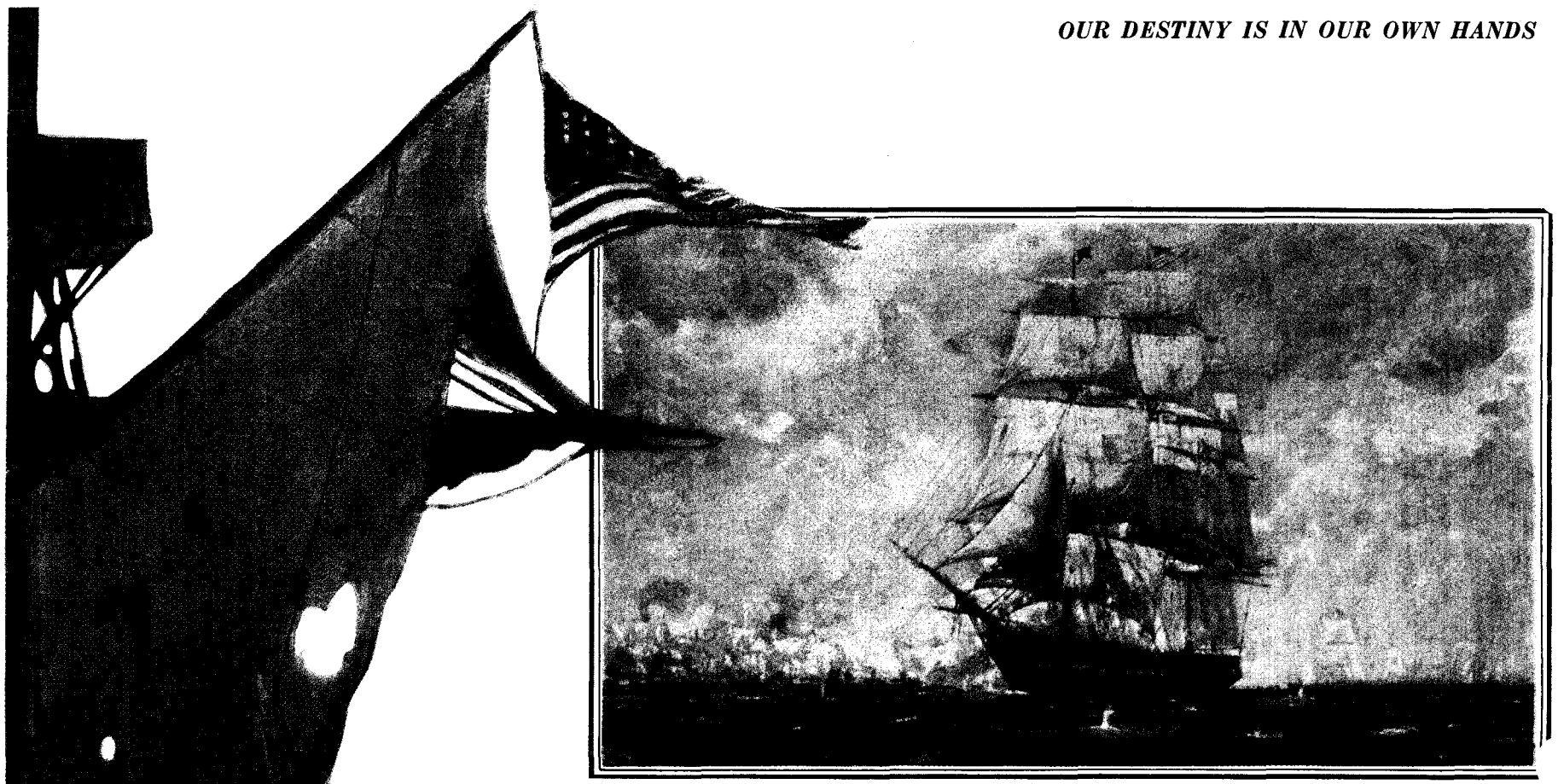
*OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS*



U. S. frigate "Constitution" shelling Barbary pirate forts at Tripoli. Mediterranean, 1804. Painting by Gordon Grant.

# "The harpies of the shore shall pluck the eagle of the sea."

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

*Each age in history has known its harpies—those rapacious smearers attempting to deride a ship of state which flies high the colors of principle and ideals!*

*The fate of our own is irrevocably bound with the courage and faith of those who chart her course and unfurl her sails. With our proud heritage of accomplishment, we will never strike the country's colors—to the harpies of shore or sea.*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE COVER

Artist Alajálov shows how to progress from soda-fountain counter to kitchen counter in nine easy panels. The line that won the heart of Miss Waitress of 1961 doubtless was, "Let me take you away from all this." But panel No. 9 is not her idea of "away"—same wooden face as in panel No. 1, same suit and tie, same food, same time of day, even the same type of serving counter. If we were she, we would stage a counter revolution. The fringe benefits of her new job may be good, but the pay is next to nothing. For the love of Mike, why would a girl put up with such working arrangements? Obvious answer: For the love of Mike. In panel No. 2, Mike suddenly becomes aware of the charms of his waitress, and we trust that in panel No. 10 he'll reawaken to the charms of his bride.


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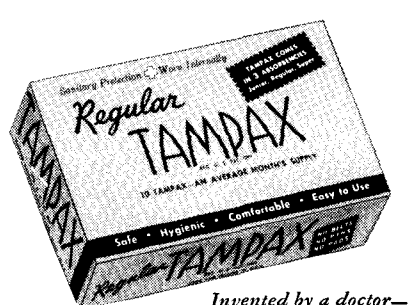


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# Letters

## Too Busy for Idols

Dear Sirs:

Being a high-school student, I read with interest the article about JETS [Junior Engineering Technical Society] in your Mar. 4 issue [THE SPACE GENERATION, by John Bird]. It shows that although a minority of young people roll

around on the floor when some idol groans, others are putting their time to better use.

DON LENAGHAN
*Smiths Falls, Ontario*

## If Lincoln Had Gone to College

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to *The Post* and to Mr. Paul Horgan for your latest bit of Lincolniana, CITIZEN OF NEW SALEM [Mar. 4], a superb reconstruction of those all-important half-dozen years of Lincoln's early manhood.

And a special word of appreciation for Mr. Horgan's tribute to Mentor Graham, the man who taught Lincoln. Graham's decisive influence in shaping and directing the mind and career of Lincoln has been ignored by most Lincoln chroniclers. But Lincoln himself did not forget his frontier schoolmaster, whom he invited to sit on the platform with him at his first inaugural.

M. WHITCOMB HESS
*Ohio University*
*Athens, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

Do you suppose that if Lincoln could have attended one of our million-dollar suburban schools and received a college scholarship at state expense he could have written a better address for the Gettysburg dedication or turned a better phrase than "with malice toward none, with charity for all"?

WILLIAM A. MILLER
*LeRoy, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

Author Paul Horgan saw New Salem alone, at dawn after a storm. An unforgettable experience, we know, because my wife, two sons and I walked the main road of New Salem at dusk. Everyone had gone. The oxen had bedded down for the night and the plaintive evening songs of the whippoorwill and hermit thrush were resounding from the banks of the Sangamon. We expected a door to open and see young Abraham Lincoln come strolling out to meet us.

ROY DU CHATEAU
*Nashville, Ind.*

Dear Sirs:

The text used the proper designation for Lincoln's surveying instruments, but they were incorrectly described under the illustration. The reference to the transit is an error. This is a surveyor's compass on a Jacob's staff.

FRANK G. WHI
*Berkeley, Calif.*

● *Reader White is right.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

CITIZEN OF NEW SALEM is an admirable piece of work. It most certainly will add to Paul Horgan's already considerable stature.

HOWARD H. SLAWSON
*New Hartford, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

The article is one of the finest things ever published in *The Saturday Evening Post* or any other magazine.

LYNN C. OSINCUP
*Waverly, Iowa*

## Up in Michigan

Dear Sirs:

Your article MICHIGAN: THE PROBLEM STATE [by Harold H. Martin, Feb. 25] was a very thorough, extremely fai and factual report.

KARL M. SORRIC
*Springport, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

The wrath which you must certainly arouse in the hearts of all but a few Michigan residents is, I must say, well deserved.

It seems inconceivable that *The Post* would turn one of its editors loose in an effort to further damage the reputation of our fine state.

EDWARD MCKINLEY VAN LEISHOUT
*Traverse City, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

The article is old hat to Michiganders. Things are really not that bad; they are worse.

NORM RISSANEN
*Royal Oak, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

I think Michigan's troubles are due, more than anything else, to the exorbitant wage scales which big labor has imposed upon the country.

I am not antilabor, and I believe in good wages. But I believe that modern wage scales and fringe benefits are exorbitant and unrealistic. They put business under a crushing cost-price squeeze, and they force management to cut down on jobs as much as possible and to resort more and more to automation. Big labor today is bleeding the goose that has been laying the golden eggs.

V. L. KEENAN
*Churchville, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

Michigan's problem seems to me to be the same as the problem facing the United States as a whole, and its method of solving it just as ridiculous. Here is a state where the workers and industries are paying higher taxes than neighboring states, where the budget goes farther in the red each year, and the only solution they can think of is to raise the taxes.

R. W. BUNCH
*Portland, Oreg.*

Dear Sirs:

After reading your depressing article about Michigan, I felt like pushing th panic button and blowing up the

(Continued on Page 6)

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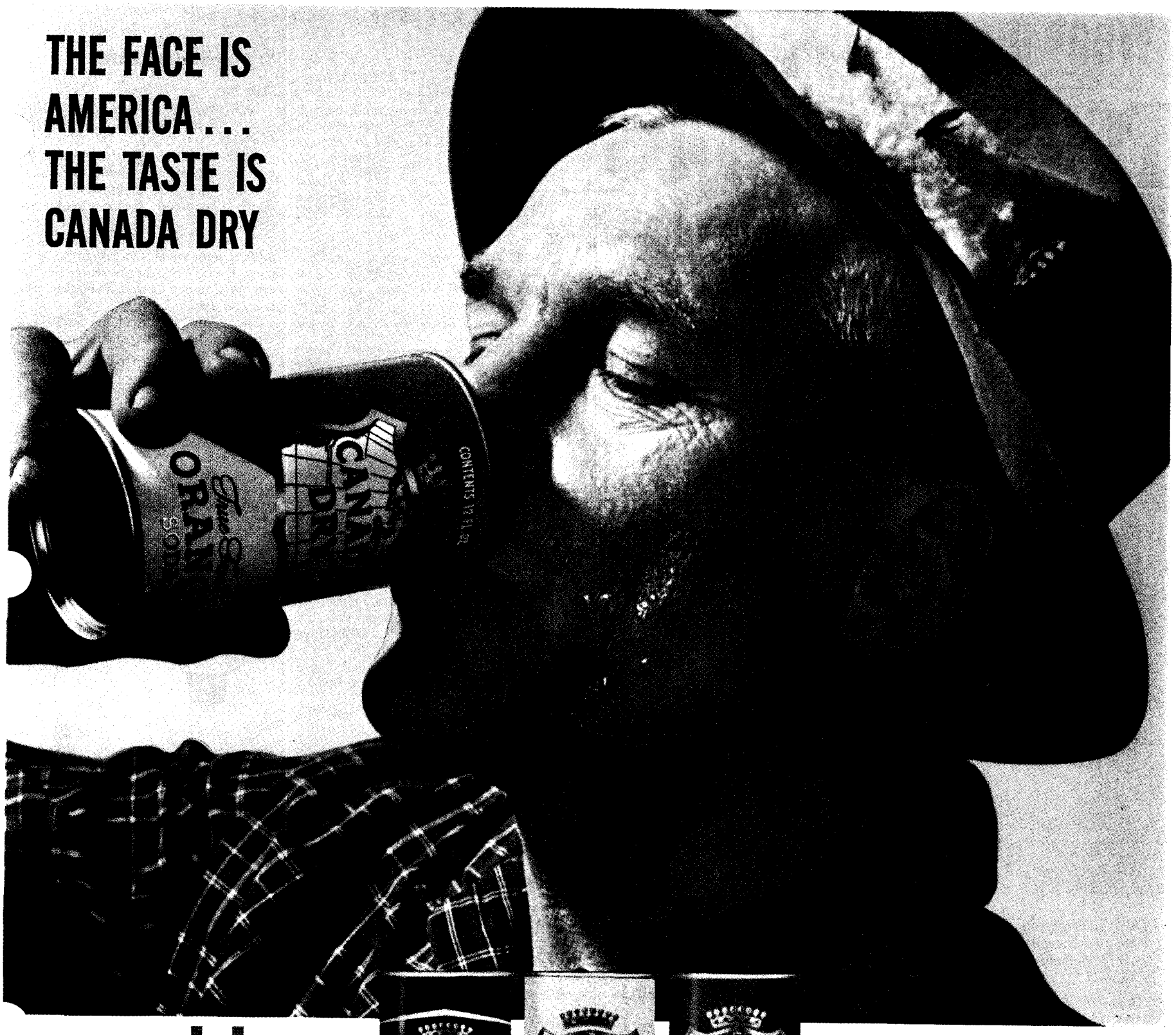
# THE FACE IS AMERICA... THE TASTE IS CANADA DRY

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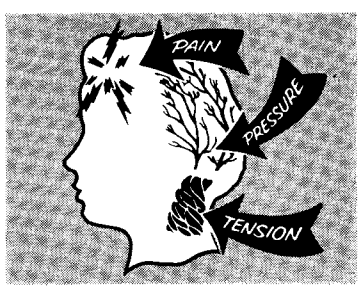


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# Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Mackinac Bridge and joining Soapy Williams in Africa. Your writer made Michigan seem that bad.

But Mr. Martin in his reporting job overlooked one oasis of prosperity in Michigan called Kalamazoo.

F. JOSEPH BUCKLEY, *Executive Vice President*
*Kalamazoo County Chamber of Commerce*
*Kalamazoo, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Martin was given all the facts about our constructive program which, within the next few years, will make Michigan competitive again. We regret that he failed to use these facts in his article.

HARRY R. HALL, *Executive Vice President*
*Michigan State Chamber of Commerce*
*Lansing, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

If your aim was to stimulate thoughtful discussion both here in Michigan and in other, less newsworthy states, you certainly succeeded.

JOHN E. SEIG, *President*
*Chamber of Commerce,*
*Alma, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

As a former administrative assistant to Gov. G. Mennen Williams I can only express the melancholy wish that the state's problems had received as objective and dispassionate treatment by the nation's press and magazines while Williams was in office as they were given by Mr. Martin.

I am compelled to add that Mr. Martin's analysis of the causes for Michigan's economic dislocations and the prescriptions for revival could have been lifted from any one of dozens of speeches given over a period of several years by Governor Williams himself. . . . It was Williams who created the Committee for Michigan's Economic Future, which is now one of the forces mobilizing action for future development of the state.

WILLIAM R. MONAT, *Associate Professor*
*Pennsylvania State University*
*University Park, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:

Your article was superb. . . . Unlikely as it may seem, we Michiganders can still recognize the truth.

ALICE L. HOCK
*Inkster, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

You can do a favor for Michigan residents by clearing up one of our greatest confusions. Please inform Harold Martin and countless others that Michigan people are correctly called Michiganians, not Michiganders!

MURIEL SHEPPARD
*Flint, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

Michigander, we of the Wolverine State believe, too readily conjures up the plural form, "Michigeese."

ELIZABETH VAN LOAN
*Birmingham, Mich.*

## "I Married an Addict"

Dear Sirs:

Eight weeks ago today I married the most virtuous of all women. She is a fi[illegible] Christian.

Before I married her I knew that sh[illegible] didn't smoke, drink, gamble, chew, stay out late, run around, use dope, curse, dance or attend the motion-picture show.

However, I have found that she has an addiction for which there seems to be no cure. Every week she insists on putting out good money for your magazine. She is a *Post* addict.

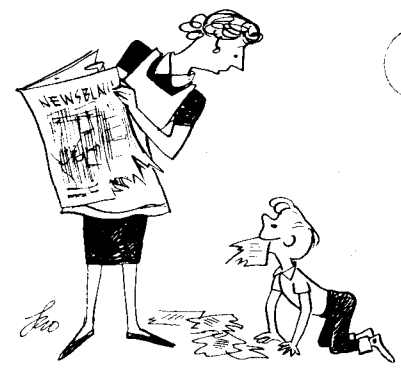
She is so tied to this habit and so enthusiastic about it that she has managed to hook me too.

DAVID H. HANSON
*Kankakee, Ill.*

## Ask a Silly Question . . .

Dear Sirs:

Yesterday I read ARGUMENTS I LOSE by Robert Olver [Feb. 25]. Today I lost a very short argument with my seven-




year-old son. I discovered him chewing a piece of paper and asked, "Are you a goat?" He answered cheerfully, "Yes!"

I retired to the kitchen

MARILLYN S. ARMSTRONG
*Carmel, Ind.*

## Answer to a Maiden's Prayer

Dear Sirs:

In her Feb. 18 poem, WISHFUL THINKING, Esther H. Leary says:

When a gentleman gives me his seat
on the bus
And rides along clutching the strap,
I think how much cozier might it
have been
Had he asked me to sit on his lap!

To which I reply:

If some gent should invite her to sit
on his lap,
Using words both polite and discreet,
She knows doggone well she would
give him a slap
That would knock him clean out of
his seat!

HARLEY O. SMITH
*McLean, Nebr.*

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Live in the mountains? Travel the expressways? Get in and out of fast-moving traffic? They're all duck soup for the Tempest. This newcomer has a common sense horsepower-to-weight ratio that makes some of the little ones feel like kiddie cars.

Better see your Pontiac dealer and get to know the Tempest. Find out why it won over all 27 other competitive cars as Motor Trend Magazine's Car of the Year.

Drive one and see. (Take the wife and kids along. The Tempest seats six even though it is priced with the compacts.)

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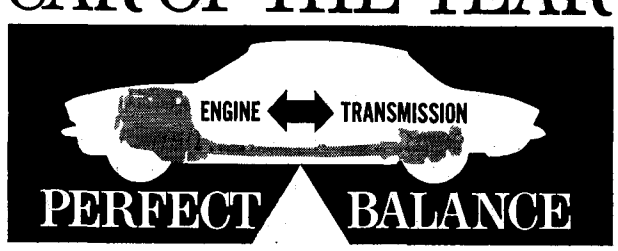


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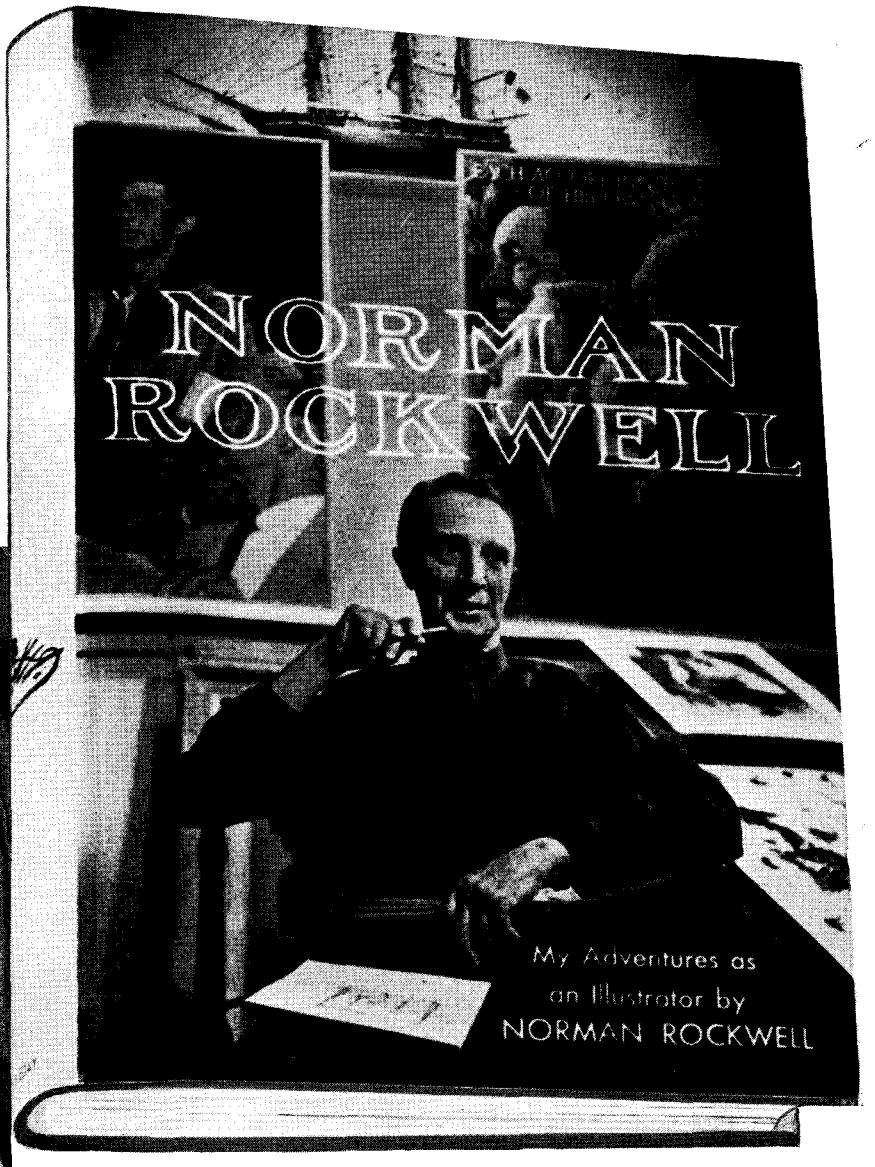


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# Editorials

## In the Congo the UN Seems To Be "Neutral Against" the West

Phrases like "all-out support for the United Nations" have a hollow sound when applied to the Congo where the UN is represented by the Rajeshwar Dayal, a Hindu with a leaning toward neutralism. The Soviet imperialists have organized their side of the fence with little opposition, while the anti-Red Congolese are rebuked for unnecessary roughness.

The UN representative has repeatedly given our would-be friends in the Congo the cold-shoulder treatment. The Belgians, who, despite plenty of errors and omissions, have produced most of the progress in the Congo over the years, are ordered out, with no assurance that any comparable influence would rise in their place. When the people of Katanga Province seceded from the Communist-controlled central government, their action was denounced in American liberal circles as a betrayal of unity, and efforts were even made to prevent them from defending themselves against forays by the Lumumbese.

As President Robert Morris of the University of Dallas, former counselor to the Senate's Internal Security Committee and before that a Navy-intelligence officer, put it: "When a beacon of light appears over this dark prospect in the form of people oriented to the West who want to be really free and salvage the treasure box of Katanga from Soviet talons . . . the desire to be free becomes 'ominous.'" The suggestion that the West might take a leaf out of the Communist book and back its own friends is frowned upon.

What we have been doing is to spend our millions on a United Nations effort to police the area without inquiring in whose interest the policing was to be carried out. As Stewart Alsop summarized the situation in a recent *Post* article (February 18), "UN forces largely subsidized by the United States have been used to prevent a moderate, pro-Western, anti-Communist regime, headed by a UN-recognized chief of state, from consolidating its position in the heart of Africa. Meanwhile, a pro-Communist regime has been established and allowed to extend its power in the heart of Africa without effective opposition from these forces."

Most of this has happened because of our silly insistence that: (1) Western "imperialists," who, after all, have friends among the black population of Africa, must clear out and (2) we must under no circumstances back a native leadership favorable to us. Even the attempts at union by pro-Western leaders in the Congo are greeted sourly by the UN.

Events have shown that the peoples in the Congo—or such of them as have any capacity for making a choice—have no love for the Communist invaders and would gladly toss them out on their ears if given an encouraging word. However, these native leaders can hardly be expected to take the risk of opposing Soviet infiltration if they never get a nod from the West. If the West, and especially the U.S.A., has little concern for its own interest in this fabulously rich area, and lacks loyalty toward its would-be supporters, how can we expect Kasavubu, Ileo, or Mobutu or any other Congolese leader to carry the torch for us?

## The FBI Gets a High Rating Despite Some Egghead Slurs

Comes now an expert witness, Sir Sydney Smith, and speaks with a bit of astonishment on the topic of "Looking Down One's Nose at J. Edgar Hoover." Suppose we sum up his public remarks by putting them in the form of legal testimony. "Sir Sydney, take the stand. What is your occupation?"

"At seventy-seven I may be considered retired, although I've been doing a little book writing. My career has been that of a medico-legal expert—examining the corpses and the scenes of the burglaries, and so on. Testifying in numberless cases in England, Scotland, Egypt and elsewhere, in matters of shooting, strangling, poisoning, safebreaking, skinprints, ballistics and all that. I am emeritus professor of forensic medicine, Edinburgh University."

"During your visit here, Sir Sydney, did you comment on the development of forensic medicine in the United States?"

"Oh, yes; I told interviewers that thirty years ago your country was far behind, quite in the backwoods. But today I'd say you lead the world. Much of the credit certainly goes to your FBI and Mr. Hoover. He has done an excellent job in raising the standards of crime detection here.

"Curiously, as soon as I mentioned Mr. Hoover to literary editors or book people or university people, they looked down their noses."

Who are the Americans who look down their noses at J. Edgar Hoover—and why? It can hardly be that they oppose his raising the standards of crime detection in general. Not only have FBI agents been efficient, but Hoover has done much to improve other police work. For instance, the FBI National Academy, held twice a year, has given professional training to thousands of law-enforcement officers, including some from several foreign countries.

Well, then, why the highfalutin scorn of Hoover by some Americans? Nobody shouted "Unfair" or "Ungentlemanly" when the FBI produced expert testimony against the man who kidnaped and murdered the Lindbergh baby. But it was different when the FBI dug up evidence to convict Alger Hiss.

There is only one sort of case that arouses the animosity of certain intellectual or near-intellectual "liberals" against J. Edgar Hoover. A small but influential minority is angry at his success in cases involving Communists. Some of these objectors are themselves Reds or fellow travelers; but most are "fellow defenders." They regard any prosecution of Communists as a violation of "civil liberties." To them Hoover is a "witch-hunter."

People who take such attitudes regard themselves as sensitive, fastidious, superior. Actually they are merely stupid.

## Isn't There One Statesman Unafraid of Pressure Groups?

During the successful effort to pack the House Rules Committee, much was heard about the intense pressure which the Administration was supposed to be putting on members of the House to vote in favor of this proposal. Members were reportedly told that, if they failed to support the Administration, defense contracts might go outside their districts or missile bases might be transferred somewhere else.

Curiously enough there has been little public criticism of the use of this kind of pressure which, of course, is characteristic not only of Democrats. Few editors or commentators raised their voices in protest. It would appear that it has come to be taken for granted that such threats are "just politics" and that the individual member has no reason to resent them, much less resist them.

We live in a period of foggy political thought. One New York Republican congressman explained that he voted to pack the Rules Committee because otherwise, he said, "Republicans would be blamed for failure of the Kennedy program!" Well, why on earth are Republicans in Congress at all if not to take a long and careful look at any questionable facets of the Kennedy program? Certainly they are not obligated to vote to grease the ways for it sight unseen. If the statesmen themselves take so flaccid a view of their responsibilities, what can be expected of the bewildered Common Man?

Just the same, to get back to pressure, there must be a member of Congress somewhere capable of saying something like this:

"Yesterday I was approached by an emissary of the Administration who strongly hinted that my district could lose the Off-to-Jupiter Space Project, which employs 1500 people, if I did not vote right. I replied immediately that if important defense establishments are being located for politically strategic reasons and not in places offering the best industrial or technological advantages, I want none of them in my district. If my constituents feel otherwise, they are free to elect somebody in my place."

If any member of Congress should unleash something like that, the acclaim might be astonishing.

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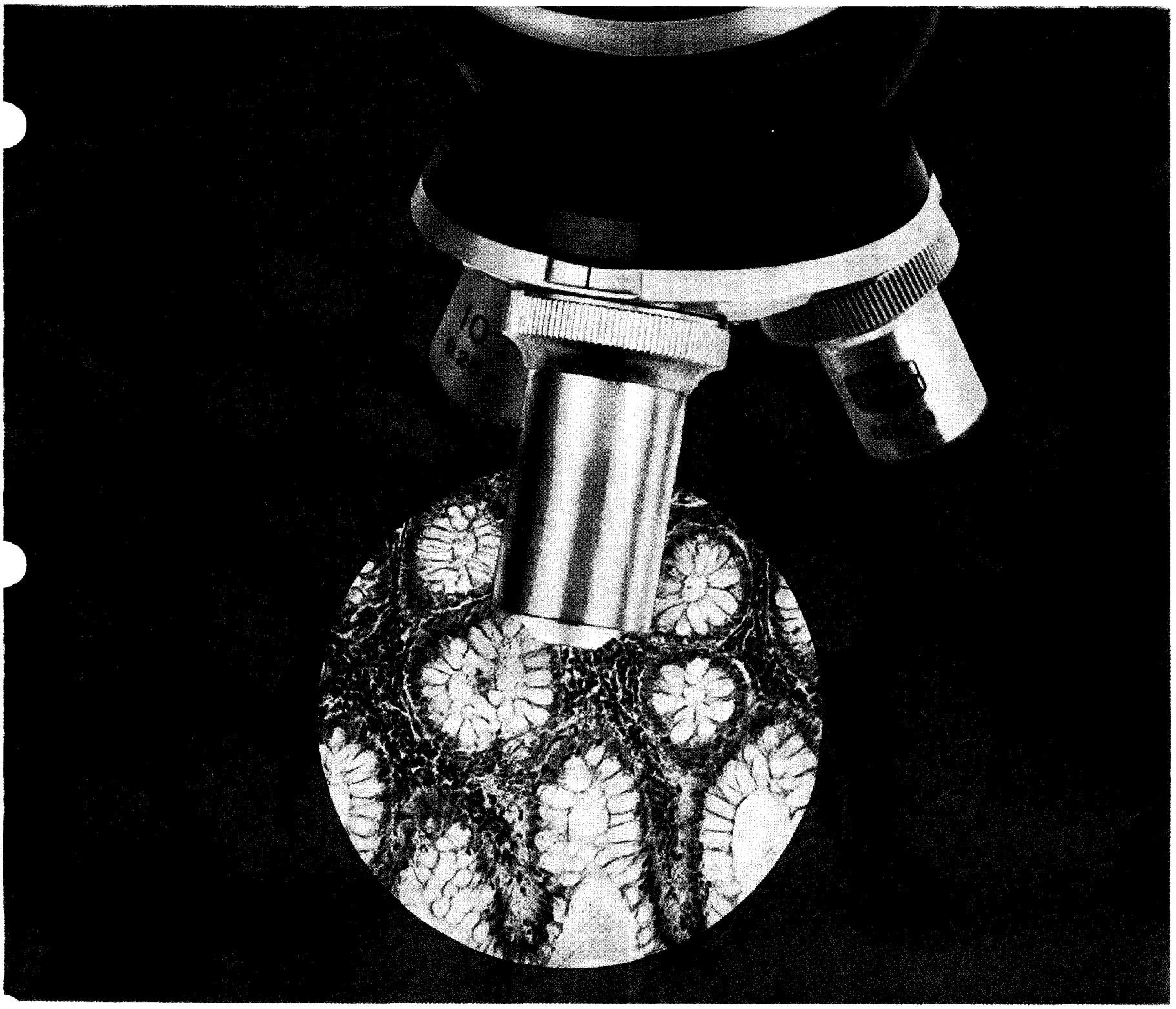

# PROBING THE SECRETS OF CELLS...TO ADVANCE THE FIGHT ON CANCER

Discoveries in cytology—the science of cells—have revealed some of the innermost secrets of cells. When scientists finally learn why healthy cells become malignant and how to halt their disorderly growth, they will have the key to cancer.

Already, the study of cells has given us new weapons against some forms of cancer. In fact, one of the most important advances in recent years is the discovery that one of the leading types of cancer in women can be diagnosed in its very earliest stages.

This is done by the simple and painless removal of cells for study under the microscope. If cells which may become cancer are present, the test can spot them as much as five to ten years before they become dangerous—or long before they begin their destructive invasion of normal body tissues.

Thanks to this test—known as "the Pap smear" or the Papanicolaou test—the type of cancer that it reveals is about 100 percent curable if detected early enough. Every woman past the age of 25 should have this test every year as a part of her regular physical examination. Most physicians can now make the test.

The outlook for the control of some types of cancer is steadily improving. Medical science has made many notable advances in treatment and care.

But you are still the first line of defense against this disease. What should you know about cancer? What are its seven danger signals? What are the chances of cure or control when cancer is diagnosed early and treated promptly and properly?

These questions are answered in the Metropolitan Life booklet offered below. Clip and mail the coupon for your free copy.

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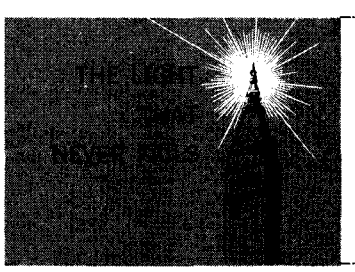

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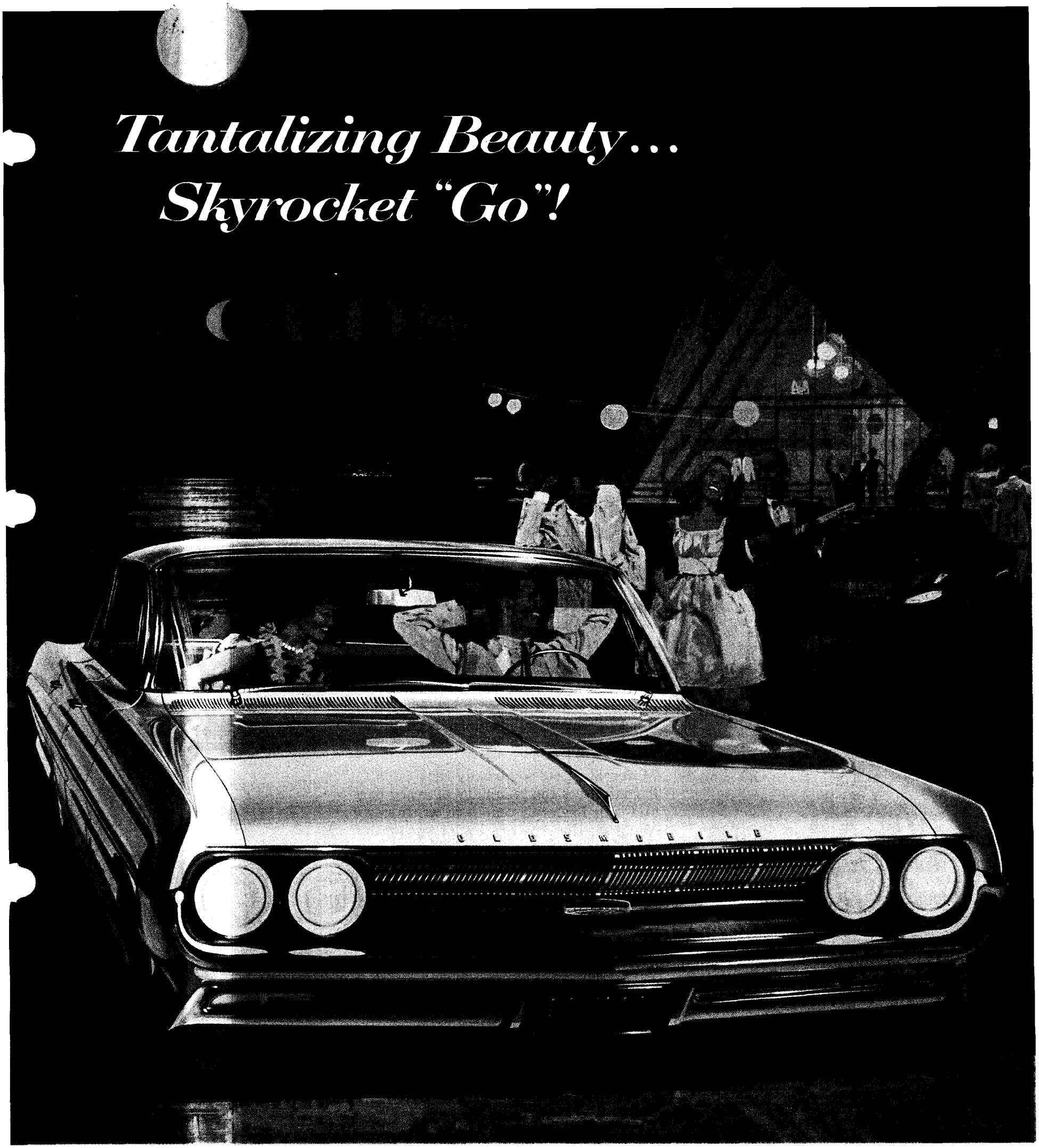


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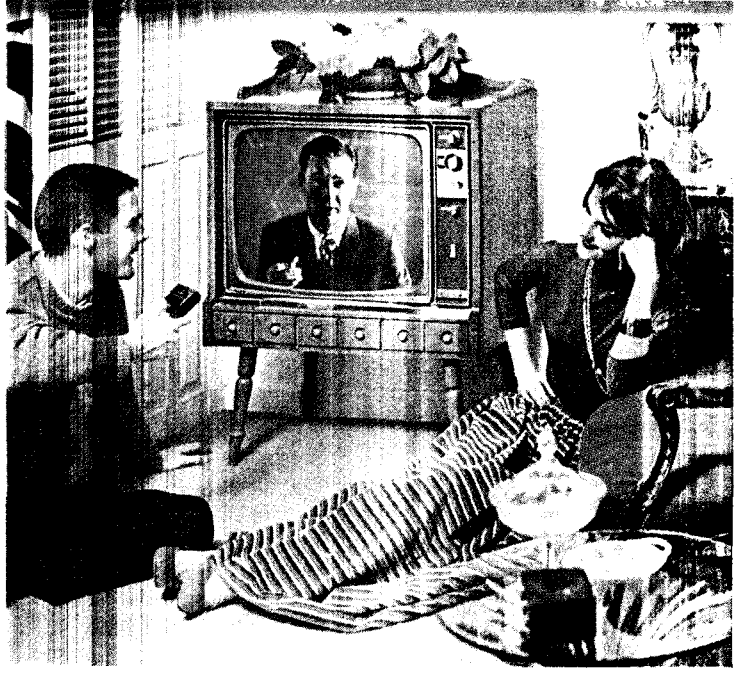

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Doesn't Motorola sound like the TV set you should buy next?

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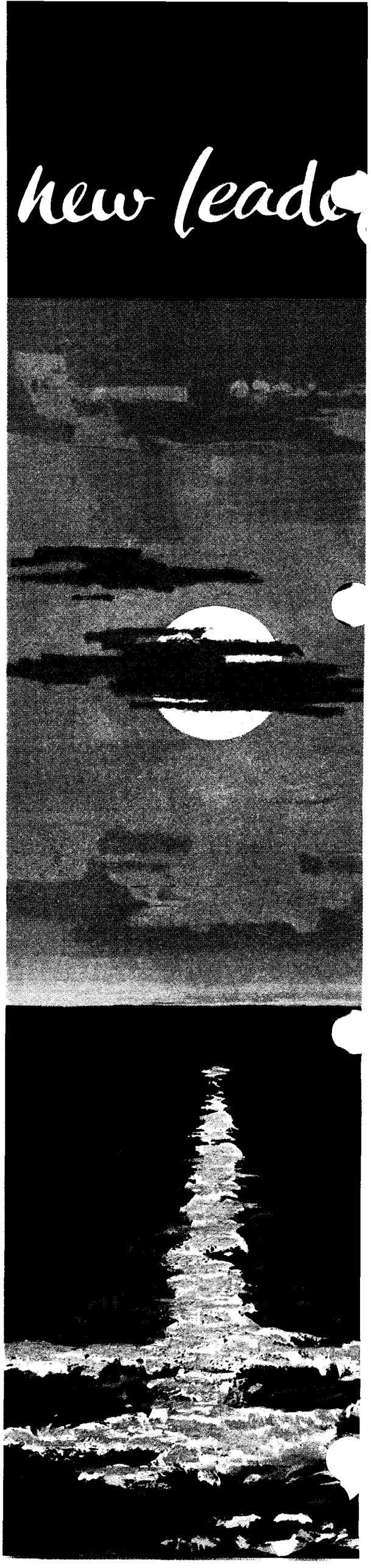


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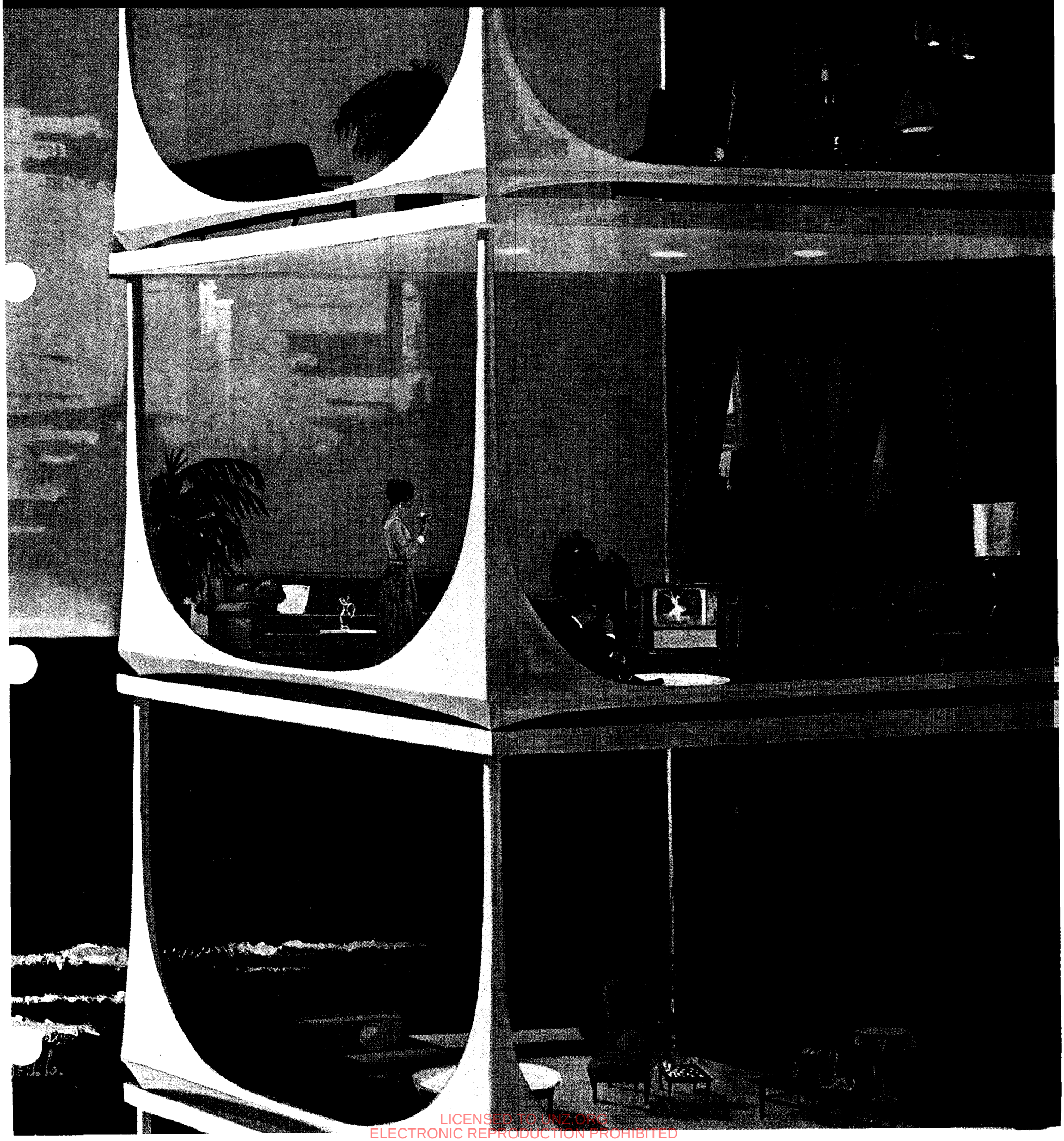

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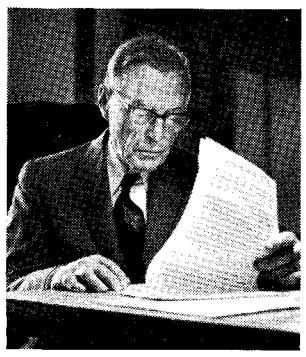
# *What's the idea behind Workmen's Compensation?*

# Wausau Story



*by The Honorable*

**THEODORE W. BRAZEAU**

*Member of the Wisconsin State Legislature in 1907 and 1909*

"I assure you it's easier to talk about Workmen's Compensation today than it was fifty-four years ago when I was first elected to the Wisconsin State Legislature. Then the subject always provoked a great old battle.

"The battle was one I felt had to be fought.

"As a practicing attorney in Wisconsin Rapids—the city was called Grand Rapids then—I was in an area dominated by the hazardous industries of lumbering and paper making. Much of my work for these companies involved personal injury cases. No one could help but recognize the injustice of turning a man away without a cent of compensation when he'd suffered an injury in the employment of his company.

"At the same time, the situation was far from satisfactory for the employers too. The old Liability Laws practically made court action necessary. And if the employer protected himself against court suits with insurance, the premiums were very high. In fairness to both sides, a change had to be made.

"Such a change was conscientiously worked for. I'm proud to say that Wisconsin was the first state to adopt a Workmen's Compensation Law that was to be upheld in the courts as constitutional. As soon as that Law went into effect in 1911, Employers Mutuals of Wausau opened for business. So this is the year of the insurance company's 50th anniversary.

"I consulted and worked with many of the men who founded Employers Mutuals of Wausau. I found them to be honorable men, men of conscience and sincerity. I remember they had as their slogan 'Insure *for* your men, not *against* them.' Their basic idea for fifty years has been to assume the obligations of their policyholders—and to fulfill the obligation with fairness and integrity. It comes as no surprise to me that today Employers Mutuals of Wausau people are known throughout the country as 'good people to do business with'."

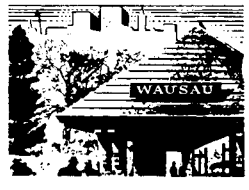
Mr. Brazeau visits the Senate Chamber in Wisconsin's Capitol in Madison. "If you were 88 years old, as I am," Mr. Brazeau says, "you too would refer to this as 'The New Capitol'. Construction was begun in 1907. I was then serving my first term in the Legislature. I would not venture to say which is the more fitting monument to my generation: this magnificent building, or the progress in far-sighted legislation made during those exciting years."

★ ★ ★

*Employers Mutuals of Wausau has 138 offices throughout the country to provide prompt and thorough service for policyholders. We write all forms of fire, group health and accident, and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest and most experienced underwriters in the field of workmen's compensation. We are proud of our established reputation for fast claim service and our leadership in the field of industrial accident prevention. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest Employers Mutuals representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.*

**Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau**

PIONEER UNDERWRITER OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION INSURANCE IN AMERICA

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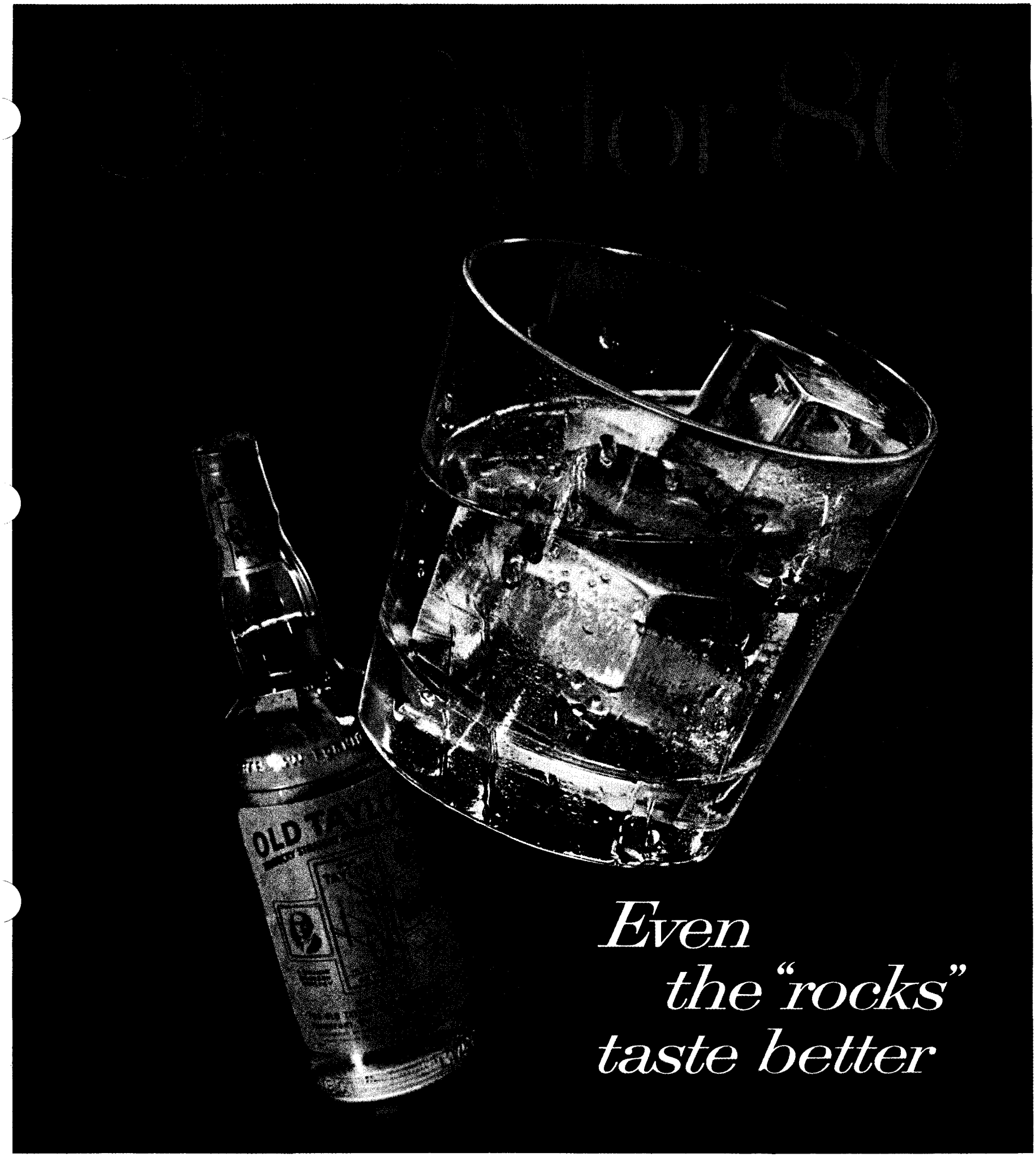


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In a hidden camp near Miami, Cuban counterrevolutionaries plan tactics—including sabotage—with which they hope to smash Castro's pro-Communist government.

# ANGRY EXILES IN FLORIDA

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

In the Miami area 40,000 disenchanted Cubans plot the overthrow of Castro. A *Post* editor reports on the problems they pose for Florida and the nation.

The lighthearted city of Miami, which asks no more than to be allowed to share its sunshine and sea breezes with a host of peace-loving, well-heeled vacationers, now finds itself a haven for a swarm of political refugees, most of whom are penniless and all of whom are grimly bent on starting a civil war in Cuba before the next full moon.

In the city and surrounding Dade County, some 40,000 Cuban exiles are busy plotting, planning and praying for the day—which they hopefully predict is soon to come—when all of Cuba will rise in revolt against Fidel Castro and his Red-dominated regime. They represent every walk of life, from ousted land barons who yearn to turn the clock back to pre-Batista days, to fiery intellectuals whose political views seem only a little to the right of Castro's own. They share, however, two things in common—a burning zeal to get rid of Fidel and his commissars, and an ineradicable longing to go back home to a free and peaceful Cuba. They differ widely, though, in their beliefs as to how these goals may be accomplished, and they waste much time and energy in futile squabbling. (Continued on Page 21)



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Only as a last resort do the proud exiles appeal to the Government-established Cuban Refugee Center in Miami.

Manuel Ray (left) and Col. Ramon Barquin of the Revolutionary Movement of the People (M.R.P.). Ray, leader of this powerful anti-Castro group, wants the U.S. to be a "silent partner" in the battle against Castro.

Dr. Felipe Pazos, a distinguished banker and one of the conservative members of the M.R.P. He quit Castro's government after serving as head of the Cuban National Bank.

Once known as "the most hated man in Cuba," Rolando Masferrer bossed a "private army" of thugs who worked for Batista. Now enjoying political asylum in Florida, Masferrer works to restore the old regime to power.

Rafael Diaz-Balart was a senator in the Batista government. He is now leader of the "White Rose" group, an extremist pro-Batista faction that is unacceptable to most Cubans as well as the U.S.

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(Continued from Page 19) "It is a product of our experience with Fidel, this lack of cohesion," an exiled Cuban banker said. "We cry for unity, but we are afraid of creating a *caudillo*, a big leader who would entrench himself in power."

They follow, instead, many little leaders. As this is written, some seventy-five small groups, or *movimientos*, are operating in the Miami area. Each has issued its own manifesto calling for the downfall of Fidel, and each is convinced that it alone can bind up the wounds of fratricidal strife, "recuperate" the revolution and establish in the homeland, once the fight is over, the honest, free and democratic government that Cuba in the past has never known.

Despite the inability of the patriot factions to work together, they are doing things which are sorely harassing to Castro now, and eventually may bring about his downfall. In hidden camps south of Miami, small groups of young men, many of them former officers of Castro's rebel army, drill with rifles and machine guns for a few weeks, then sneak back into Cuba by two's and three's to join guerrilla companies fighting in the hills. Innocent-looking fishing boats slip down the Miami River, running guns, dynamite and trained saboteurs across the ninety miles of water that lie between the tip of Florida and the Cuban coast. Planes from hidden airfields, which immigration officials stoutly deny are located in Florida, drop weapons, ammunition, medicine and food to anti-Castro forces hiding out in the Escambray Mountains—though they sometimes lose their bearings and drop their cargoes on Fidel's startled militia.

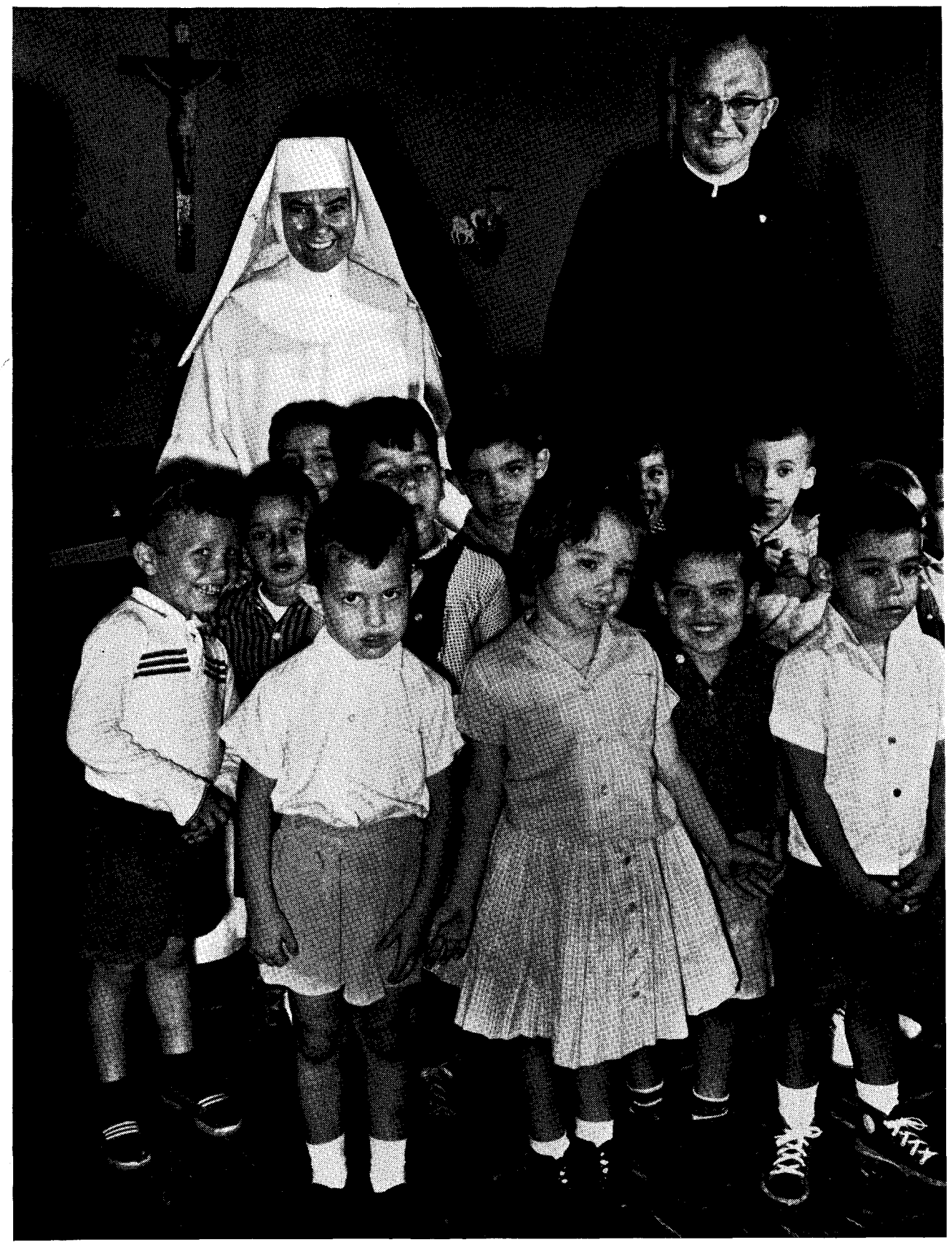
Some 2500 young Cubans, including seventy trained pilots, have left Florida for secret camps in Central America and the Caribbean islands, there to prepare for the air, ground and naval invasion which will begin once the uprising starts in Cuba. Young Americans, ignorant but adventurous, sign up with the fly-by-night *movimientos* and are shipped out of Miami, to be captured, jailed and sometimes shot by Castro's coast watchers. Within Cuba, underground operators directed from Miami arrange jail breaks and slip important political prisoners past Fidel's naval patrols to safe haven in the States.

Cuban newspapers and magazines in exile use every clandestine means to distribute their attacks on Communism within Cuba. When the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee," a group of American students and teachers sympathetic to Castro's cause, arrived for customs inspection in Havana, they were enraged to find that anti-Castroites in Miami had stuffed their baggage with copies of *Bohemia*, a Cuban news magazine now published in New York.

From the Swan Islands, site of a United States weather station off the Honduras coast, an exile radio beams a nightly program of anti-Castro propaganda into Cuba. Near Miami a station hidden in a seemingly abandoned house monitors the Havana police radio and thus keeps track of the acts of sabotage being carried out in Castro's harassed capital.

"There is more sabotage now than when we were fighting Batista," a girl member of the Havana underground, a former ardent Fidelista, reported in Miami. "It is not necessary to make a big, dramatic act. A little explosion, a little fire is sufficient. Sometimes merely to break a piece of machinery, to steal a vital part is enough to shut a factory down, for there are few spare parts. We do not wish to hurt people, though sometimes that is unavoidable. We only wish to let them know that the underground is working, that forces are fighting for Cuba whom Castro cannot stop."

The anti-Castro forces admit that all they have accomplished (Continued on Page 77)



The Catholic Spanish Center, Miami: Many refugees arrive here penniless. To take care of the children whose mothers must work, Sister Miriam, a Dominican nun, and the Rev. Bryan Walsh helped establish this nursery school.

Among the 40,000 Cuban exiles are many doctors, lawyers and other skilled professionals who must now do menial work to earn a living. This Miami car-washer was once a government official.

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**Beginning a novel in three double-length parts**

# THE LION AND THE DAGGER

By STORM JAMESON

Gouraud caught them as they crossed the hall of the hotel, between the dining room and the courtyard. He laid his nervous, bony hand on the young man's arm. "Where are you going? How? You are walking? Then let me send you in my car."

"That's kind of you," Andrew said, "but we'd rather walk."

"You are very foolish, I think." He spoke English, as an educated Frenchman does. "At least you will persuade Miss Leng to get into the car."

"Why, yes, if she'd like to," Andrew said, with a glance at her.

The girl smiled at Gouraud. "Thank you, but I'd sooner walk."

Gouraud jerked a shoulder and an eyebrow in a gesture of polite indifference, or defeat. "Did you drink coffee after your lunch? Come upstairs and let me give you some more. I will show you something."

Bored, but not knowing how to get out of it, they walked with him to the elevator and were carried to the third floor of the hotel, where he had his three very large rooms, furnished by himself with the greatest luxury and the greatest number of valuable objects, almost all of the First Empire and earlier—the tapestries were much earlier—that he could fit into them.

Gouraud sent for coffee, then went away into his bedroom; he came back with a tiny figure in dark-reddish clay, and laid it in the girl's hand. "We turned it up yesterday." He had been given permission to dig in a village north of the city, the site of a Roman temple, of which only the stump of a column remained aboveground. "Look at the navel. And the line round the neck and wrists." He touched it. "And the hint of shoulder bones."

"What is it?" asked Sarah.

"A pregnant woman—an offering."

Sarah handed it back. "It's lovely."

"No, but—appealing. And not even the dust of the woman herself is left. Let me give you more coffee—these cups are too small."

"No, thank you."

She was glad to be rid of the cup, which she knew must be as old and valuable as it was thin, and nearly transparent. Then she glanced briefly at Andrew. Continued on Page 43

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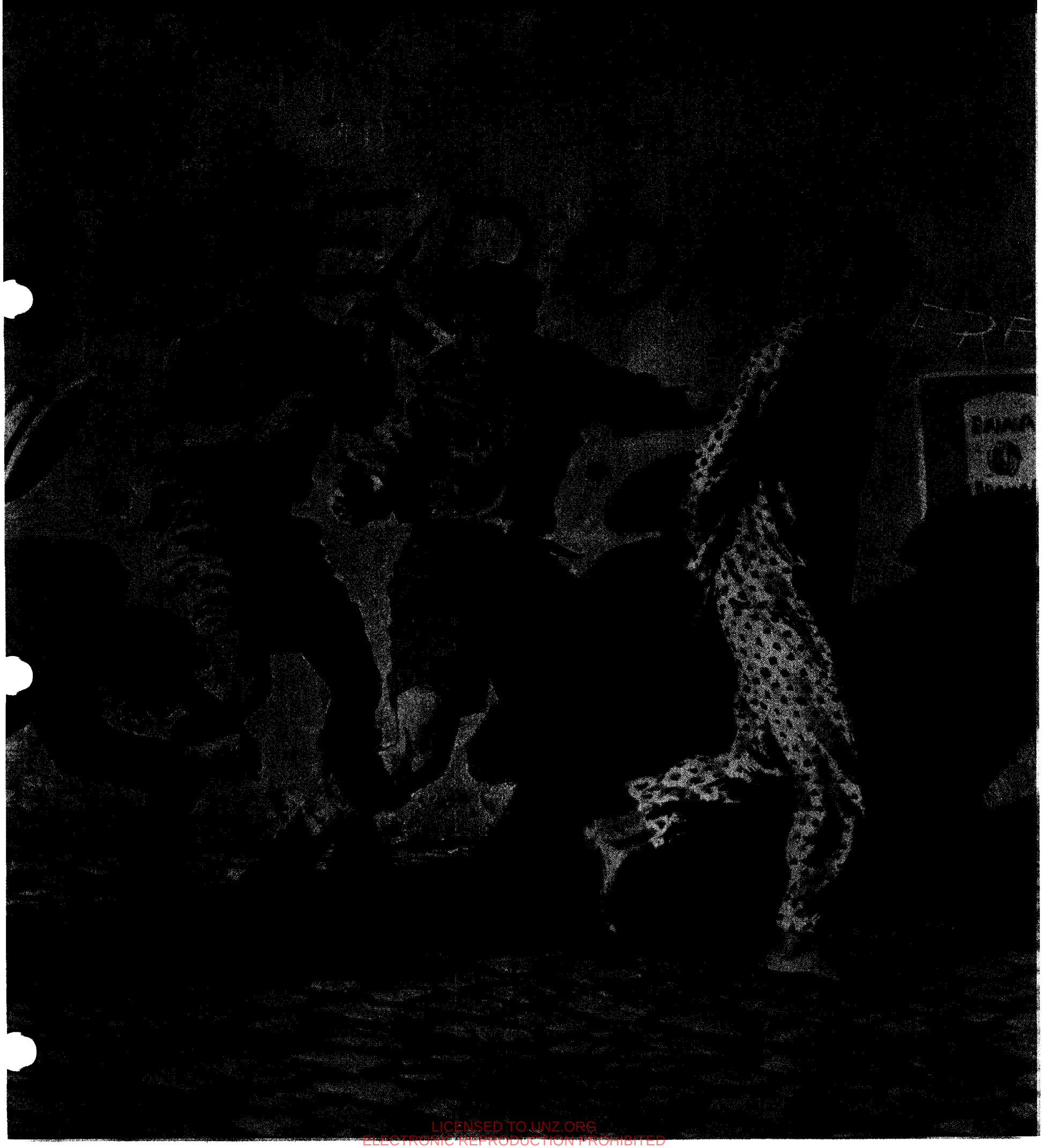

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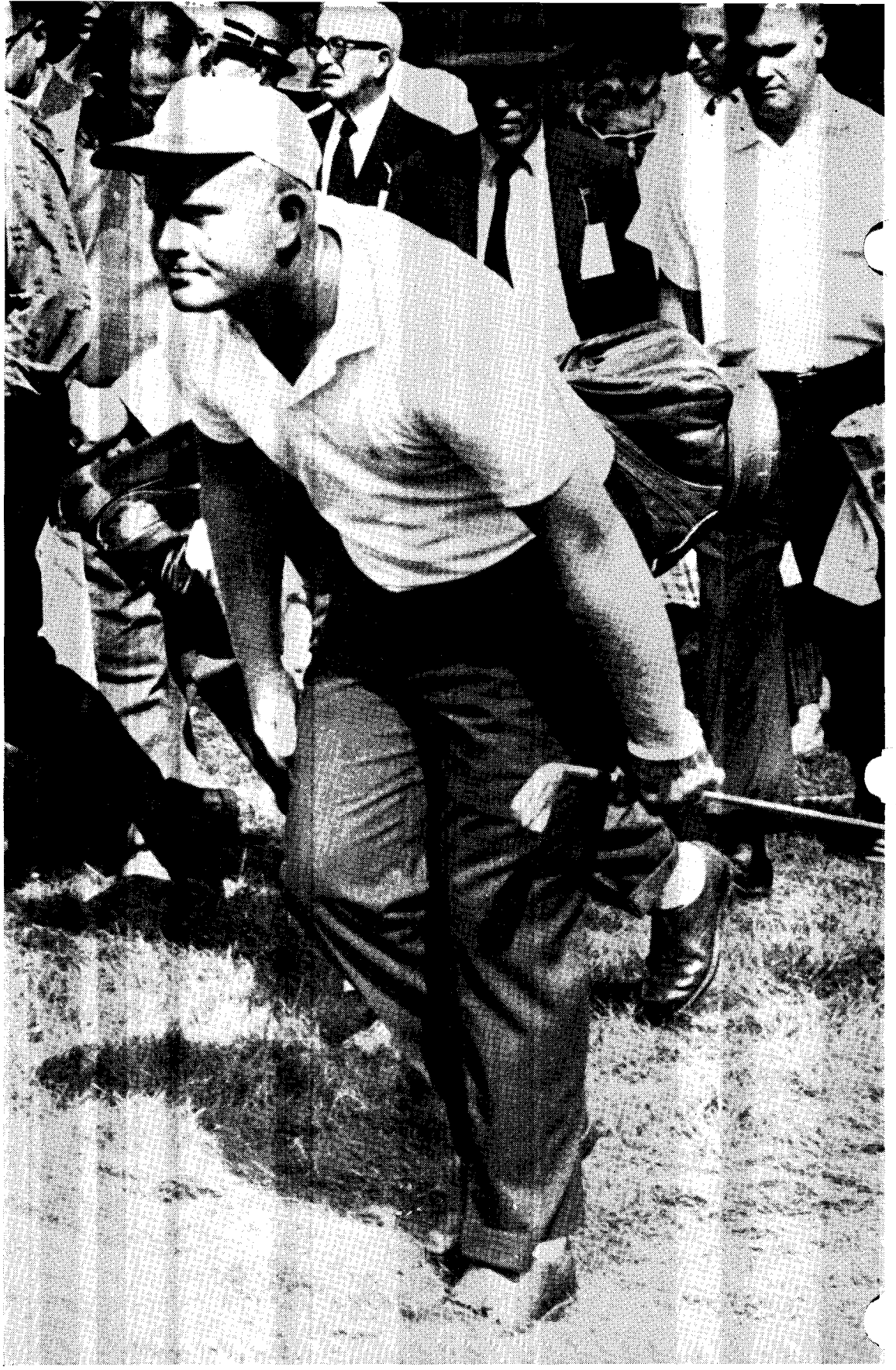
Twenty-one-year-old Jack Nicklaus's spectacular tournament play has veteran golf observers calling him

# "The Greatest Amateur Since Bobby Jones"

By HERBERT WARREN WIND



Nicklaus at the 1960 World Amateur tournament, where he led the U. S. team to a runaway victory.

When teams from thirty-two nations met in the second World Amateur Team Championship last autumn at the Merion Golf Club on the outskirts of Philadelphia, the emphatic victory of the American team was all but eclipsed by the individual performance of its youngest member, Jack Nicklaus, a twenty-year-old Ohio State junior. Putting together consecutive rounds of 66, 67, 68, 68 over one of the world's most unyielding courses, Nicklaus scored a full eighteen strokes lower than Ben Hogan did en route to winning the National Open there in 1950, when Merion undoubtedly played a shade rougher.

Thirteen months before his phenomenal display at Merion, Nicklaus had carried off the National Amateur championship, and three months earlier he had come very close to winning the National Open. Taking all these accomplishments into consideration, it seemed to many of the sport's veteran observers that this broad-backed young man was perhaps the greatest amateur since Bobby Jones.

That is quite a mouthful—the greatest amateur since Jones. While many of the recent amateur champions have headed for the professional gold fields almost immediately after their coronation, since Jones's retirement three decades ago we have had some superb long-term amateurs. These include, to name just a few, Johnny Goodman, Lawson Little, Marvin (Bud) Ward and, more recently, Charlie Coe and Harvie Ward. But Nicklaus—pronounced "Nick-lus"—looks capable of accomplishing even more before he is done.

When President Eisenhower met Jack shortly after his triumph at Merion, he told him, "Mr. Nicklaus, at the Augusta National Golf Club, as you know, we build bridges to commemorate the records set by the top players in the Masters. The way you're going, perhaps we should stop building those bridges. You look like you'll beat all their marks."

This week, when the twenty-fifth Masters tournament gets under way at Augusta, Jack Nicklaus will rate as one of the favorites, despite the fact that, unlike the professional stars, he will have played most of his winter golf not in the warm, lubricating South but on snow-free patches of the Scioto Country Club in Columbus, Ohio. Jack, now twenty-one, is working for a degree in economics at Ohio State University in Columbus. In recent months a sizable portion of his time has been devoted also to selling insurance and securities. This decision to enter business followed on the heels of his marriage last year to Barbara Bash, a wholesome and pretty blond classmate whom he met in his first year at college.

When golf enthusiasts watch Nicklaus for the first time, it is hard for them to believe that the untheatrical young man striding down the fairway is the object of so much admiration and conjecture. In physique Jack looks far less like a golfer than like a football player. He is a brawny 5-11. His weight varies between 215 at the beginning of the golf season and 195 at the end of his summer campaign. Although his shoulders and arms are muscular and his neck is the neck of a young bull, a good deal of his beef resides in his thick lower torso and immense legs. As he told a sports writer not long ago, "I'm probably the only bottom-heavy golfer in the country." (Continued on Page

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"Straight, Bill.
Straight!" he screamed.
"Now! Let her come."

# CARGO OF GOLD

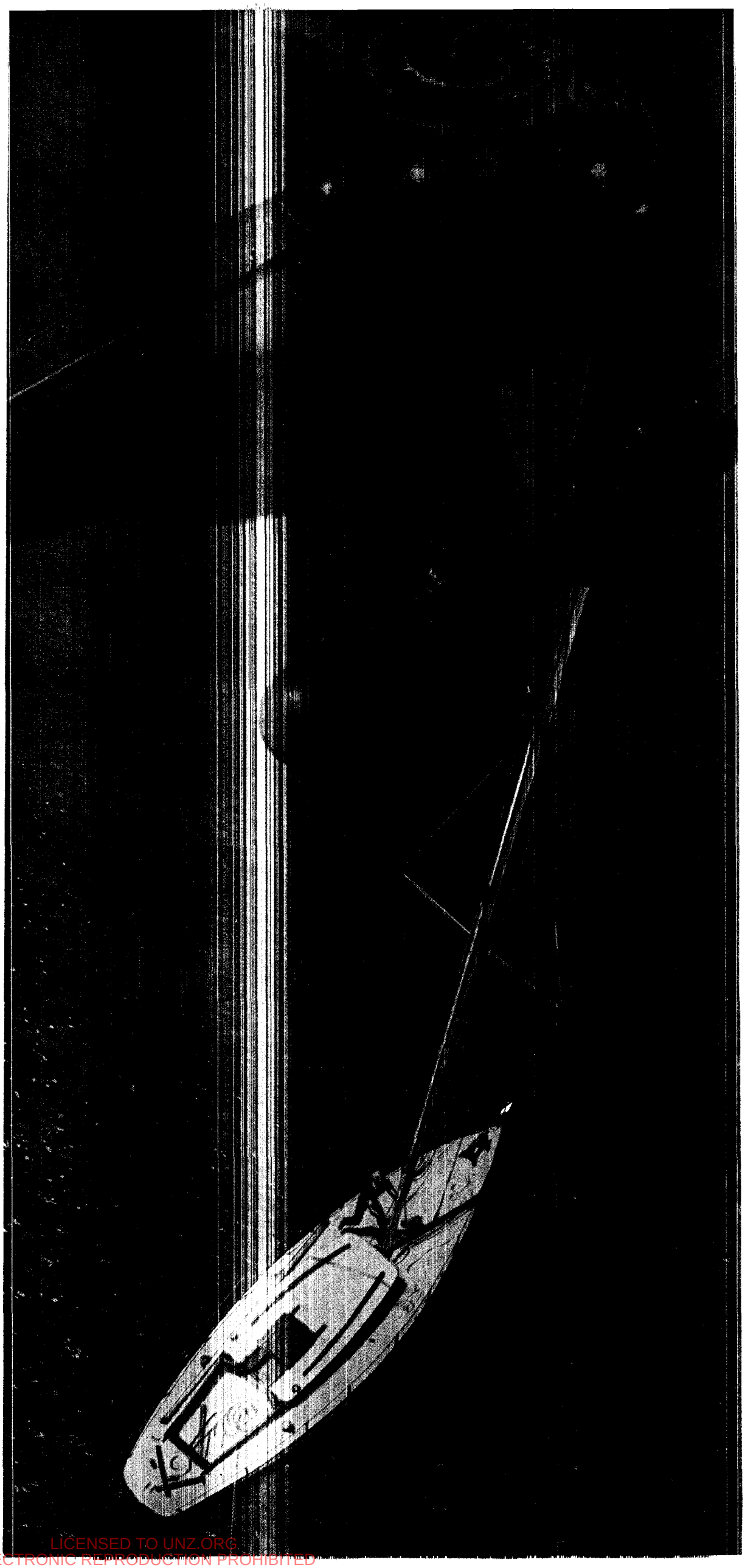
## They would be at the mercy of a Cuban gunboat if they failed to repair the sloop in time.

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

The old helicopter, flopping her blades like a big, lonely bird cruising with her mind turned inward, was bound home to Key West on the northeast course from Mérida, Yucatán. She was running ahead of a norther that the morning weather reports warned would move into the Gulf of Mexico by night. She was a fine, expensive old bird—as she had to be to have a cruising range that would carry her across that stretch of water, rigged with pontoons that looked like big black sausages aloft in the afternoon sunlight. Once she had cost somebody a lot of money. Now, however, she was stony broke and glum and sad. Because she was broke, she was out in violation of regulations. There was a gaping hole in her after bulkhead over the port passenger chair. The radio that had been there as recently as nine o'clock that morning had been removed by the Florida firm that owned it. Convinced that the trip to Mérida was a runaway junket to escape creditors, they had snipped with a pair of neat pliers and taken the radio away.

Her two crewmen, no runaways, were flying her home. The fare from Key West to Mérida, one way, from the quiet Englishman and his mousy wife who were going to get mosquito-bitten all over as they dug into the Yucatán Aztec ruins, was all the money they had in the world. They were going to keep that and quietly set the copter down on her squashy pontoons back in her home yard and walk quietly away from her forever. That was what the cancellation-of-charter-for-reasons-of-nonpayment papers that had been served on them this morning had said they must do as of a date that would be tomorrow. The fare to Mérida, evenly split, was safely in the right shoes of her two men. The older man's shoe was less the price of a bottle of Scotch whisky.

They were pleasant, peaceful, pathetic paupers. The sad man, small, bald, (Continued on Page 73)



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The Face of AMERICA

# Bright Harvest

The bulb basket of America—that's what Washington's flower farmers call Puyallup Valley, a fertile stretch of bottom land between Tacoma and the northwestern slopes of Mt. Rainier. Every year at this time the valley is alive with daffodils, those sturdy harbingers of spring which today, as in Shakespeare's time, "come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty." And on the first Monday in April the people of Tacoma, Sumner, Orting, Alderton and Puyallup (pronounced PEW-ALL-up) begin their annual, weeklong daffodil festival. One of the more dazzling displays of last year's flowers may be seen at the Hatch Ranch, just outside Alderton. Miles Hatch, whose father was a pioneer bulb grower in the valley, is at right, holding a bunch of King Alfred daffodils. The Red Emperor tulips and Pink Pearl and Ostata (purple) hyacinths shown here are not sold as cut flowers. They are part of Hatch's "living catalogue," which allows the visitor to see exactly what he'll get for his bulb money—fifteen cents for a King Alfred; fifty dollars for that most coveted daffodil, the white Empress of Ireland. ●Photograph by Sid Avery

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By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

# back from oblivion

## the story of two parents and their reunion with the son they left behind the iron curtain.

The airport was crowded with people going to and coming from far places as easily, and apparently as casually, as if they were taking a ride on the subway. A man carrying nothing but a briefcase, a raincoat over his arm, checked in for the plane to London. A couple with a child, their belongings stuffed into shopping bags, chattered in Spanish as they waited in line for the plane to San Juan.

Off to one side the reporters pressed closer around Marta and Joseph. It was becoming difficult to breathe, to think. Marta had been thinking in English for years. She spoke with only a trace of accent. Yet now she found herself reaching for words, translating before she answered, as she had done in the beginning.

"This is a great day for you, isn't it, Mrs. Sandor?"

"Oh, yes," Marta said. "A great day. Yes. For both of us."

She looked at Joseph, but he was staring straight ahead, his thin, dark face remote and stern. Did he feel as she felt? She didn't know. They had not talked about how they felt. A great day. You did not have to discuss your feelings about a great day. It was taken for granted.

"For both of us," she said again, hoping they would transfer some of their questions to Joseph.

But they were not especially interested in Joseph. In this country, she thought, people were not so much interested in the fathers as in the mothers. And these words in her mind startled her, because it was her country now and she had not thought of it as "this country" in many years.

"For the boy too," the reporter said. "How long did you say it's been?"

Marta had not said, but she said now, "Almost twelve years."

"Twelve years!" another reporter repeated. "He was just a baby, wasn't he?"

"Two," Marta said. "Two years and one month."

She could see the little face with the solemn big eyes, and feel its moist softness against her neck. She could hear the chirping voice which, as Joseph had once said, slid up and down the scale like a beginner's fiddle.

"*I want to come, too, mamma.*"

"*Not now, small one. Later you will come.*"

"*When, mamma? Tomorrow?*"

"*Later, small one. Later. . . .*"

"I don't see how you could bear to leave him," a woman reporter said. "It was very brave of you."

Marta swallowed, such an old pain that its taste was part of the taste of her mouth. "Not brave," she said. "There was nothing else to do. He was too little to travel as we had to. Besides, we were not at all sure we would escape."

"Many did not," Joseph said abruptly, still looking remote and stern, as though he were back in those other times. "It was better to leave the child safe."

A couple passed close by the little knot of reporters around Marta and Joseph, the man complaining in a loud voice that he must have wasted two years of his life waiting at airports. The woman, murmuring to him soothingly, stared at the group. No doubt she was puzzled, Marta thought, for they certainly did not look like celebrities, to be surrounded by reporters, though Joseph had an air, like all Magyar men, and Marta could (Continued on Page 84)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

"Is that your boy, Mrs. Sandor?" the reporter asked.

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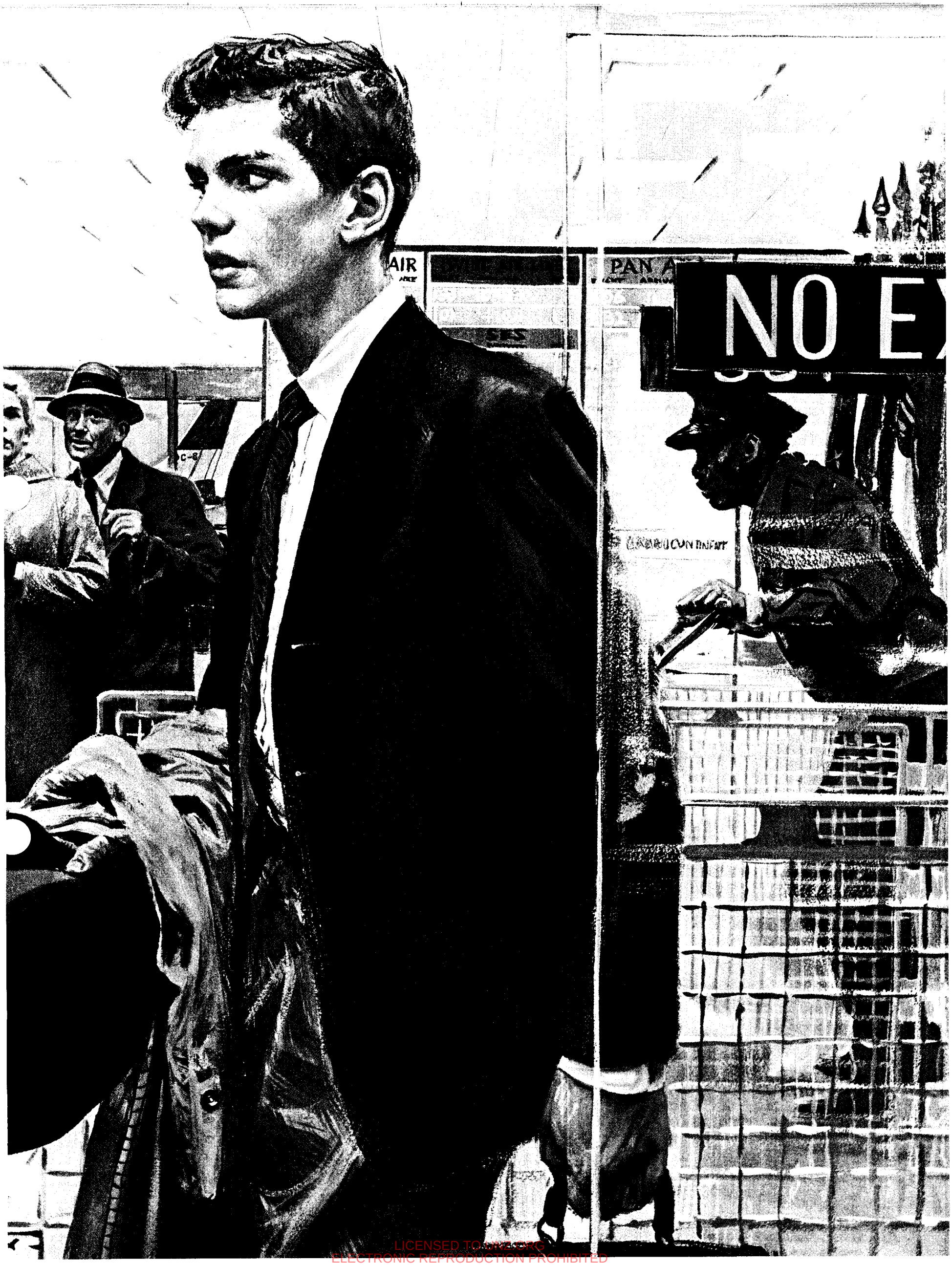


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# New York's New Queen of Fashion

*By JACK ALEXANDER*

## Broke and out of work in 1942, exuberant Pauline Trigère has risen to the top in fashion's hectic, glamorous world.

Miss Trigère in her Park Avenue apartment, where she is surrounded by antiques and way-out art.

One of the more engaging intercontinental love affairs of the century thus far has been that of Paris-born Pauline Trigère, now an eminent fashion designer, and the United States of America. Sparked by chance, the affair up to now has enjoyed a successful run of twenty-four years, and it shows no sign of faltering. It got its start when Pauline, her husband, Lazar Radley, a Paris tailor, and other members of the clan, stopped off in Brooklyn early in 1937 to visit relatives. They were en route to Santiago, Chile, where Radley had arranged for a business connection.

On a bitter, blustery January day the Radleys, leaving the rest of their party at the St. George Hotel, took the subway to Manhattan and set out to explore the wonders of the Fifth Avenue shopping area, first from the exposed upper deck of a bus and after that on foot. The young woman kept one hand glued to her small black-satin hat to prevent the gusts from whisking it away. The sharply edged ice on the sidewalks jabbed through the delicate soles of her French shoes and made her wince at each step. She was sniffling and red-nosed; yet the more bedraggled she got, the deeper she felt herself falling in love with America.

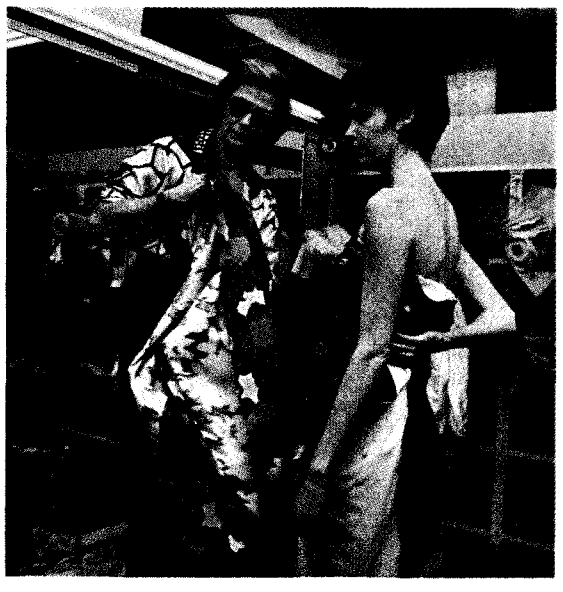
What most aroused her affections was the lavish assortment of dresses which were copies of originals by such masters of the *haute couture* as Lanvin, Patou and Molyneux. They were priced at $19.95, a figure which made it possible for a reasonably provident working girl to buy herself a swatch of glamour now and then. Such copies were never available in Paris, as popularization of expensive gowns was frowned upon and only the well-to-do could afford them.

Something about a Saks Fifth Avenue window aroused a sensation of sheer exuberance within the half-frozen *Parisienne*. It depicted a tropical beach scene in which languorous models in skimpy bathing suits lolled stiffly on the sand and a fake sun shed fake actinic rays upon them. The young woman, whose voice is normally husky, expressed the exuberance she felt by letting out a hoarse cheep of delight.

Then, with tears of cold joy flowing down her cheeks, she turned to her husband and said, "You can go to Chile. I am staying."

That torpedoed the South American expedition, and it (Continued on Page 88)

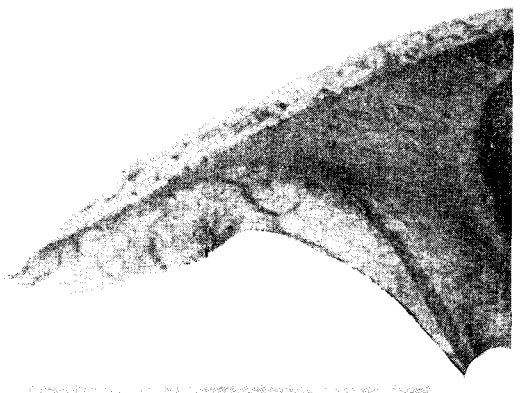
Photographs by Ormond Gigli



Trigère sometimes cuts her ideas directly into a piece of expensive material. If she likes the style after draping it on a model, she orders trial production on the spot.

Trigère supervises the last details of her multimillion-dollar business. Here, she makes a backstage inspection at a showing of her spring line.

Acting as narrator, she introduces the new collection to a group of fashion editors. Each year she produces from 340 to 500 new items, which retail from $159 to more than $1000.



Right: A black-and-white blend typifies Trigère's insistence on elegance plus comfort.

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"The Crosstown." Deceptively simple, this blends cotton checks with black-silk organza, and expresses Trigère's version of the "free-wheeling American spirit."

"I try to make intelligent clothes for the intelligent woman," Trigère says. This "grand entrance" gown of silk chiffon stresses the natural line of the feminine figure.

The bold design of the cotton material used in this striking dress was copied from a painting by a Yugoslav artist. The little cape—a recurrent theme in Trigère's spring fashions—is called a "capauline."

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Dynamite measured him with a fierce and leisurely eye. Then he flattened him.

# DYNAMITE That was his name. And no trucker ever dared to cross him—until now.

By WILLIAMS FORREST

The place was called a diner. But it had nothing in common with a train car except a general oblong shape. Yellow light poured out on the black-dirt parking lot and over the concrete highway. Sound poured out too; hot melodies from the jukebox and raucous laughter. Five huge trucks, four of them tractor-and-trailers, were parked outside. At this instant another tractor-and-trailer drew up. The driver did not have to look around for a place to park; it was reserved for him. Dynamite had earned his space because his fist was rock-hard and his temper like lightning, and the product he hauled was as hot as he was. He was a man who had earned the respect of his fellow truckers. He wore his pride with a rakish look of belligerence on a handsome, bruiser's face.

He got out of the cab, slammed the door and walked to the diner. He gave a damn for nobody, and nobody gave a damn for him—except the women. He walked in a tight-jeaned way, his shoulders swinging. His neck had a slanting column of muscle on each side, and his jaw looked as if it had been cut out of steel by an angry man with a blowtorch and an eye for clean tough lines.

The walls of the diner vibrated when he slammed open the long door, and the aluminum frames sprung a bit more, as they did each night when he came in. He glanced around the place with a look of gay contempt. His eyes were black and roguish, and men felt odd when they met his glance. Here was a guy who didn't care whether school kept or not and, if it kept, he'd be the teacher. And what he taught might be painful.

He nodded at his brothers of the highway and swept his bold gaze to Mazie. Mazie was a girl of magnificent lines, blond hair, black brows, a heated (Continued on Page 8

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# The Mysterious Money Factory

## The American Bank Note Company prints $250,000,000,000 in currency, traveler's checks and stock certificates each year. Here's how they fend off counterfeiters and thieves.

By W. C. HEINZ

At a time when some of our experts are wondering out loud whether we have enough gold at Fort Knox to keep the dollar hard and Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg says, "We are in a full-fledged recession," it is pleasant to report on an outfit making plenty of money. This is the American Bank Note Company, oldest and largest producer of paper currency, traveler's checks, stock and bond certificates in the world. When the company's plant in New York's Borough of the Bronx began work one day recently at eight o'clock in the morning, 5,869,171 pieces of paper were scheduled to be processed. By five-o'clock closing time on that day, a typical one, the monetary value of that paper was $1,103,895,151.

The way in which blank paper is transformed into money or the equivalent thereof is a fascinating story. But an even more exciting narrative is the saga of how the company's agile representatives sell its services to countries and corporations all over the world. Their adventures are without parallel in the annals of the acrobatic craft of salesmanship.

But before we go into these twin narratives—the story of the fine art of making paper money and the story of selling it—we should set down a few basic facts about the American Bank Note Company. During its 103-year history A.B.N. has printed money for 115 countries, including United States currency before the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was organized in 1877. Today its bank notes, and those of its affiliates in England and Canada, are circulating in more than seventy-five nations. It supplies traveler's checks to the five issuers in this country. It prints more than 50 per cent of the securities handled on the New York Stock Exchange. It turns out a total of more than $250,000,000,000 worth of security printing a year, so designed that it cannot be reproduced by others. A.B.N. is one of the six bank-note companies in this country and fourteen throughout the world. Four thousand stockholders own about 700,000 A.B.N. shares. In return for the money and certificates it prints, last year A.B.N. had gross sales of $22,336,193 and a net profit, after taxes, of $1,334,860.

"But I have heard it said that the greatest asset of our company is mystery," Daniel E. Woodhull, president of A.B.N. from 1919 to 1935, once remarked.

It probably is true that, despite the creative ability needed to (Continued on Page 70)

Workers in a maximum-security area of the Bronx, N.Y., plant inspect peso notes ordered by Mexico, American Bank Note's largest customer.

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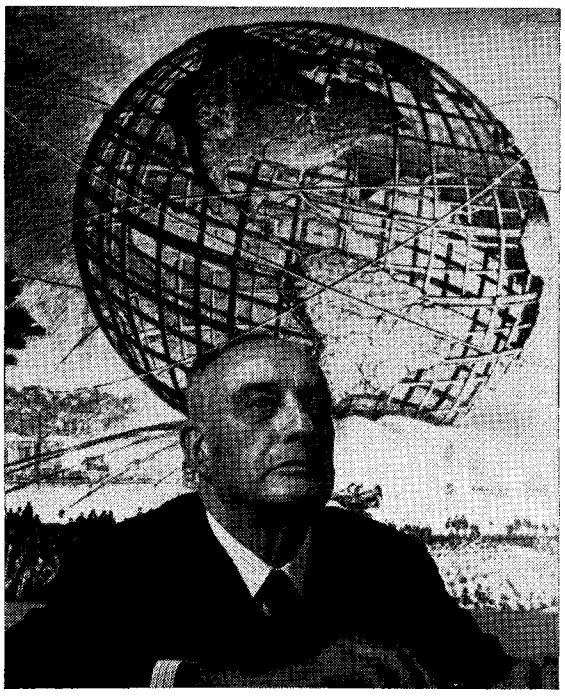
# Preview of a Fabulous

By RALPH KNIGHT



President of the fair is New York's ex-park commissioner, Robert Moses. The fair's symbol is the "Unisphere."

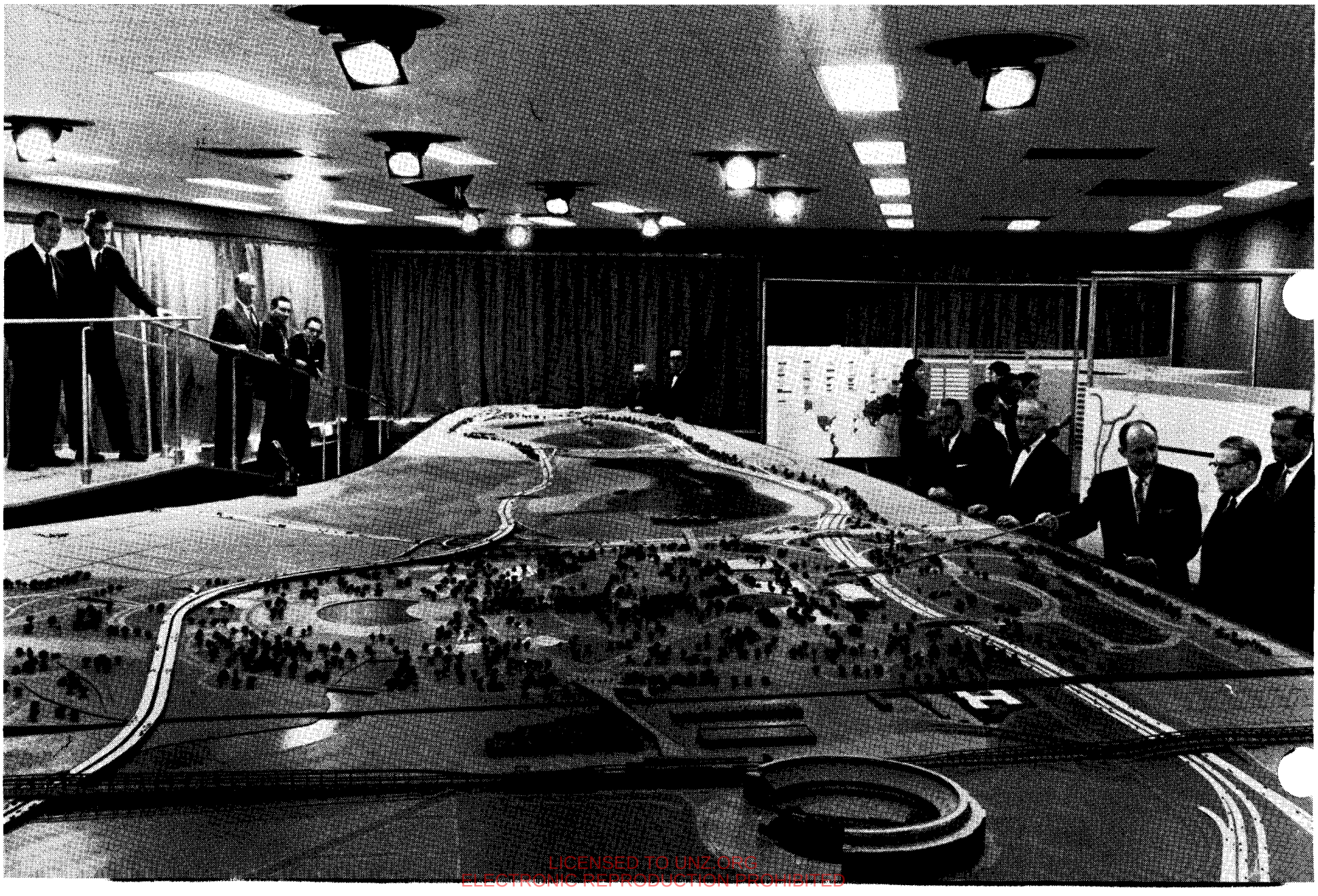
On a spring day three years from now the gates of New York World's Fair of 1964–65 will swing open at Flushing Meadow Park, Long Island, and, given a respectable display of sunshine, some 50,000 people will go marching in. It will have taken five years to dream up and physically create the magic city before them. During two summers 70,000,000 spectators, at a modest estimate, will swarm through dazzling exhibition grounds and pavilions representing an over-all expenditure of a billion dollars.

This will be the biggest international exposition of all time and, as a showcase for new concepts in science, invention, industry, education and the arts, no doubt the most significant. Did you ever wonder how a phenomenon like this gets started, and what goes on behind the scenes in the struggling years before the gates open?

The story begins early in 1959 when four men met in New York on a routine luncheon date. They talked about this and that and finally found themselves reminiscing about the New York World's Fair of 1939–1940, trading memories of what a superb show it was and what features had afforded them unforgettable "kicks." Eventually one of them remarked that he wished his young son could have the experience of seeing a spectacle like that. With mock seriousness the four friends agreed to organize a world's fair for the young man right away and took off for their offices to think about things not located so far out in the realm of fantasy.

The fair idea may have been preposterous, but it was also captivating. Presently one of the participants in the luncheon incident, Charles F. Preusse, then City Administrator and now the fair's general counsel, mentioned it to New York's Mayor Robert Wagner, who exclaimed, in effect, "Well, why not?" He urged that a few "big men" be quietly sounded out and remarked that if anybody could rally adequate personnel for such a colossal venture, the man was public-relations adviser Thomas J. Deegan Jr., who had been counseling Radio Corporation of America in connection with its appearances in the 1958 Brussels Fair and the Moscow Fair of 1959. With the energetic Deegan doing the quarterbacking, it wasn't long before Mayor Wagner was delighted to find himself meeting with a Who's Who-caliber organization committee, headed

A model of the '64 fair: For the second time New Yorkers will stage their big show on a 646-acre reclaimed marsh in Flushing Meadow Park, N.Y.



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# Fair

## Organizers of the 1964 New York World's Fair are engaged in a mammoth attempt to outdo the city's 1939 extravaganza. They also hope to avoid some of that exposition's glaring mistakes.

by an ex-official of the first New York Fair, Bernard F. Gimbel of department-store fame.

The two key officers of a big exposition usually are a money raiser and a money spender—the finance chairman and the executive boss. This especially applies in the United States, where expositions are private-enterprise affairs, not government-subsidized. The New York fairmakers, wrestling with many ideas, finally decided that while they themselves would all serve without salary, there should be a professional manager with a small, efficient, salaried staff. It would cost money to get such men; their jobs would last only four years, and then where would they be?

When John W. Hanes, a man of broad experience in government and corporation and investment finance, was asked by fellow committeemen to take the unsalaried finance chairmanship, he was very hesitant. He knew he could raise the necessary operating money, say, about $70,000,000, *if* he had something to sell, meaning a manager whose reputation as a get-things-done man would be worth his weight in gold. Later when Hanes, Deegan and others went to work on such a man—Robert Moses, New York City's famous commissioner of parks, who has spent a lifetime launching and finishing huge city and state public projects—he also did some hesitating. It involved dropping several of his commissionerships.

Suddenly the 72-year-old commissioner resigned the city-park office he had held since 1934 and got busy in typically whirlwind fashion as the new Fair Corporation's unanimously elected president at $100,000 a year. Maj. Gen. William E. Potter, governor of the Panama Canal Zone before his recent retirement, was named executive vice president, and Deegan went in as chairman of the executive committee, the latter unsalaried. At this point, in August, 1959, there wasn't a cent in the treasury, but Mr. Hanes promptly arranged a meeting of bankers and emerged with a $2,000,000 loan to start things rolling.

Now that the New Yorkers were definitely on their way, they became acutely aware that Los Angeles and Washington, D.C., were likewise eager to hold the next American world's fair. President Eisenhower named a commission to disentangle the situation. The day set for the hearings dawned darkly with a 200-foot ceiling, and the plane carrying the New York orators to Washington was refused landing clearance, eventually sitting down at Wilmington, Delaware, halfway back home. From there the party proceeded through Delaware and Maryland in four dejected taxicabs, heralded in more or less gaudy style by state troopers and a fanfare of horns. They entered Washington in two official vehicles and two taxis, the other cabs having broken down and been abandoned. With unquenchable spirit they swept aside opposition and won their fair, the clinching argument being that they had a tailor-made site right where the 1939 fair had stood.

This accomplished, Tom Deegan flew to Paris to tackle another problem. He knew that the Bureau of International Expositions, which seeks to assuage confusion by controlling the dates and locations of expositions, has a cardinal rule that world's fairs must be torn down after one year. The bureau has about thirty member nations, mostly European, but the United States doesn't belong and didn't in 1939. Mr. Deegan genially revealed to B.I.E. officials that since the enormously expensive, nonsubsidized New York World's Fair couldn't possibly succeed financially in one year, it would simply have to run two years. The B.I.E. people were unhappy.

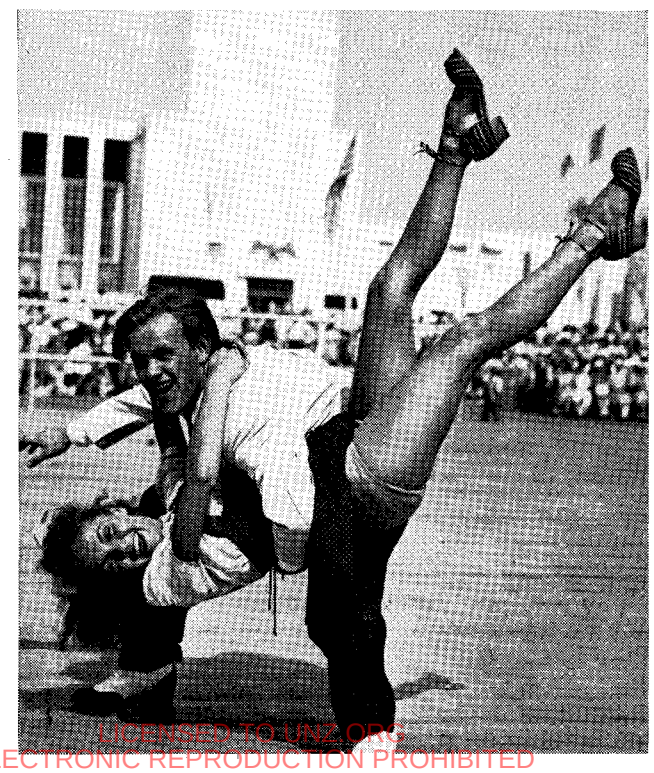
Nearly a year later, this past November, the bureau approved a one-year fair which Seattle is preparing for 1962 and ordered the New York Fair boycotted. The New Yorkers promptly announced, "Our fair will be held in 1964–1965." Russia and Bulgaria, B.I.E. member nations, had already accepted bids, and at last word were still in. Many of the boycotted nations now (Continued on Page 62)

### BACK IN '39–'40 THEY WEREN'T SO DIGNIFIED ABOUT THEIR FAIR

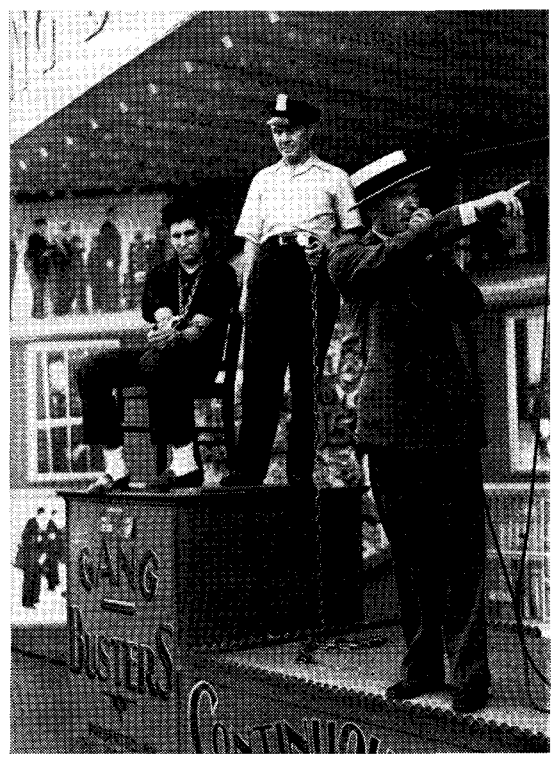
The descent from the Parachute Tower ended in midair for this couple. Their chute got stuck.

A Gay 'Nineties girlie show was only one of seventy flashy attractions in the Old New York village.

Jitterbug contest, held in the "Court of Peace." These rug-cutters, national champs, won a prize of $15.



Audiences were terrified by the Gang Busters show, where "criminals" died in a fake electric chair.

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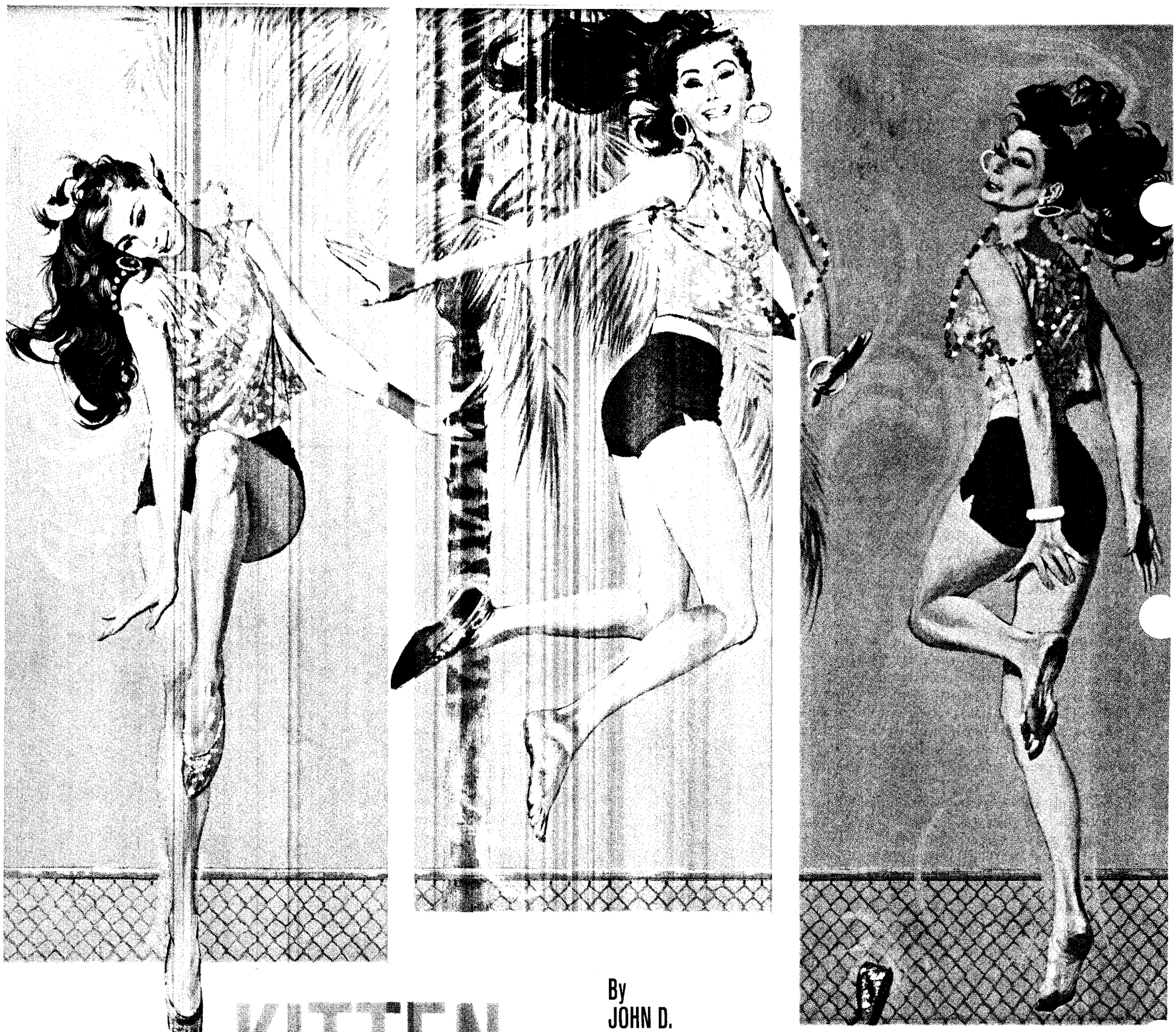

# KITTEN ON A TRAMPOLINE

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

On a warm and bright and shining day of a brand-new year I was driving a company car from Naples, Florida, north to Tampa. I was slamming it through traffic, irritable and edgy. The back end was stowed with samples, literature and display materials. I'd kept myself in top gear for three years, ever since I'd been graduated from Florida State. I'd turned myself into the best road man the Owen Drug Company had ever seen. I was making twenty thousand a year. I was buying Owen stock with every dime I could hoard after taxes and bachelor living expenses. I'd won all kinds of awards by working ninety-hour weeks at a dead run. I was on my way to a brilliant career.

But I was chronically hoarse from giving my spiel to doctors and druggists, and I tried not to notice that I was going through three packs of cigarettes a day, or notice the persistent tremor in my hands or the deepening frown wrinkles between my brows. I hadn't been sleeping well of late, and I was bothered by nervous indigestion. My weight was down, and my temper was too easily lost.

But you have to keep pushing and churning if you are going to get anywhere in this world.

I came roaring up Route 41 into the south end of Sarasota. I would have made the light by a big shopping center if a dawdling cluck in a quarter acre



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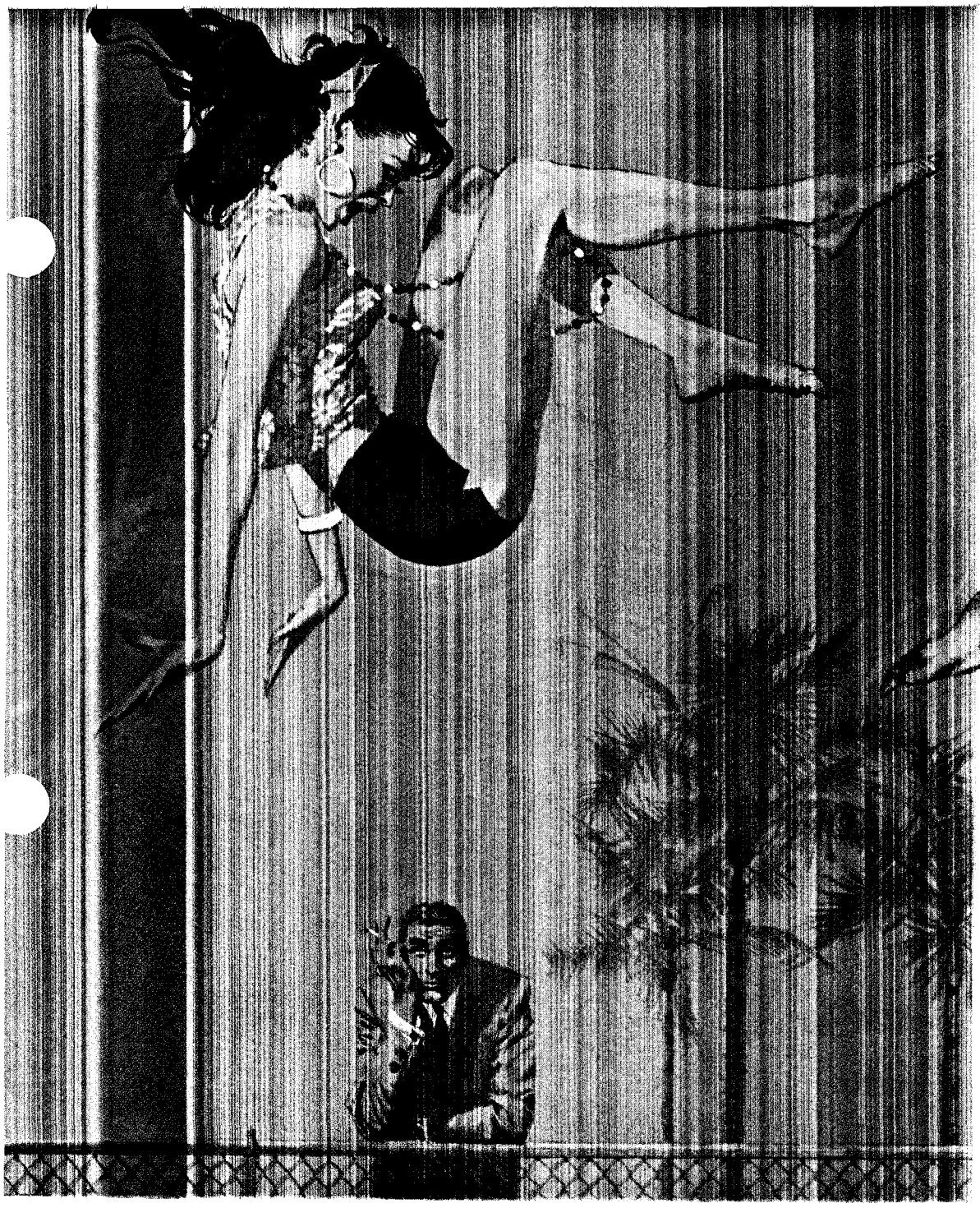

**One glimpse of her and he knew his life would never be the same again.**

Ohio Cadillac hadn't drifted over into my lane and blocked me out of the play. I was running behind schedule, and so I sat, cursing him, holding my steering wheel so tightly my knuckles ached.

I happened to glance over toward a part of the big shopping-section parking lot which had been fenced off. A crowd of people were clustered with their backs toward the highway, watching something.

I saw a girl burst up into the air, higher than their heads. With her body straight out, she made a turn so slow and so elegant it seemed that I was watching it in slow motion, and then fell back out of sight and reappeared again in a slight variation of the first turn. I knew that the girl in the sunlight was the most astonishingly beautiful thing I had ever seen. I watched her until an indignant horn blatted behind me, and I saw the Ohio Cadillac so far ahead I knew the light had changed long ago.

I charged ahead, but somehow I couldn't get back into the strain-and-scurry frame of mind. I suddenly had the horrible realization that I was close to breaking into tears. I now know it was a clue to the extent of my nervous exhaustion. Something so precious had occurred that I couldn't even put a name to it. And here I was, running away from it. I drifted over to the curb, found a place to turn around and went back and parked, locked the car and joined the people. (Continued on page 65)

Illustrated by Robert McGinnis



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Superintendent Hanson's long day often begins with a telephone call even before he is out of bed. At that hour a parent's "urgent" problem may not seem pressing to Hanson, who must administer the daily education of 10,000 pupils.

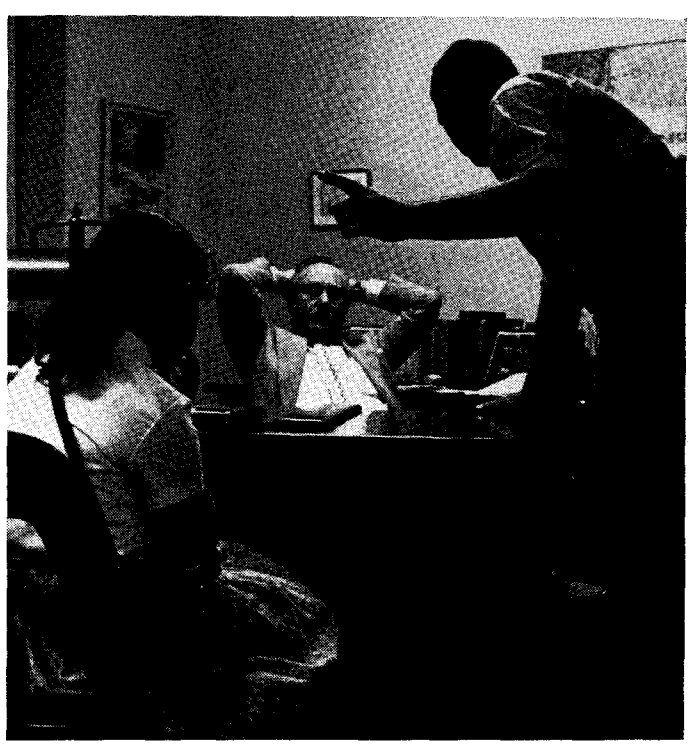
# What Is a SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT?

A school administrator sheds light on his often misunderstood profession—and tells of the crises he encounters with emotional parents, delinquent children, dissatisfied teachers and indignant voters.

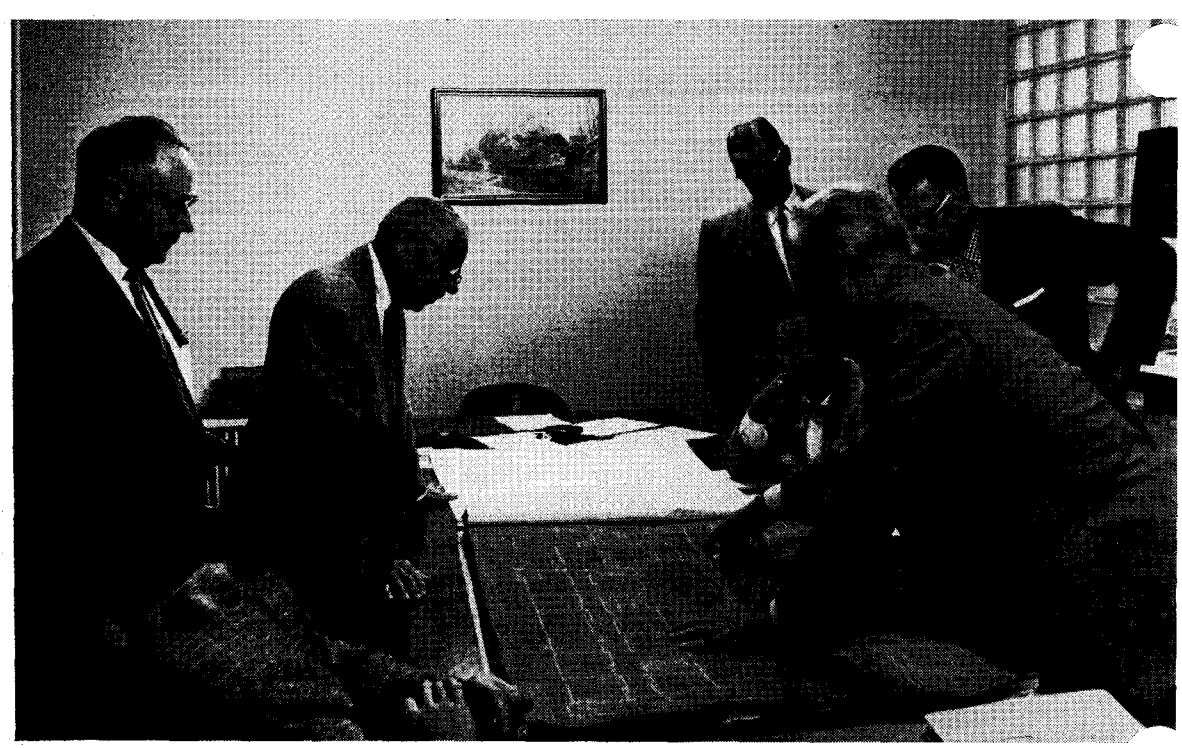
By EARL H. HANSON, Superintendent of Public Schools, Rock Island, Illinois

When strangers ask me what I do for a living and I tell them that I am a school superintendent, they usually look faintly baffled and I realize that they have only the haziest idea of what my job actually is. Few of them inquire further—I suspect they feel they should know what a superintendent does and are embarrassed to ask—but it's clear to me that they don't know. And it is a humbling experience to find that one's work—work which I consider rather important—is so little understood.

Perhaps the trouble is that, while the job obviously has something to do with schools, it also slides over into other areas. As a result,



School employees show how irate parents sometimes corner Hanson (center) to register their complaints.



Author Hanson (left) must meet regularly with the Rock Island Board of Education, his overseers in the operatio of 19 schools with a combined staff of more than 500. Here they are reviewing the plans for a new school.

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One of the superintendent's chief concerns is to find able teachers—and to keep them. So far ex-model Kathleen Buren (above, with student Steve Baxter) has not been lured away from teaching high-school French.

it is indeed somewhat hard to define. One definition I particularly remember came from Dr. Thomas H. Briggs, formerly head of the department of secondary education at Columbia University's Teachers College. "In the United States," he told me, "the school superintendency is the illegitimate offspring of politics and business."

I was working for him at the time, teaching at a summer session in July, 1937, and his remark was occasioned by the fact that I had just received a telegram offering me the superintendency in Rock Island, Illinois, where I had served as a school principal for the previous eight years.

Doctor Briggs advised me to decline, but despite his low opinion of the job, I accepted it. When I told him my decision, he informed my students at the university by saying, "I regret to announce that Mr. Hanson is leaving education for the superintendency."

This is a point of view not uncommon among educators, and I suppose it can be more or less valid depending on the concept of the job held by the people for whom a superintendent works—that is, the voters of the community, acting through their elected or appointed representatives on the board of education. Some folks regard the superintendent as little more than an errand boy for the board—an animated push button by which it exercises day-to-day supervision of all school activities.

Others go to the other extreme, saying in effect, "The board can't run the schools; education is so complicated that a professional must operate them. Furthermore, board members are too busy making a living at their own jobs to do the work themselves. They ought to hire a good superintendent and leave the schools entirely to him." What these people apparently want is a little dictator—and, in such cases, that is often precisely what they get.

When the board of education has either of these extreme ideas or when the members are disagreed among themselves, the superintendent is in for a hard time. The most serious personal hazard a man accepts with this job is the risk of losing it, and that is precisely what happened to a friend of mine last June. He is only fifty years old, is married and has two teen-age children. The family was deeply hurt because of the father's public humiliation and he himself was worried about the future. He wondered whether, at his age, he could get another school job which would pay enough to send his youngsters to college; and as it turned out, he couldn't. He is now in the school-supply business, which is a pity—not because his new work isn't important, but because he is a good schoolman, and education needs him.

He lost his position chiefly because of disagreements over just (Continued on Page 91)

Photographs by Larry Keighley

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# Post Scripts

## Midas of the Rake

Our stripling lad's in clover now.
  A plutocrat, he labors
With sweat upon his earnest brow,
  Agardening for the neighbors.

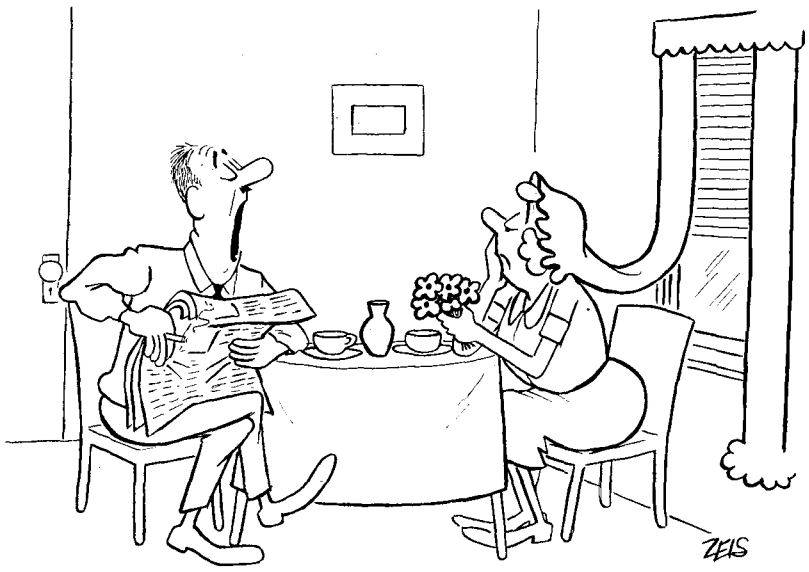
So beautifully their yards are kept,
  They handsomely reward him.
I'd hire the kid myself except
  I simply can't afford him!

PENNY PENNINGTON

## Middle Age

When you find you can't control your weight,
  You tell yourself it's not so bad;
And all the exercise you need,
  You've had.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER




"Say, haven't we got an anniversary coming up this month?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Why Go Into All That?

"O.K., now, lady, what seems to be the trouble with your washing machine?"
"Well, I don't know. Looking back . . .

*Monday:* Bill-eee! Did you leave horse candy in the pocket of your dungarees again?

. . . it just stopped."

"O.K., lady, what's wrong with this hi-fi set?"
"Well, it's this way . . .

*Tuesday:* Hey, in there! You kids stop fooling with the hi-fi! I've *told* you not to keep changing speeds in the middle of a record.

. . . it won't play."

"O.K., lady, what happened to the garbage disposer?"
"Well, you see . . .

*Wednesday:* Bubble gum?

. . . it seems to be stuck."

KAY NELSON

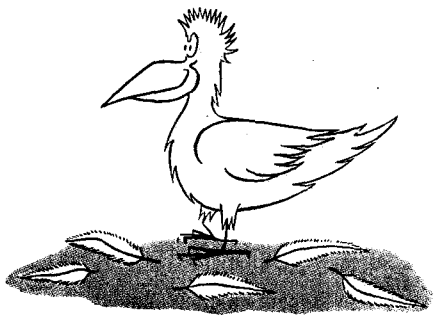
## Husbandry vs. Wifery

How frugally these wives of ours
  Preserve the summer's yield,
Clapping the fruit in Mason jars
  Hermetically sealed!

How different, though, their way with dough
  Earned by our honest toil:
They spend the stuff as fast as though
  They feared that it might spoil.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

## Mein Grossfader's Fable Tellen



Der Goldenisch Bird

Ein king ben approachen bankrupten mit upkeepen ein grosser kastle und feeden der spongen noblefolkers. "Ach!" das king ist exclaimen. "Mit ownen ein goldenisch bird, meinself ist sellen der pinfluffers und becomen rich!"

Der oldisch son ben upscrapen ein hundert pfennigs und departen mit hunten ein goldenisch bird. Himmel! Nighten ben fallen, und das offengoofen schtunker ist quitten der hunten und wasten der skimpisch money mit wildisch carousen insiden ein tavern!

Der middlisch son ben upscrapen ein hundert pfennigs und departen mit hunten ein goldenisch bird. Himmel! Nighten ben fallen, und das offengoofen schtunker ist also quitten der hunten und wasten der skimpisch money mit wildisch carousen insiden das tavern!

Der youngisch son ben departen mitout ein pfennig. Ist das noblisch prince quitten der hunten? Nein! Ist das noblisch prince joinen in der offengoofen? Nein!

Der youngischer ben pursuiten der hunten und obercomen der witchers und evilisch magicker spellen. Ach du lieber! Finalisch, der hunten ben succeeden! Returnen mit der goldenisch bird, das rich prince ben uptooken der wildisch carousen mitout counten der costen!

Der Woodencutter und das Dragon

Ein woodencutter ben upmeeten mit ein dragon, und der argumenten ben starten.

"Folkers ist outsmarten und rulen dragons," der cutter ben claimen.

"Nein," das dragon ben disputen. "Dragons ist outsmarten und rulen folkers."

Der woodencutter ben tooken das dragon to ein statue showen ein folker mit der swordenstabber standen ober ein dragon. "Das statue ist proven mein pointen," der cutter ben declaren.

Ach! Das dragon ben proven der pointen mitout ein statue.

DER LESSON: Often der simplisch argumenter ist oberwhelmeh.

DAVE MORRAH

## You Hear Them at Every Reunion

"Hey, Joe, we sure had fun when we were in school here, didn't we?"

"We sure did, Pete. Remember the afternoon we put the stink bomb in the air conditioner?"

"Do I! Wow! Did you ever see a building empty out as fast as this one did? And, hey, how about the time we found some gal's lipstick over in the south foyer? We used it to write on the statue of Venus de Milo: THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU BITE YOUR FINGERNAILS!"

"Boy, we were a real riot, weren't we? Remember the time we locked Peewee Rentner in his hall locker?"

"And then took a water gun and squirted water in through those ventilation holes, or whatever you call them! Those were sure the days!"

"How about the time we blew sneezing powder in the auditorium assembly while the boys' glee club was singing?"

"That was terrific! 'Up with the Jolly—KA-CHOO—Roger, boys! And—KA-CHOO—off we—KA-CHOO—go to sea—KA-CHOO ——'"

"Hey, do you remember the time we dropped a sack of water from the cafeteria window, and it splattered right in front of Mr. Haddock, the principal?"

"Bombs away! Ka-plooey! How about the time we shot off the firecracker in study hall?"

"And Mrs. Edwards went four feet in the air!"

"Memories! Memories! Hey, do you remember the time we put itching powder in Horace McGee's clothes in his gym locker?"

"Do I remember! That was how jitterbugging got started! And, hey, do you remember the time we ——"

CHARLES A. MATTESON

## Price Index

The cost of living isn't changed.
  At least for me it's not;
It always has and always will
  Cost everything I've got.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

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NORTHRUP KING

# Lawn & Garden Almanac

FOR APRIL

Want this delightful picture? We've had it printed on special stock for framing, without advertising. Send 15¢ to cover postage and handling to Northrup, King & Co., Box 959, Minneapolis 40, Minn.

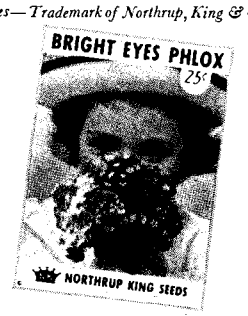
*Bright Eyes—Trademark of Northrup, King & Co.*

## Bright-Eyes Phlox

*Latest "gardening is fun" variety from Northrup King*

You'll enjoy the summer-long sparkle of these pert and pretty flowers. Dazzling range of colors. Easy-growing *Bright Eyes Annual Phlox* produces a glorious blanket of blooms from early summer to late—so many you can hardly see the leaves.

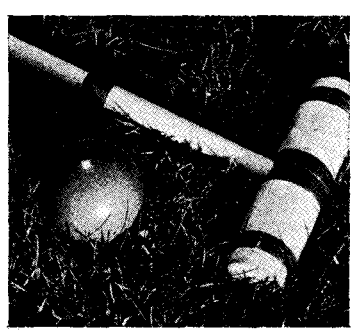
Plant it in low bushy borders, or in splashy starry-eyed clumps. Only 25¢ a packet. Look for *Bright Eyes* and other sparkling varieties at your nearby Northrup King seed rack!




NORTHRUP KING SEEDS

## All 3 lawn-making secrets are working for you with Golf Brand

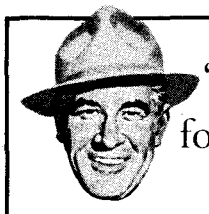
1 IT'S A BLEND of the choicest grass varieties—different grasses that grow best in sunny areas, in shade, on slopes, in play areas.



2 IT'S ALL PERENNIAL grasses—year after year Golf Brand keeps coming up to give you a thick, luxurious lawn with minimum upkeep.

3 IT CONTAINS PARK KENTUCKY BLUEGRASS—fastest starting of all bluegrasses, noted for its seedling vigor, weed resistance.

*Get Golf Brand—granted the Lawn Institute Seal of Approval*



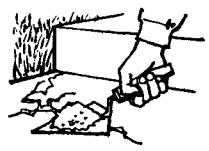
## "This is 'uncovering time' for your lawn—get it off to the best possible start!"

*Says Northrup King's friendly Lawnscaper*

Your dormant lawn will soon be "greening up." It's time to remove the litter of leaves and debris your lawn has accumulated. Rake it lightly—harsh raking might yank out grass if the winter has been a hard one.

**WHEN YOU'RE FILLING IN** around newly-planted shrubs and trees, be sure to break up soil lumps thoroughly. Tender roots need to be completely surrounded by moist soil; big clumps leave air spaces that allow the roots to dry out and die.

**NEED IDEAS** for "fill-in" flowers in your garden? Try *Peppermint Pinks*, a whole collection of delightful pinks in a single packet. Or *Petticoat Petunia*, beautiful blooms in a medley of gay colors. *Cherry Sundae Zinnia* is a stunning blend of cherry-and-cream zinnias. They're all in your nearby Northrup King seed rack!

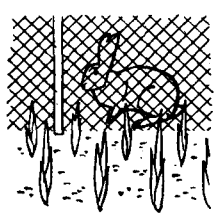


**HOW DID YOUR** garden walks and steps come through the winter? Better check for heaves and breaks that should be repaired.

**WEED KILLERS** work best while weeds are young and tender. Be ready to get the jump on weeds with Northrup King Triple Tonic. It not only kills weeds, but controls insects and acts as a balanced fertilizer.

**IT'S EASY TO TELL** when your garden soil is ready for cultivating. Just squeeze some of it in your bare hands. If it forms a ball, but crumbles easily, you're all set. But if it becomes tight and sticky . . . better wait awhile.

**LOOK FOR THIS SEAL** when you're buying lawn seed. It certifies you're getting a minimum of 75% fine-leaved perennial grasses.



**RABBIT DAMAGE** to your tulips and lilies can be reduced by putting a temporary wire mesh fence around the bed while plants are growing. Remove the fence when it comes time to enjoy the blooms. Rabbits usually don't like full-grown plants; they prefer to nibble on the young shoots.

**WANT SOME TIPS** to make your flower garden a standout? Write the Lawnscaper, c/o Northrup King & Co., Minneapolis 13, Minn. for free booklet "*What Flowers Should I Grow?*"

# NORTHRUP KING
## Lawn & Garden Products

*Minneapolis, Minnesota • Fresno, California • Boise, Idaho*

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# The Lion and the Dagger (Continued from Page 22)

"Must go," he said casually. "Thank you, sir. We don't get coffee like this very often."

"Change your mind and let me send you away in the car," Gouraud said warmly. "It irritates me to see people run unnecessary risks."

"It's not much of a risk."

"That's nonsense."

"Well, I'm sorry," Andrew said, smiling, "but the fact is you either live, within reason, as if things were normal, or you couldn't live here at all."

"I'm fond of your father, and I believe he has no other child?"

"My father is used to risks."

"I respect him passionately," Gouraud said. "You know, I am in love with England and the English—unlike most of my countrymen, I am sorry to say."

"Why do you stay here, sir?"

"Ah, I'm safe. No one will cut my throat or shoot me in the back in the street. The question is why do Englishmen, and Englishwomen, even when they have no business to keep them here, stay? I will tell you why. Because of the innocence. The happiness, exquisite, of living in a country which is not cancered with fat living, suffocated by the pressure on it of too much of everything it can be induced to want, too many cars—thank God you haven't made roads here—too many refrigerators, television sets, newspapers, officials, too many children, far too many children. This could be any country where the dust is less mineral than human, dust of the uncounted generations of the dead. You English are merely the latest invaders, the latest carriers of ideas which the sun and the poverty will rot. You won't be the last. Even the violence here is innocent, because it is so old, and never changes. I hope I shall be allowed to go on living here. And the warmth—ah, the warmth. Dear Lord, if I had to go back to Paris!" He looked with a friendly malice at the young man. "You don't know what I'm talking about. You will."

He insisted on going down with them in the elevator, but stopped it at the first floor and led them along a service passage to a flight of stairs, and at the bottom of the stairs into a small yard, with one dusty palm. At the far side was a cracked gray door.

"My very own private entrance," he said. "Good-by, Miss Leng. . . . Good-by, Andrew—my devotion to your father."

He watched them out of sight. Andrew reminded him of a young Catalan he had known for a few weeks: the long body, very thin and graceful, long nose, long narrow face, thick eyebrows, as straight as if ruled, wide mouth; in old age it might be a grim face, now it had the beauty of its lean ugliness, and the charm.

Gouraud sighed. *Provided he doesn't get himself killed*, he thought, *or marry*.

The heat of early September struck them a light, searing blow. Most of the inner town's shops were in Urraca Street. The sun shut down on it. In spite of the heat and the noise, and the fumes of petrol, dust, sweat, Urraca Street kept some of the charm of a provincial town, perhaps in Southern France, where nothing has been planned, nothing repaired for generations.

"He's very intelligent, old Gouraud," Sarah said.

"Too eloquent," Andrew said.

"Oh, I don't think it's bogus, do you?"

"No, not quite. But too frequent. Too much of a good thing. But my father admires him."

"Only three years ago," Sarah said, "when I first came here, you could dawdle down this street without its entering your head that you might be shot at or knifed. Who'd have believed it could be spoiled so quickly?"

"It's not altogether spoiled. Some of what Gouraud said is true."

"Ah, but you didn't know it when it was any shabby, easygoing little foreign city." They were passing the end of one of the several tortuous side streets, narrower even than Urraca, which formed the web of the inner town. "Eighteen months ago I should have dodged along there to get shade, but now. . . ." She moved her thin shoulders.

At the corner of Urraca Street, where it opened into Government Square, was the best provision shop in the whole country, its window glorious with imported canned food and cereals. It was shut. Under the vexed frowns of two young soldiers an Englishwoman had paused to look in the barred window. Her child, a little girl, drifting away from her, stood exactly where, forty-eight hours earlier, the body of an English civilian had lain, shot in the back by just such a slender, supple young fellow as loitered past her, drawing after him the narrowed glances of both soldiers.

Andrew recognized one of them as having been on sentry duty at Government House during the past week, and he smiled at him. The other boy saluted, managing to convey by a slight twitch of his mouth that the salute was meant for the governor's son, and the quarter-smile for a young man of his own age and class.

A few steps into Government Square gave them back the immense sky. This was the only part of the inner town on which English business and administration had made a noticeable mark: on one corner the post office, a squat, ugly building encircled now by barbed wire and soldiers who had barely had time to learn mistrust; on the opposite side of the square the file of anonymous yellow offices was defaced by the wrecked window of an English tourist agency. The square was only just inside the old city. At the side farthest from Urraca Street a wide boulevard, beginning one of the few good roads in the colony, ran out toward Government House and the barracks and, two miles out, the airfield, running past streets pitted crazily with stones and ruts, and bungalows and small white villas. They were not the only part of the city outside the walls. There was another and richer suburb, known as the English quarter, a number of large comfortable houses built on a north-facing slope, where every well-off foreigner, not only the English—and except Gouraud—had come together.

Except for the young soldiers and an English civilian, the vast square was empty. Sarah stood still, shading her eyes with her hand to be able to look across it against the sun. The ramparts cut off the view except where the boulevard exposed a frieze of hills.

"We used to picnic in those nearest hills," Sarah said.

"It all looks pretty bare."

"That's almost the joy of it—the dry, warm soil under your hands, the dry light, the scent, the sun on old walls. Up there you feel free."

"Perhaps I can get out for a week," Andrew said.

"Try."

He touched her hand, and felt the familiar light shock pass through his body from his finger tips. With an effort to speak easily, he said, "By then you may be back in London."

She turned on him with an exaggerated energy. "I hate London, and I don't want to go back at all."

"You can't stay out here forever."

She did not answer this. She asked impatiently, carelessly, "How much longer have we got?"

"Another two and a half weeks."

"And you start at the hospital—your clinical—as soon as you get back?"

"Yes."

"You wouldn't have time for me then," she said lightly.

"Don't be silly." His voice made a caress of the words.

The girl's face took on a look of obstinacy, even sullenness. "I ought to go to the office now."

She was on the staff of the only English daily newspaper in the colony, the *Compatriot*, owned and edited by her stepfather, Charles Cumberland. Born in the country, the son of a settler, Cumberland drew as much nourishment for his vanity out of his unpopularity as out of his decent liberal principles. Only his Maker knew which he cherished the more, but there was, in his devotion to his principles, more piety than his enemies gave him credit for, and less than he believed. He kept up a nagging and exasperated opposition to the policy of the Colonial Office and the government, spiced with sharp and sometimes witty attacks on Sir Richard Ormston, the colony's governor. During the past two years—since the discontents in the country caught fire and became a revolt—he had hedged a little. But he still excused the rebels their murders and lesser crimes on the ground that they had a right to what they were seeking—independence—through murder.

"Oh, nonsense," Andrew said. "It's Sunday, you don't need to be in the office until after five—it's only just three."

As if she had been protesting for form's sake, the girl let him turn her away from the *Compatriot*, housed in a ramshackle building behind the post office, and toward the boulevard and Government House. Before they reached the gate of the courtyard, a sentry recognized Andrew and swung it open. Instinctively, instead of crossing the scorched iron-hard earth of the center, Andrew turned left into the feeble shade thrown by yellowing acacias and pepper trees planted along the wall. Frowning, eyebrows drawn into a single angry line, Sarah followed him. There were soldiers before the open doorway of the house, in the great marble-floored hall and at the foot of the enormously wide ceremonial staircase. Andrew hurried her up it, past the closed doors of the official rooms, turned to the right into a narrower landing, round another corner and up a less-imposing flight of stairs to the second floor and the private wing. His room was at the end of the very long, wide corridor.

They had passed no one except the soldiers. Shutting the door of his room, Andrew smiled at her. "Safe."

A gray flash from her eyes answered him. "Aren't you ashamed to make me creep into a house where I'm not welcome? I was a fool to come. I won't do it again."

*My love*, he thought. "You're talking nonsense again."

"You know your father loathes me."

"He loathes your stepfather and his foul paper—that's all."

He would have taken her in his arms, but she pulled away. "I shouldn't have come. Why did you keep under the walls as we came in? Hoping that no one would see us?"

He forced himself to a reasonableness he knew would be no use, which might even irritate her further. "Need we quarrel about it?"

"Don't treat me as if I were in the wrong," she said, raising her young rough voice to its loudest.

He was too young himself to be able to deal with her anger except by hitting back. "What the devil does it matter to us if they loathe each other?" he said.

"Yes, but you agree with your father!"

"I agree, of course I agree with him that you can't surrender to a gang of murdering brutes—knifing people in the back, sneaking into hospitals to cut some poor devil's throat in his bed, shooting a pregnant woman and letting her bleed to death ——"

"She got in the way," the girl blurted.

"You shock me, Sarah."

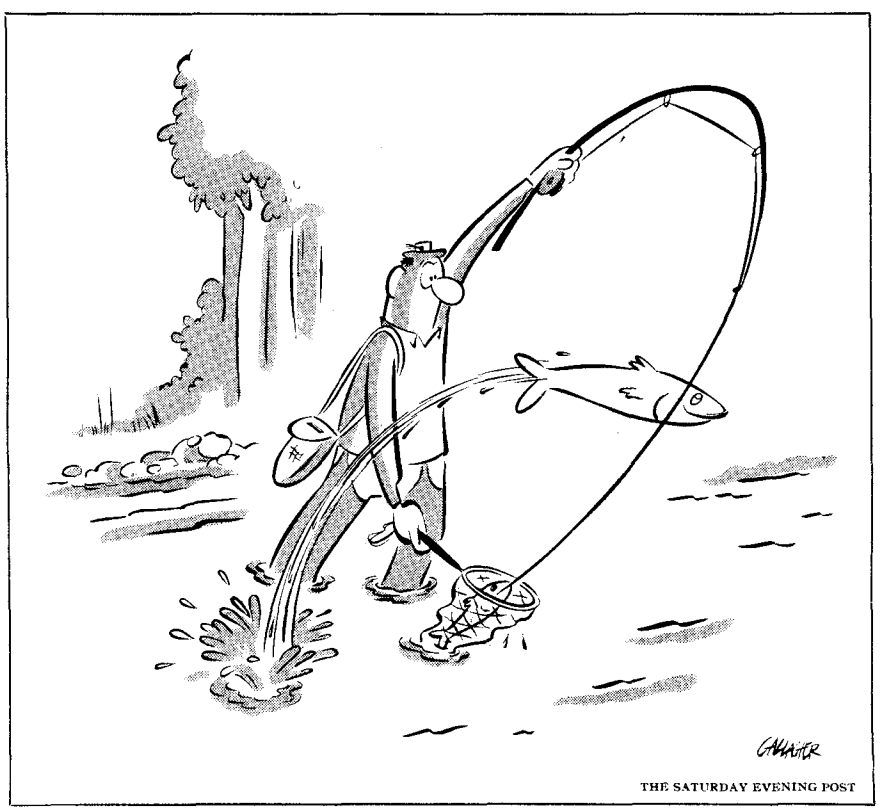
She blushed deeply. "I didn't mean that. It's horrible, I know it's horrible, but it's the government's beastly fault, and your father approves."

"He has to keep order."

"But he approves! So do you. It's frightful."

"Would *you* hand this country over to squalid killers? Or even talk to them?"

"People should be free," she retorted. "It's their (*Continued on Page 45*)

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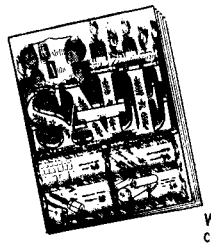

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(*Continued from Page 43*) country; they didn't ask us to come here and cherish them; we came because we had a use for it. It's unjust."

"You're being sentimental," he said, smiling, "your stepfather's muddled sentiments. It's a civil war, too, don't forget. Have you ever seen any of their victims? The other day they got hold of one of their own people, a schoolmaster, battered him to death, then dragged what was left back to his house and dropped it in front of his wife and child. Doesn't that prove their fitness to govern themselves?"

"Don't tell me any more," Sarah said. She shivered.

His anger turned over in him and became a crazed tenderness. "I'm sorry, my darling; forgive me."

The girl was not ready to forgive him, nor adroit enough. "I don't like your father. I disliked him even before I knew he had a son he has brought up to be as hard and self-centered as himself."

"He did bring me up," Andrew said. He smiled at her with extreme sweetness. "Pity you don't like the result."

She said fiercely, "I love you. You are a hard, selfish beast, and I do love you."

"He was a pretty good father to have round. He gave me a very fine life; we had the most splendid holidays together any child ever had."

"Didn't your mother have anything to do with it?" she murmured.

"She was always kind, poor darling, and always—if you want me to tell you the truth—very dull."

"But you love her!"

"Yes, of course."

The pupils of Sarah's eyes contracted, giving her the look of a sitting cat. "I'd rather my son hated me than spoke about me with that sort of kindness. No, I shall never like your father."

Deafened by a rage which set the blood ringing in his ears and left no room in him for anything but his violent need of her, Andrew looked at her without answering.

Trembling a little, she mocked, "What ill you do when your father refuses to ave me in his family?"

"He won't."

"What will you do? Which of us will you drop?"

He found the calmness to say, "Don't go on with this, my darling."

An acute pleasure filled her. "Me—would you choose me? Or would you say, 'So sorry, my dear girl, but my father—who gave me a wonderful time when I was a child—says nothing doing with that gutter cat, Sarah Leng, so away you go, take yourself off.'"

"Shut up, Sarah."

"I'll talk as I like," she said, smiling with pleasure.

Andrew took a step forward; she ran into his arms with a cry he stifled against a blind mouth, pressing herself against him with surprising force. She drew back to be able to say, "I'm ashamed. I wish I were different."

"I don't," he said. "Even if I could, I wouldn't change a thing in you, not one—not one of your appalling faults."

"If you knew more about me you would." She astonished him by contorting her face to keep back tears. "I must really go now."

"Not now," he said. "You can't go."

In his arms she was very thin, hard and unbearably yielding. For a few moments he was conscious of her eyes looking at him through thick, straight lashes, of a line of bright hair, of the fine bones of her shoulders in his hands, then, in the feverish impatience of his body, only of himself.

Shutting the door on his visitor, an English politician, Colonel Frent went back to the window at which, a minute or two before, the easy fellow had paused to say, "A magnificent view. I suppose you no longer notice it."

"Oh, I look at it," Frent answered.

"With pleasure?"

"With interest, rather. Splendid guerrilla country, all these hills."

Calling on what he believed to be his tact, the visitor said, "Ah, yes. Each of us sees what he has been bred to see. You, as a professional soldier, see men in uniform where I see them as, ah, individuals."

*What does he imagine a soldier is?* Frent asked himself. *An animal, a sawdust-stuffed doll?* He contented himself with a faint smile. "This wall"—he laid a hand on it—"you can see the thickness of the old wall, nearly three feet. Nothing else in the building above ground is as solid."

"Was it built for the—ah—security police?"

"Yes. Except that, fifty years ago, they were called police." He smiled again, as briefly. "You said *security* as though it were an indecent word. Why?"

He knew why, but it amused him to needle the fellow—who was, he saw, disappointed by his visit to police headquarters; he must have expected the squat, ugly building to be deliciously sinister. He had been shown over both floors: the upper floor, composed of this large, handsome room—with a view—which was Frent's private office, and beyond it, his much less splendid living quarters; downstairs, on the ground, other administrative offices, and the cells. The place was not a prison, but a half dozen barred and shuttered rooms, cut off from the rest by a steel door, were used as temporary cells for suspects waiting to be examined. They were empty—as were the basement storerooms he was not shown. The visitor's nostrils, dilated to pick up whatever smell he had expected, were of no use to him. *A pity*, Frent thought. *We should have laid on at least one rascal, something for his television pap.*

Alone, he allowed himself a rare minute's idleness. Turning away from the window, he looked at his watch. Half-past two. *Ormston should be here now*, he reflected. He walked briskly to his desk and began to look through papers already docketed and arranged. The telephone rang at his elbow. He listened, holding the receiver a little way from his ear because the voice at the other end jarred him.

"Yes, a damnable business. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, I agree. . . . No. . . . You know my opinion. . . . Certainly. Can you be here at eight this evening? . . . No, I'm afraid not. Eight is the earliest. . . . Right. Eight o'clock."

He glanced at his watch again, frowning. *Damn Ormston*, he thought, irritated; *no idea of punctuality; we should have had a soldier in charge here. No, I'm unjust.* Ormston had been anything but weak in his handling of the crisis. He was also brave. Until it was pointed out to him that his chauffeur was in as much danger as he was, he refused an armed escort in the city, and he had behaved with the greatest coolness on the occasion, a year ago, when his car was ambushed on a country road and himself wounded, slightly, in the arm. One of the

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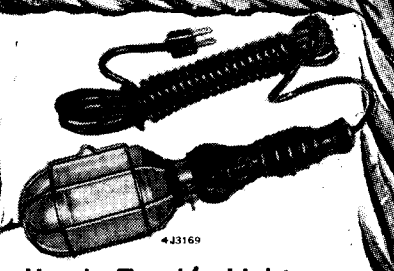

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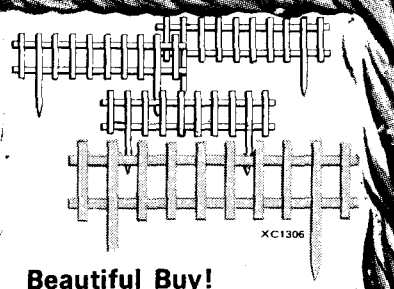

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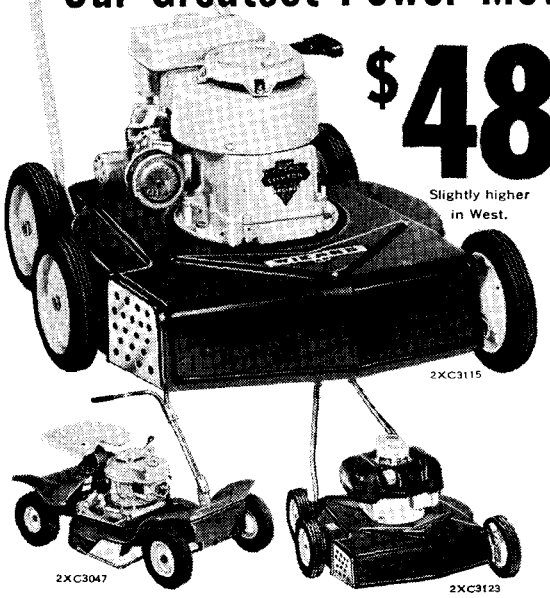

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soldiers was very badly hurt, and Ormston had insisted on staying with the boy until the ambulance came, and had ridden in it with him to the hospital. *Yes, yes, courage enough—courage or vanity; one takes over from the other at these times. But why the devil can't he be punctual?*

The door was too thick for footsteps to be heard on the stairs. It opened at this moment, and the governor came in.

At fifty-three Richard Ormston was still almost insufferably good-looking: a smoothly feminine line of cheek and chin, gray half-sleepy eyes, a straight nose, mouth of classic length and beauty. His body had become a little heavy. *Eats and drinks too well*, Frent reflected—not for the first time. He stood up, with a cool, affable smile. "Ah, here you are, sir."

With a sigh of relief, Ormston sat down in the armchair placed for him. "Yes, here I am. My word, it's a scorcher outside."

"I like it," Frent said.

He nodded at the young man who had followed Ormston into the room. His private secretary was one of Frent's lesser black marks against the governor: a young man of no family, the son of a schoolmaster or some fellow of that sort, commended to Ormston by his old tutor—also the young man's tutor—at New College, to Frent no commendation at all. There must, somewhere in the governor's acute mind, be a streak of sentimentality, most unlike him and unexpected. Robin Hind looked more ingenuous and younger than his years.

It was only lately, within the last week or two, that Frent had begun to wonder whether young Hind was not ambitious—even capable of calculation.

"You like this heat, do you?" the governor said. "Well, you're eight years younger than I am. I must say you look infernally cool."

"I don't eat lunch, sir. That helps."

The governor's sleepy glance passed over Frent's slight body and round neat head. He respected, valued and disliked Frent. "Too austere for me," he said lightly. "Well—anything new?"

Frent lifted a sheet of paper and turned it over before answering. "This morning an elderly man named Durham—he had a market garden two miles out, had had it for thirty years—came home and found his wife lying with her throat cut, head all but off. He was kneeling over her, poor old chap, when he was shot in the back—the killer had waited for him to come in."

Robin Hind's face had turned the color of slate. "Good Lord, I knew them—the Durhams. He was a nice old boy."

A grimace of pity distorted the governor's mouth, and for an instant Frent hoped he was going to see a breakdown of what he thought of as Ormston's arrogant aloofness. He was disappointed. The governor said coolly, "You haven't got the murderer, of course."

"No. This doesn't make it any easier to keep the C.P.S. chaps in line. I had Puckeridge on the telephone five minutes before you came."

Four months earlier a Committee of Public Safety had been formed, headed by a well-to-do businessman, James Puckeridge.

"Asking for arms?" the governor said.

"Yes."

An image of Puckeridge—a big, heavily fleshed man, efficient, intelligent, a bully—crossed Ormston's mind. With distaste, he said, "It's not the way to deal with terrorism."

Frent's reasons for agreeing with him were a little different. "I have no use for armed civilians, sir. Undisciplined amateurs. Have you had time to read the report I sent to Government House yesterday?"

"Yes," the governor said. "Yes, very carefully."

"Well, sir?"

"I'm never quite sure, Frent, how far you are crediting these fellows with your own ability to organize and direct. Your report speaks of a General Staff, with brigades and departments, training sections, intelligence, a courier service, execution squads, sabotage squads, transport, and so on and so forth. You're describing—picturing—a military organization, aren't you?"

"Paramilitary," Frent said. *Much you know about fighting*, he thought.

"Oh, if you like. At any rate, an organized force."

"I drew the picture, as you put it," Frent said coldly, "from the information got out of prisoners. It's not overdrawn."

*Does he know how to judge evidence?* the governor wondered. "My dear fellow, aren't you, possibly, giving too much coherence to a number of scattered groups, some more murderous than others, but all essentially disorganized—which in time and with patience can be mopped up one after another?"

His hands folded, more monk than police chief, Frent said, "When a force—call it what you like, guerrilla, resistance, rebellion—when a force is already breaking down, it is possible to isolate and destroy the separate bits. Mop them up, if you like the phrase. All the evidence I have collected since I came here five months ago points to one answer—the force being used against us is *not* breaking down. Rather, it is being skillfully, technically, built up—very well built up. And by a man who knows his job."

"By one man?"

Frent shrugged. "You can't run a war—or a revolt—in committee. You need a man—a leader."

Elbow on the desk, chin propped lazily on his hand, the governor seemed to listen attentively and coldly. "You don't in your report put your finger on any one man among the so-called officers leading these gangs."

"No, sir," Frent said dryly. "For a good reason. If I could put my finger on him, he would be here in this building, now."

"But you are sure he exists."

"Someone does," Frent said quietly. "Let's call him X." He had a laugh like a short bark. "Trouble is we know what X equals—and it doesn't solve the problem. He has a decently organized force."

Robin Hind had flushed crimson. Stammering, he blurted, "Excuse me, sir, I don't see how you can use the words *decently organized* about brutes capable of hacking off an old lady's head—and the other things that have happened."

Frent did not snub him. Mildly, with only a trace of contempt, he said, "These murders, y'know, are quite rational. If you have fewer men than your opponent, a much smaller and weaker force, one of the ways you build up your side is by spreading terror."

"That's enough, Robin," the governor said. "Colonel Frent is not excusing the murders." He looked at Frent. "You have no direct proof that your professional leader exists? Your X."

Frent said coolly, "Yes, I have."

The governor raised his eyebrows very slightly. "Really? What is it?"

"Not all his subordinates are efficient—and they're not all brave. In the last week I've had two matching accounts from prisoners of a man they call—they don't seem to have a name for him—the English colonel ——"

"*English?*"

"Why not English?" Frent said with the same coolness. "You have a disloyal ass like this fellow Cumberland running a seditious newspaper. Why should he be the only one? An ex-officer with a grievance. A politician—one of your ambitious left-wingers."

The governor did not answer. Half turning his chair round, he stared through the window at the hills. The thought of the "English colonel," if he existed, shocked him. *Some perverted idealist*, he thought. *Murder and the highest ideals have always been first cousins, if not blood brothers.* He turned sharply. "You think I'm too lenient with Cumberland and his unpleasant rag," he said. It was not a question.

Frent said, "Your responsibility, sir," in an expressionless and matter-of-fact tone.

The governor moved his hands. "The fellow attacks me personally." He might have been talking to himself. "If I shut him down, it will look as if I had felt it."

"That may not be a good enough reason for allowing him to go on poisoning the wells," Frent said with slow care.

"I have—I dare say you know—been under some pressure to silence him."

"Mr. James Puckeridge is peculiarly bitter."

"Oh, those fellows," the governor said contemptuously; "I don't mean them." He had a feeling of uncertainty, and suppressed it violently. The line of support behind him was a thin one; he was not even sure how thin. None of his friendships were really intimate—he had only one intimate friend in his life, and. . . . His mind swerved sharply. *I can rely on no one*, he thought. *No doubt my own fault—I haven't the gift of friendship.*

Frent had not answered him. Glancing at the police chief's sharp, ascetic face, which hid all griefs, or his lack of them, Ormston thought, *Is he an enemy? He knows, he must know, that in certain quarters in London I'm blamed for letting the situation get out of hand. Every new atrocity—the wretched Durhams—every young serviceman ambushed and killed, sharpens tongues against me.* He said slowly, "You are probably right. There has been an increase of brutality ——"

"Of efficiency."

"That too. In the meantime the rebels are getting more bombs and guns than they were. None of your prisoners has been able to tell you how or where from?"

"No," Frent said. "My guess is the same as yours. But I have no proof."

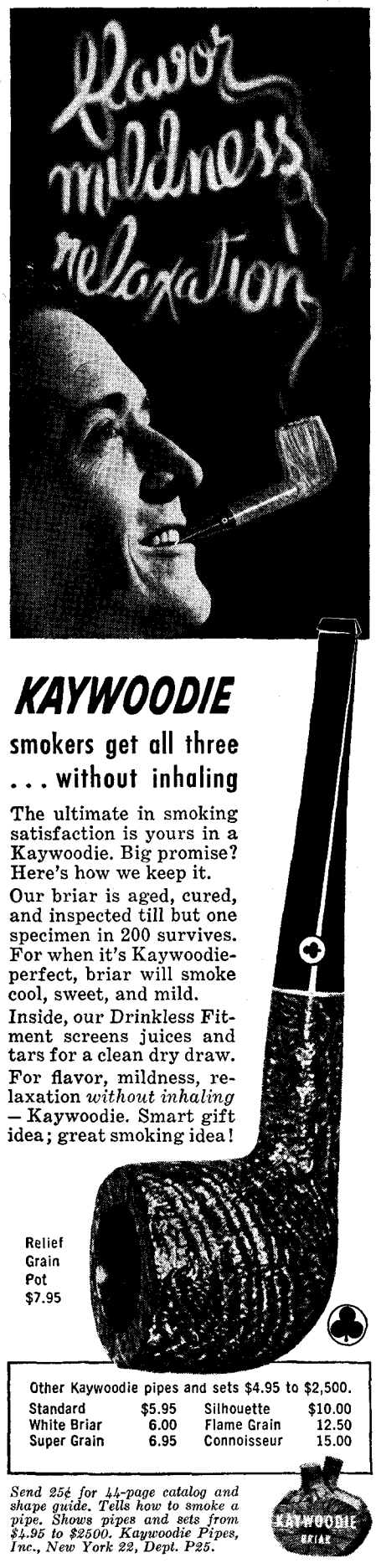
The question forming itself in Ormston's mind remained unspoken. It had to do with the relations between the police chief and the G.O.C., General Smith. Should he let Frent know what he had discovered: that his report had been in Smith's hands for a full forty-eight hours before it was sent to Government House? No, keep that in reserve.

"Let me tell you now what you'll hear at Thursday's conference. I'm going to London next week, taking with me a plan the G.O.C. is preparing now, based partly on your report—a plan of operations on a more ruthless scale."

## Yellow the Willow

By Maude Rubin

Bright but not warm, this
sun.
Yellow, how yellow the
willow!
Gray is the snow, and done
Is the gutter of winter's
candle.
Swelling again the grain
Awake in its thawing bed,
Swelling the buds. Now
through the drip of rain
Burgeoning once again
This bone-stark tree of
pain—
Springtime,
Love's words all said.

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"I see," Frent said.

*You see a long way before your sharp nose, my friend.* "I don't believe—I never did—in what our *Compatriot* calls methods of persuasion. You can't persuade a rattlesnake. You can only crush its head." He laughed shortly. "Pity we haven't found its head."

He stood up. Robin Hind jumped to is feet. Rising more slowly, Frent said, If you can spare a few more minutes, sir, I'd like you to listen to one of my agents ——"

The governor cut him short. "Oh, I don't think so."

Frent persisted. "A disreputable-enough type, but more intelligent than the run of the mill."

"What's his name? If he has one."

"Oh, yes, he has a name. You possibly know it. He's called Ward. Maurice Ward."

"Is that how he earns his living? Good Lord!" His look of fastidious distaste became loathing. He knew more about Maurice Ward than his name. Before he came out here, when his appointment as governor had been announced, an old lady who had once, when he was a young man, done him a considerable kindness, came to see him and asked him to find out for her about her nephew who was living in the colony. Soon after his arrival in the colony he made inquiries, and learned at once what Maurice Ward was—a man on his way down, nearing ottom. He did not even try to see him.

"He doesn't advertise the fact, sir," Frent said. "Nor do we. I inherited him with my job. Will you see him? I have him waiting."

The governor seated himself again, with a nearly peevish reluctance. "If you think it necessary."

"I'm very much obliged," Frent said quickly. He lifted the telephone. "Send Ward in to me, will you?"

The man who came in crossed the room toward them with a slouching assurance. His big face and full, loose mouth had an air of amiable cunning and self-indulgence, with a hint of something less soft, as though his adroitness and his vices had swollen his features round a thinner, harder face. He looked older than his forty-five years, and unhealthy, but not in any way dissatisfied with himself. The son of a rich, well-born settler, he had inherited his estate at the age of twenty-two; he sold out at once to his father's Scottish manager, and in less than eleven years had drunk and lazed away the whole of his capital. During the last five years he had drifted, more or less by accident, into the habit of bringing scraps of information, some of them useful, to Frent's predecessor, a man who had been his father's close friend. No doubt he was listened to at first out of pity. But he had relations with the native inhabitants of the colony which were not without value—now especially. He still spent much of his time with the woman he had seduced—or she seduced him—when he first came back to the colony from his English school; her three children were his.

He had to cross almost the length of the room to reach the desk, and he took his time. A short distance from the table he halted, pulled a chair out and sat down. His drawling voice had traces of a stutter. "Good afternoon, gentlemen."

Frent spoke with a detached cool civility. "Good afternoon, Ward. I kept you waiting for a good reason. I wanted His Excellency to hear anything you can tell us. I gathered that you have something."

The glance Ward turned on the governor was curiously insolent, an amused insolence. He said lazily, "I don't know hat I have anything to say that Sir Richard will want to hear."

Frent had half risen. Before he could speak, the governor said coolly, "If the fellow can say anything in five minutes, tell him to go ahead."

"Thank you, sir," Frent said. He turned on Ward the glance his subordinates tried to avoid. "Go on."

Ward was sprawling clumsily in his chair now, jacket opened to display a filthy old sweater, shirt unbuttoned on a sagging neck, wide and fleshy like an old bull's. The governor felt a spasm of rage that he had been asked to give as much as a minute's attention to this worthless nonsense. *Frent must be out of his mind,* he thought. He was pushing his chair back to go away when Ward began speaking in an altered, harder voice.

"Excuse me, I'm not trying to play the fool, and I'm not drunk. It's only—to be exact, yesterday I got a—no, I can't call it a hint, since it wasn't meant for me." He paused, and some change of expression took place strangely under the sallow skin of his face. "I was supposed to be too far gone to take in anything that was said. And I damn near was—and damned little was said. A couple of sentences. Enough when you laid them alongside two others I heard dropped a week ago, to make five." He looked, insolent again, round their faces, and jerked his head at Robin Hind. "Is this child to be trusted?"

The young man had been eying him with a half-pitying, half-naïve curiosity. His face sharpened angrily. "Don't be a fool," he said.

Ward smiled, sucking in his lower lip. He lowered his head slightly to look under his lashless eyelids at Frent, his chin disappearing into the folds of his throat. "Tell me something—have you a brace of characters spry enough to keep behind me this evening without even my spotting them?"

"I think so," Frent said. "Yes."

"Well, don't think—be sure," Ward said pleasantly. "And tell them—let me think—tell them that if I know where I'm taking them, maybe I don't, but if I know, they'd better be good. Better than good. Ready to put their man out. I don't mean kill him, that would be a horrid mistake, but cold—before he knows they're there. Some of yours were commandos, weren't they?"

Looking at him with merciless attention, Frent nodded.

"I thought so," Ward said. He yawned. "Well, they ought to do."

The governor's distaste for the fellow's thick, drawling voice and slack body became too much for him. He stood up and nodded at Frent. "I'll see you tomorrow," he said with marked curtness.

Jumping to his feet, Frent walked with his light springy step to the door, reaching it ahead of Robin. Opening it, he said, "Very good of you to stay, sir."

"Very unnecessary," Ormston said. "Good-by."

Still smiling his sharp smile, Frent stepped back into the room.

To reach Government House from police headquarters, the car made a long detour, avoiding Urraca Street. Ormston was silent, his head pressed against the comfortable back of the seat. Now and then Robin Hind glanced at him, cautiously and with a solicitude that his youth made a little touching. Not that he was as young as he seemed. He was twenty-five and looked twenty. He did not obtrude his enormous admiration for the governor, yet in one way and another, by an ingenuous tone in his voice or a slight gesture, he managed to convey it.

The governor spoke with half-humorous energy. "My word, what a brute. Inexcusable of Frent to bring him in."

"Sir, I'm frightfully sorry," Robin said in his low, (*Continued on Page 50*)


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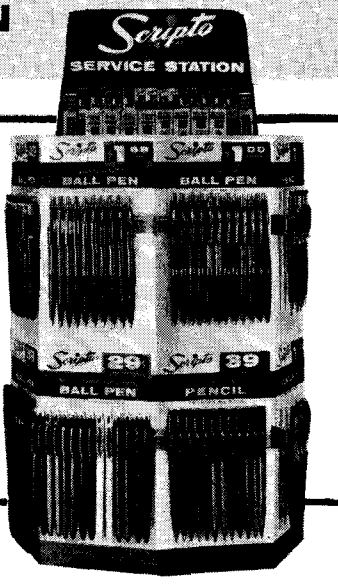


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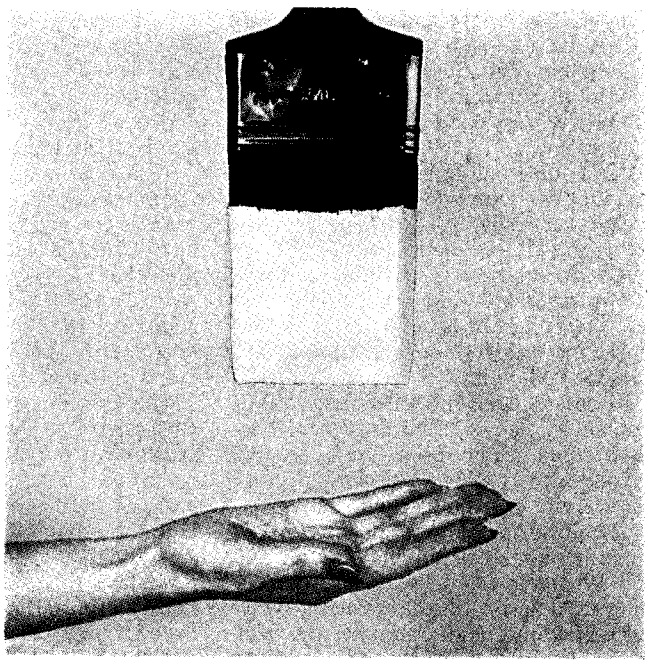

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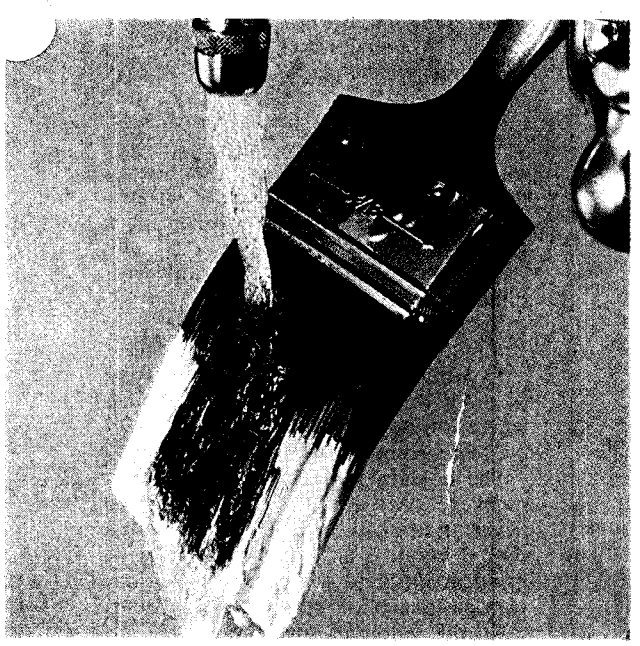

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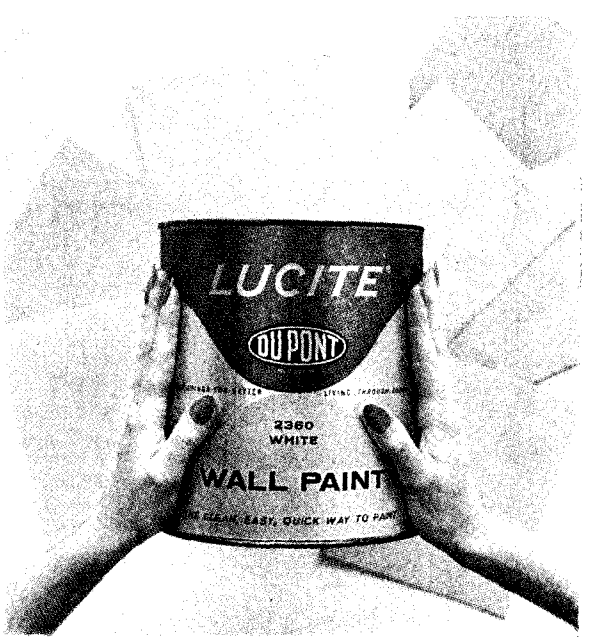


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(*Continued from Page 47*) cool voice, "I apologize for what I said—I mean, about the murders. I lost my head for a minute. I'm terribly sorry."

"My dear boy, it didn't matter."

"You're very kind, sir, but I had no right to speak."

"Of course you hadn't," the governor said kindly. "Don't do it again. But"—he smiled very slightly—"I'm never altogether drawn to Colonel Frent."

A sudden boyish gaiety broke through the young man's discretion. "He's not very engaging, sir, is he?"

The governor smiled at Hind. "Ah, you don't like him?"

Robin hesitated and said quietly, "He's a splendid man, sir, and must be a very good soldier. But it's not easy to like anyone who is so—so eternally unshakably certain of his own rightness."

The governor did not answer. *I asked for it*, he thought. *I have no right to snub him.* What was more, he did not want to. He was amused by these flashes when something cool and ambitious and very shrewd broke through the surface of the young man's modesty and simplicity. After a moment he said in an indifferent voice, "He wasted ten minutes of my time on that unpleasant scoundrel."

Robin spoke with a touch of anxiety. "I hope you're going to rest this afternoon, sir. You were working at four o'clock this morning."

"It's cool then. I like it."

The car with its escort of four motorcyclists turned into the courtyard of Government House, and Robin was out of it and opening the door before the nearest soldier reached it. The governor took the steps two at a time and hurried across the hall and up the staircase at a pace that had his secretary running to keep close to him. He went straight to the room on the first floor, originally the library and now also his working room—he had taken it for himself because it faced north. Glancing over his shoulder at Robin, he said, "I don't need you. I really am going to take a couple of hours. Off you go."

"Right, sir. I'll be upstairs," Hind said.

He had turned and was going away when the governor's voice, pleasant and casual, halted him. "Just a minute. There *was* something I wanted to ask you. Come in."

The governor settled himself into one of the leather armchairs in the window. "Sit down, boy, sit down," he said lightly. "This isn't official."

Robin turned round one of the chairs placed at the table and seated himself. He felt curiosity and a little, not much, nervousness.

With the same lightness, the governor said, "You knew this young woman Sarah Leng—Cumberland's stepdaughter—in England, didn't you?"

In spite of the careless tone, the implication—that he had no love for the young woman—was too clear to miss. *What's Sarah been up to?* Hind wondered. *Something to do with her beastly newspaper?* Feeling his way—what did the governor want him to answer?—he said in a neutral voice, "Yes."

"Well—you knew her well?"

"Oh, very well indeed, sir. She and I are cousins, her mother is my mother's much younger sister; she was a widow and when she married again, Charles Cumberland—heaven knows why she married him—and he brought her out here, they left Sarah in England with us. She was twelve then—three years younger than I was."

"How long did she live with you?"

"Seven or eight years. Seven."

The governor's eyes were half closed; he had a little amused smile. "Did you—do you like her? Is she—how shall I put it?—a clever young woman?"

Robin's mind jumped, in a familiar way. He felt quite certain now that the governor would be disappointed if he spoke of Sarah with approval. He laughed gently. "Oh, too clever by half, sir."

A little genuine malice had crept into the game he was playing.

"Clever—and not much worldly sense, eh?" Ormston said.

"What do you mean, sir—worldly sense?" He let his malice slip out of control, a rare happening with him. "If you mean, is she as innocent as she looks, you can be certain she isn't."

The governor spoke in a sharp voice, no longer casual or amused. "Not innocent? What do *you* mean, my boy?"

An acute discomfort seized Robin. He had not meant to say so much, and he had no wish at all to make mischief. He said quickly, "Oh, I only meant that nowadays there isn't much girls don't know—even girls as young and well brought up as Sarah."

The crease at the ends of Ormston's mouth was one of ironical pleasure; it amused him mildly to use his power over the young man to twist his arm, morally and mentally twist it. He tapped him on the knee. "My dear Robin, that isn't what you meant. I know you too well. You were going to tell me something about Miss Sarah Leng. Out with it."

His voice was pleasant, almost gay, but Robin knew he was caught in the trap of his own adroitness, his clever trick of guessing what would please the other person to hear. For all that, he still hesitated. He was uneasy and genuinely reluctant to harm Sarah. He caught a steely gleam in the governor's eye and felt that he had no choice now. *I must go on with it*, he thought. He frowned and said in a calm voice, "It's not much of a story, sir."

Leaning back in his chair, Ormston said, smiling, "Never mind that. Tell it."

"Thanks, my dear boy. It's a very interesting little story. I can't say it surprises me."

He caught sight of his secretary's hand, gripped on his knee, and realized that the young man was unhappy and very uneasy. He said kindly, "Don't feel sorry you told me. I'll be very discreet. And I'm immensely grateful. Now—off you go. And forget it."

He sat for a minute, not so much thinking as turning the story he had just listened to over in his mind in a suspension of feeling. The feeling that seized him suddenly was one of savage resentment. It was intolerable that his son, *his* son, should be in danger of throwing himself away, spoiling his life, on anything so worthless as this wretched girl. To have brought the boy up with such passionate care not to spoil him, loving him as he did, with such justified pride, such delight in his intelligence, in the brilliance he had shown at school and at Oxford in his medical work, and such pleasure in the boy's trust and affection, and now. . . . No father ever had more thoroughly satisfying relations with a son. From the moment when, bending over the week-old child's bed, he had felt, ridiculously, with a pang of joy, that Andrew *knew* him, the boy had never disappointed him, never once. No, it was intolerable.

He stood up, and stood for a minute rigid, compelling himself to put aside even the story itself. *This needs tact and a quiet mind*, he warned himself. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was still only four o'clock. Started up by his anger, the restlessness in his body sent him to pick up the telephone and ask for a number. He waited impatiently to be put through. He had so little time. No time to live, he thought, no time. . . . Ah. . . . "Anne? How are you? . . . Oh, not more than usual. Tell me, are you alone now? . . . Good, that's splendid. May I come? . . . Now? . . .Not long, I'm afraid. An hour. I'll come at once."

He ran down the staircase like a young man. A sentry, as he began to cross the hall, signaled to the car drawn up in the shade at the side of the courtyard, waiting. He told the driver that he was going to see Mr. Gouraud. Visiting the Frenchman, once a week, rarely oftener now, was known to be the only amusement he allowed himself, his only relief from the crisis—a strange idea of amusement, his driver considered, but it takes all sorts to make a world.

And indeed the old Frenchman was the only man in the colony with whom the governor was at all intimate, and the only man he could trust—as he did trust him—with a secret.

In the lobby of the Astoria, he made sure that Gouraud was in his apartment, then sent car and escort back to Government House. "I'll telephone for you when I want you," he told his driver. He spent two minutes in Gouraud's apartment, the time it took to bring the Frenchman's car round to his private door into the lane at the back of the Astoria. He had no need to tell the chauffeur where to take him; the man, an elderly *Bordelais*, with small black eyes corrupt with dead secrets, knew.

They crossed the inner town and left it by the shockingly bad road that led to the English quarter. This was a much older suburb than the spatter of bungalows and little villas on the other side—a score or so of large houses, built up and round a slope, with terraced, carefully planted gardens and high walls. Behind its white walls, Anne Boyd's house was smaller than the others in the suburb; the shutters at the windows, all closed, were solid and had been painted gray, but the paint had long since dried into streaks on the cracked wood. The door, as Ormston expected, was open behind a screen; he went in and straight to the drawing room.

Even this room, the one most often used, its windows opening onto a paved inner yard, had an air of dust and neglect, as though the person living in it were wholly uninterested in her surroundings.

All this was so familiar to him that he barely noticed the shabbiness of rugs and silk chair coverings, or the half-dead flowers in a large tarnished copper basin. There was nothing neglected or slatternly about the woman watching him from the sofa as he crossed the room to her. Anne Boyd was not beautiful, her features were too irregular, and she looked her years, but she was almost overwhelmingly attractive; her white skin had the waxen texture of a thick petal, startlingly white against the folds of dull black hair; her eyes were very large, a brilliant brown, with deep lids. She was wearing a sun dress—she who never exposed herself to a ray of the sun—its top leaving bare generously rounded white shoulders and arms and full throat. Stooping to kiss her, Ormston had the familiar sense of burying his face in a large full-blown white flower, the same longing to draw in all at once its scent, softness, coolness, to absorb it, feel it completely, possess it, and the same frustrated sense of failure.

"Oh, my darling, how cool you are," he said.

"Is it hot out?" she asked.

"Yes, hot and dusty. Not a climate for hard work."

"Where would you like to be?" she asked, smiling.

"If I weren't in this room? I think—in Scotland, a house I know in Glenmore. With you."

Her smile pulled down the ends of her mouth. "We shall never be there."

Lifting her hand, he pressed it over his eyes for a minute. "Yes, one day before we're too old," he said indistinctly.

"We're too old now, my dear," she said, drawling the words. "You're over fifty, and I'm forty-five. Too old for anything except amusing each other for a few more years."

"Do I amuse you?" he said with difficulty.

She shook her head. "Not in the least. I'm much too fond of you."

"Would you, do you think, be as fond of me if we were living obscurely somewhere, on not a great deal of money? I could get some sort of job, fairly easily."

She looked at him with a half-indulgent mockery. "My dear Richard, you would never do it. I can as easily imagine you a retired nobody, an *ex*, as I can imagine my dear husband without his ridiculous International Congresses and his quarrels and jealousies and the rest of his habits. Absurd. You are both egoists, you know, my darling."

"You know me too well," he said with a shock of bitterness.

"I'm right, though, aren't I? It's true?"

"George is rather unorthodox. He does a waltz-trot."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He stood looking down at her, without speaking. It was true—yes. His success in the world, his career, came before even his hard, greedy lust for her. "Anthony," he said; "you've heard from him?"

"Yes, this morning. After more than ten months."

"Well?"

Even now, when it had grown thinner and harsh with resentment, her voice kept its metallic resonance, coming from deep in her throat. "He has found, somewhere close to the frontier, he says, a totally new species of orchis—orchis? orchid?—which do I mean? Growing on the edge of a crater." She pulled a face of amused contempt. "And he's coming home."

"When?"

"Did you expect him to tell me when? That would be too thoughtful. Tomorrow—next week—next month. . . ." A light, glancing bitterness made her seem older and tired. "After all, he's not coming home to me, but to his study, his books and to read the letters waiting for him from colleagues he despises—and will insult by the first post he can catch after he gets back."

"Why are you still so angry with him?" Ormston asked her uneasily. "Why do you mind so much?"

"Mind? I don't mind," she said swiftly. "I don't exist for him."

Ormston was silent. His jealousy of her husband was an offense to him, to the raw edges of his self-love; for months he could ignore it, then a moment came, as now, when it wrenched him with the pain of a torn nerve.

"You still think about him."

"With hatred," she said calmly. "No, no, that's far too—too interested. With an utter weary indifference." Her voice rose. "Oh, if only he would never come home again. If one of his ridiculous expeditions would just go on for ever and ever—to the moon—to his grave. The coward!"

Ormston felt something like shame. He had loved Boyd in the past, the not, after all, so distant past. To be joining in abuse of him was somehow meaner than to have become the lover of his neglected wife. Yet he felt—only now and then, when she had managed to disturb him brutally—a curious guilt about that, too; curious because, apart from everything else, it gave him a deep, the deepest, satisfaction to injure the other man, to punish him. Boyd had always been recklessly careless and self-indulgent, always obeyed every impulse, even when it would destroy him. Born rich and well placed, he had kicked away every chance, every advantage. He deserved to be punished for it. Almost without intending to, he said, "He's not a coward. Anything but."

Anne had recovered her calm. "You're fond of him, aren't you?" she said, smiling. "Still."

The pressure round Ormston's heart lightened suddenly. "After all, I've known him for nearly forty years," he said. "That's a long time."

"Was he always"—she hesitated—"always self-centered, moody, always quarrelsome?"

"He was always difficult—liable to fly off the handle for no very good reason—even as a boy."

She laughed, a short laugh. "Difficult? You mean impossibly touchy, completely unspeakably selfish."

"No, not selfish," Ormston said with sudden energy. "You're wrong. Except as a dedicated man is selfish." He stopped, abruptly conscious of her again, her nearness, her cool, indolent body. "I can see that it might be hard for you, for any woman to take." He touched her shoulder lightly, running his hand upward over the side of her throat to her temple. "A very beautiful woman."

"D'you think I feel he should have dedicated himself to me?" she said derisively. "I'm not a complete fool. But between dedication and the—the indifference he shows, there is a desert." She added in a harsh voice, "If I'd been more submissive, stupider, I might not have objected so violently—and he might have been kinder. As it is ——"

"It's true he hasn't had as much success as he ought to have had," Ormston said slowly.

"Why should he?" she cried. "He has always quarreled with people who could have been useful to him. Gone out of his way to quarrel with them. If his career is ruined, it is his own fault."

"He'd have been happier as a soldier. I mean if he had stayed in the army—as he meant to, surely?"

"My dear Richard, in the war he made an enemy of the G.O.C. and bitterly offended my brother in the War Office."

"Perhaps he did. But he was a good soldier—as brave as you like."

A gleam of malice came into Anne's eyes, making them for a moment bright and cold, like peaty water in sunlight.

"Yes. He had some very sharp things to say about you at the time."

Ormston refused to let this reach him. "I spent my war in the Foreign Office," he said calmly.

"I know." She dropped her voice to its deepest and most deliberately caressing. "Tony said it was wise of you."

A jet of bitterness sprang in him. "Need we go on talking about him?"

"No," she said. "No, it's not very important."

She stood up and began to move about the room, idly, not as if noticing things;

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even when she ran her finger down a worn place on the arm of a chair, she did not see it. "Tell me," she said with her back to him, "things are getting worse here, aren't they?"

"In what way?" he asked, momently vexed. "No."

"Oh, they are, they are," she exclaimed, turning on him. "Why do you pretend—to *me?* One has only to go out. I can feel it—the way they look at me in the streets, in shops."

"Nothing is really any worse."

"The murders are worse—the Durhams, that poor woman, Richard!" She shuddered. "I find myself eying Agathe, my dear Agathe that I've had all these years—with her dramatic ways and her devotion—and wondering if she's about to round on me and cut my throat."

"If you feel like that, get rid of her," he said with energy.

"And get what or whom in her place? No, it's frightening, Richard; I'm frightened. I feel that anything—some horrible thing—can happen now. And I'm not abnormally nervous, you know."

He watched her, frowning. *Why now?* he thought, exasperated. Why now? He had meant, when he came here, to soothe himself by making love to her; the talk about Anthony, that fool, had distracted him, and now, when he ought to be leaving, his need became acute, so acute that she had ceased to be anything but a body he wanted to violate.

"You shouldn't live here alone ——"

With one of her swift changes of mood, she interrupted him. Coming to him, she put her hands on his shoulders, pulling him to her, and kissed his cheeks, his mouth. "Never mind, never mind," she murmured. "If I'm going to die in some unpleasant way, I don't want to think about it. I'll think about you instead. You still love me, don't you?"

The last rags of his self-control vanished. Again, bending over her, he tried to lose himself in her, to take her in through all his senses, the whole of her, the bright animal intelligence of her wide-open eyes, the warmth of her flesh and its sharp, light scent, always the same. There was no kindness in his love; it was a pure sensual rage, and satisfied them both.

He got out of Gouraud's car at the gates of Government House and walked rapidly past startled sentries.

He went directly to his bedroom. It was six o'clock. He decided to go and see his mother before dinner.

Mrs. Ormston had a suite of three rooms and a bathroom on the north-facing side of the private wing. When he went into the sitting room, she was at its farthest end, on a sofa drawn close to a window, her feet up on a cushion, resting. Her companion, Rose Bain, was with her. His mother was speaking, dictating something. She looked up as he came in, smiled brightly and in her strong, clear voice said, "My dear boy, how nice to see you. Can you wait a minute until I finish with these letters?"

"Yes, of course."

He sat down and watched. The contrast between the two women always amused him. They were almost of an age, his mother seventy-two, Rose Bain two years younger; they had been at the same finishing school in Paris. Caroline Ormston was tall, elegant in mind and body, and dress, with fine aquiline features and a fine skin, very clear and curiously lightless. She had always been a delicate woman, but she took care of herself and had never had a serious illness—nothing worse than a headache. As for Rose, there was no elegance in her, no self-assurance either, only generosity, devotion, irrational antipathies and loves. She was continually in awe of her friend, whose companion she had been since he could remember, certainly since he was a child at his first school. Ormston listened, smiling, while his mother, speaking in her loudest, most authoritative voice, but slowly, as to a child, repeated her instructions about the letter to be written to the board of one of her many charities. Rose, nodding her head wildly, scribbling notes with pen quivering between her gaunt fingers, repeated emphatically, "Yes. . . .Yes, Caroline. . . .Yes, I do understand. . . .Yes, yes."

*Does she?* Ormston wondered. Poor old girl. Only a woman so good and generous as his mother would put up with this grotesque.

The large room was filled with light the color of honey. These rooms were the best of the living rooms, the largest and coolest. She had brought out with her a few of her possessions, just those which would create round her the setting she needed: a pair of ivory figurines of saints, a small, very fine Corot, books in her own bindings, a George I silver kettle on its slender mahogany stand, gray French-silk curtains, rugs.

One other object in the room went with her everywhere, even on short visits—the cast, in bronze, of her hands, made when she was thirty, while they were still without a flaw. They had been of the most startling beauty, long, narrow, each nail the half of a peeled almond. They were separate, and she liked to alter their pose. Today, for instance, they lay with the fine finger tips touching; another day they might lie with one palm upward, the other lying across it. Her son had always found something disturbing in these hands cut off at the wrist; in some strange way it was a mutilation. But that might have been due to his lifelong awareness of his mother's hands as in some obsessive way different from the hands of other women; for one thing, she disliked having them caressed or even touched. The ritual of caring for them lasted a long time, morning and evening. They were still, for an old woman, remarkable hands, but they were covered with lines.

She had, he now saw, one of her headaches. He knew it because she was sitting with closed eyes; the deep, heavily veined lids, a little discolored, were like the remains of a double bruise on her face, and the impression she gave when her eyes disappeared behind them was curiously one of disdain.

Many years ago, when her son was a child, these headaches had been much more severe, killing her, as Rose put it, for two or three days. She lay in her bedroom, with blinds drawn, eating nothing. Each time it happened he fell into the same agonized fear that she was going to die.

Later, a great many years later, he knew that it was not her headaches, or not only the headaches, that gave him his feeling of fearful anxiety and responsibility for her—as though it had been born with him. Was there ever a time when he had not known and been wrung by the knowledge of her disappointment and unhappiness? His father was to blame—only his father. Even now, when George Ormston had been dead forty years, his son could not remember him without a throb of the resentment he had felt, the anguish of the child helpless to prevent his mother from being treated brutally. They were allies, he and his mother, against the husband and father—an unspoken alliance; she would never have allowed him to put his hatred and disrespect into words. He understood that, too, now. She was hard, merciless on his small sins, because of her fear that he might grow up like his father, a beast who drank and had women.

Looking round the room, with its white-painted walls and the window with its frieze of ancient dark-veined hills, and at her still-handsome face, its fine bone structure visible under the skin, he thought, *I have done as much as anyone could to make things up to her.* The thought gave him a deep, sensual satisfaction.

Rose had stopped scribbling. Rolling her eyes nervously in their deep sockets, she said, "Oh, Caroline, do you think you ought to say that? Won't it make things awkward for, what's his name, you know, the secretary?"

Her agitation was ridiculous and funny, but Mrs. Ormston did not smile. She very rarely smiled—though she could laugh, a half-tittering laugh, like a girl's—and she had a way, when one of her certainties had been questioned, of speaking as though from a great height, with all the energy of an unconscious arrogance. "What on earth have Mr. Gore's personal feelings to do with it?"

"Only that he does the work."

Unexpectedly Mrs. Ormston tittered. "Oh, Rose, you know it's no use your trying to think."

This was an old joke, and Rose smiled in relief and love. "Yes, Caroline."

"Are you really quitting, Spangler—or just saying that to brighten up my day?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, now run off," Mrs. Ormston said very pleasantly. "And try not to make too many mistakes." She turned to her son. "Well, my dearest?"

"How are you feeling now?" he asked. "Is the heat too much for you?"

She closed her eyes as she spoke. "I'm very well."

"Is there anything you need? Shall I ask Fielding to have a look at you?"

"No, no, certainly not," Mrs. Ormston exclaimed. "I dislike him. And I know far more about myself than any doctor."

He said quickly, "If you're not too tired, I wanted to talk to you about the great man's visit next month."

Her face came alive with pleasure. "Ah, yes."

"I've been told privately that he hates being bored on an official tour, and that the ambassador or governor who bores him too wretchedly gets a lasting black mark." He smiled. "That's no doubt an exaggeration, but still. . . . I wondered whether we could manage to alleviate in some way the boredom of official dinners and so on."

"Why not?" Mrs. Ormston said calmly. "He'll be here for three days, won't he? It's the easiest thing in the world to fit in one or two informal luncheons. There are three or four very pretty women we can ask—who would be out of place, or badly placed, out of his sight, at the official things. Let me think it out."

"Good." He bent down to kiss her; she moved slightly, and his kiss landed on the tip of her ear. "What on earth should I do without you? Sophie, poor girl, is helpless at these things."

"I did my best with her," his mother said simply.

It was true. She had tried, faithfully, to train a young—even younger than her years—shy, carefully bred girl in her duties as the wife of a young diplomat with his way to make. And her good will had broken against the wall of Sophie's mute obstinacy. The girl who had seemed so malleable, so eager to please, before her marriage, changed in only two or three years into the woman, disconcerting in her silences, who refused or was incapable of grasping any of the lessons in social tact, in the vital truths—that a man or woman on the way down is not to be pitied, that no useful or important person can possibly be a bore—that Mrs. Ormston insinuated, gently at first, then with a natural impatience. In the end, exasperated and baffled as he was himself, she gave up the pretense of consulting with her daughter-in-law, and life went on as before he married, with his mother making the arrangements, giving the orders, spending the money, most of it Sophie's. The younger woman made no sign—or none that her husband recognized—of resenting her inferior position in the household, no sign of being anything but content to leave all that side of their life in her mother-in-law's competent hands.

Mrs. Ormston spoke with emphatic kindness. "Sophie is the best woman in the world, and it's not of the least importance that she has no social graces. They don't matter, you know."

"Only because you supply them," he said coolly, "and have done so ever since I married."

"Sophie is a *good* woman," his mother said.

"Yes, yes." He added quietly, "Fortunately I don't have to depend on her goodness too much—or not officially."

Mrs. Ormston laughed a little behind her hand. "Tell me, what's the latest news?"

He kept nothing from her; it pleased her to be trusted, and did no harm—she was as secret as the grave. He said, "I wonder (*Continued on Page 54*)

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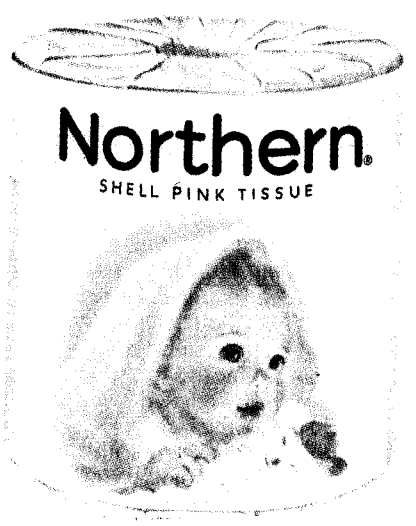


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(*Continued from Page 52*) whether I'm being selfish to let you stay here? If—when—we put our plans into operation, things will be more unpleasant. At least for a time."

"My dear boy, I'm not nervous. I shouldn't dream of leaving."

"You're very brave, but ——"

She interrupted him to say, with immense assurance and energy, "You can't be too ruthless. These people are savages. Richard, you look tired."

"I shall be all right after dinner. A bottle of claret. . . ."

He saw her frown. She disapproved, sharply, of his liking for good wine and food. He knew why she did, but he had always to stifle a moment's irritation when she showed it. This time she did not comment. "I want to talk to you about something else," she said, and stopped.

"Yes?"

She was either reluctant or, for once, doubtful. "It's horribly disturbing, my dearest. I wonder if I ought to tell you."

He smiled. "You must—now," he said.

"You know how dearly I love Andrew. He comes only second to you in my—my heart."

He said sharply, "Andrew?"

"My darling, I'm sorry; forgive me. He had that girl—Sarah Leng—in his bedroom this afternoon. She was there an hour or more. I happened to see them when they came upstairs—my door wasn't quite closed. It may be perfectly all right. But nowadays, I know, young people—even supposedly well-bred young people—think that there's no need to wait until they're married. I find it quite horribly distasteful."

"Marriage?" Ormston said harshly. "He's not thinking of marrying Sarah Leng."

"I'm afraid he does think of it, my dear."

Unable to sit still, he got up and walked about. He was coldly angry. "In the first place, he's much too young to think of marriage. A young man who has hardly begun his career, and has ambitions. He has years of hard, badly paid work in front of him. I don't expect him to live like a monk, but—marriage."

"He might be better married than living a sinful life," his mother said.

He controlled himself at once. "And this girl—of all the young women he might have chosen. It's not fit. She's not fit."

"Really? What do you know about her?"

"Enough to dislike intensely the idea of my son marrying her." A bewildered grief had begun to weaken his anger. "And yet he brings her into this house behind my back."

"Yes, they crept along the corridor like a couple of thieves," his mother said softly. "She must have suggested it."

Ormston's face twitched. "Andrew is old enough to know what he's doing."

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "I wish I hadn't told you. And we're making too much of it, I feel sure. He's a *good* child."

"I must talk to him," Ormston said. With an effort he added warmly, "Thank you for telling me."

"Promise me you won't worry," she said tenderly.

He smiled. "I promise."

*Above all*, thought Ormston, *no sign of annoyance, and no criticism of the young woman. That would be stupid.* He felt calm now, and he lifted the telephone. "Find my son—he's probably in his room—and ask him to come to the library, will you?"

A cupboard in the angle between two bookcases held decanters of sherry and whisky; he filled two glasses with sherry and carried them to the end of the table nearest the window. When Andrew came in, he looked at him with something like astonishment, realizing, for the first time, that his son was partly a stranger. With a smile he pushed one of the glasses toward him. "Sherry?"

"Thanks, dad," Andrew said. Seating himself in an armchair, he waited without a great deal of interest to know why he had been sent for. "Anything happening?"

"Nothing fresh. Are you dining at home this evening?"

"No. D'you mind?"

"Not in the least. You're not going to a restaurant in the town, of course."

With a scarcely perceptible hesitation, Andrew said, "I'm going to the Astoria."

"With Robin?"

"No. I'm taking Sarah Leng there."

Ormston said gently, "I'm not very eager for you to show yourself in public with a reporter for the *Compatriot*."

A look of discomfort, even a touch of remorse, came into his son's face. "I know, dad, but—well, I shan't be here much longer."

"Long enough to do damage."

"It can't damage you, sir."

"For you to be seen on friendly, very friendly, terms with someone from the staff of a newspaper which spends its time undermining authority in the colony—encouraging disorder, even treachery ——" He stopped, and went on in the same unemotional voice, "I won't say anything about its abuse of me."

"Don't think I don't worry about that," Andrew said. He looked suddenly defenseless and haggard. "I do, but ——" He moved his thin hands in a confused way.

"But this girl is important," Ormston said gently, "more important than anything to do with me."

"The two things don't conflict."

Ormston smiled slightly. "They do, my dear boy. Very well. If I ask you to drop Miss Leng—completely?"

He saw Andrew's body stiffen, but his son answered in a calm voice, "Don't ask me."

Harshly Ormston said, "I must."

"There's nothing I wouldn't do to please you," Andrew began, "but this really is ——"

Ormston waited. "Well, Andrew?"

"If you knew her better. . . . After all, Cumberland is only her stepfather; she's not even remotely like him."

Ormston was silent. He got up and refilled their glasses, then went to the window and stared, without seeing them, at the tormented hills. "You had her here this afternoon, didn't you? In your room."

"How did you know?" Andrew said after a moment.

Turning to look at him, his father said, "Your grandmother saw you come in."

"None? None saw us?" He used his childish name for her. "Was she on the lookout?"

"You passed her door," Ormston said dryly. "It was open."

Half taken aback, half irritably, his son said, "Whosever business it is, it's not dear old None's."

"Anyone who loves you," Ormston said in a low voice, "would want to stop you from making a bad mistake."

Andrew looked at him with his charming smile. "I'm not making a mistake, dad. I know what I'm doing."

This smile, so familiar, so much part of the simpler past, gave his father back his confidence. He said quietly, "Oh, I didn't for a moment suppose that Miss Leng hadn't told you everything about her life before you knew her. And yet—no, no, I must confess, Andrew, I wouldn't like you to marry her. Anything short of marriage ——"

He had spoken exactly as he meant to, in a friendly, almost teasing voice. The hostility in Andrew's glance chilled him, but he waited.

"I shall marry her as soon as I can."

"Even. . . ." His hesitation was genuine. "No, no, she's not the right wife for you, Andrew. A young woman who was Julian Hind's mistress for as long as three years—no, no, no."

His son looked at him without a change of expression, without any expression at all. "What are you talking about? Who is Julian Hind?"

"She didn't tell you? But you said. . . ." He stopped—as though he had realized that he was showing his astonishment much too frankly. He said in a warm, moved voice, "I don't, I can't blame her, Andrew, for holding her tongue. She couldn't know how you would take it, and she's young and she naturally wants to be admired. You can forgive her."

"Who is Julian Hind?"

"Robin's older brother—several years older than Robin." *The boy is suffering*, he thought with anger. "If I hadn't thought you knew," he said. "But you certainly ought to know."

"Yes. Yes, of course."

There was a silence. He watched this man who was his son closing his mind over the wound dealt—to what? His pride? Vanity? Love? *What is love at that age?* he thought. *An agony that doesn't last long.*

Involuntarily he made a gesture of tenderness, laying his hand on Andrew's arm. He felt the arm become rigid, but it was not drawn away. With an apologetic half-smile he dropped his hand. Andrew said calmly, "Yes, I ought to have known. Thanks."

"Perhaps these things don't matter much in themselves. . . ." He left unspoken the implication that what mattered was the young woman's lack of frankness.

"I don't know," Andrew said in an indifferent voice.

His father smiled slightly. "A question of taste," he said, "or feeling."

Andrew stood up. He got up easily, as a reed straightens itself. "May I use your telephone?"

"Yes, of course," Ormston said.

He walked over to the window again, as if to keep out of the way, but, by turning his head a fraction, he could watch Andrew give his number, then stand holding the receiver without fidgeting. He got his number quickly. "This is Andrew Ormston speaking. Is Miss Leng in the office? . . . No, I don't want to speak to her; I want to give her a message, if you will. Tell her: I'm very sorry I can't see her this evening, I'll ring her up tomorrow. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, thank you."

He put the receiver back very slowly and carefully, as though it were alive.

"I'm sorry, Andrew," his father said impulsively—a real impulse.

Andrew smiled at him—the smile that gave his lean face its momentary sweetness and beauty. "Don't bother. I'll have to think about it a little. That's all."

"You'll have dinner here?"

"Yes."

He turned and went out of the room.

Ormston felt tired, but satisfied. The game had been played and—perhaps—won; in either event there was nothing more he could do now. Abruptly he thought, *I'd better warn Sophie.* She was capable—her talent for being clumsy was quite stupefying—of talking about the young woman all the way through a family meal. He got up and went upstairs to her room.

It was a large, very bare room which his predecessor had used as a schoolroom. Sophie had chosen it for herself; he had left its decoration and furnishing entirely to her, to make exactly what she pleased of it. The walls had been painted gray, and the chairs, the sofa, the bed and the rest of its sparse furniture were of that anonymous kind manufactured in a million examples for a public which buys what it has (*Continued on Page 58*)

## The Perfect Squelch

Artistically inclined Mrs. Ross practically blew an emotional gasket when her son was given a part in a college play. That evening at dinner her talk quota, always impressive, broke new records.

While her husband nodded in necessary silence, she talked on and on about the glorious career her son would have on the stage. "They *must* think he has great talent," she said finally, "giving him the part of a man who has been married for twenty years."

"Yes," her weary husband agreed, "and maybe next time they'll give him a speaking part."

**Mary E. Nusbaum**

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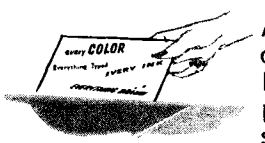


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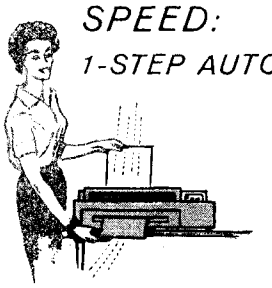

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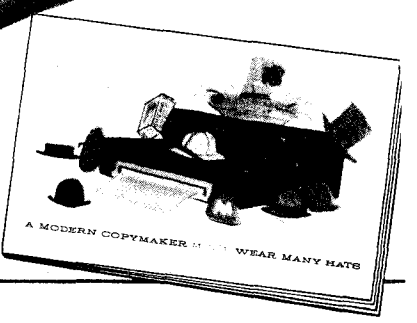


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(*Continued from Page 54*) been told to buy. The strange thing was that she had had a luxurious upbringing; her father had been a merchant banker and she his only child, on whom everything, every comfort, every costly and beautiful thing, had been heaped. Why then, in the name of sanity, did she want to live in a cell? If she had chosen deliberately to make of herself and her surroundings something in as harsh contrast as possible with his mother's exquisite taste, she could not have done it better. Perhaps, he reflected, she was always eccentric and obstinate, always an oddity, and what at the time had seemed the rawness and silences of a narrowly brought-up girl was really an incurable irresponsibility.

She turned her head as he came in. She was writing letters, sitting sideways at the table of bare, ink-stained wood, a schoolroom table, which had been left behind in the room and she had kept.

At forty-five, Sophie Ormston had the look of a child who has passed through youth and womanhood without ever, as it were, opening; her face, lined only at the sides of the mouth and between strongly arched eyebrows, was young and not young, old and not old: its fine bones stretched the skin. Something in it—impossible to her husband to say what—had remained childlike while its surface aged slowly. Childlike or, with its narrow chin and thin cheeks, catlike. There were incongruous echoes of her son in her—both faces were of the same lean, hard sort—but she had little of his ugly good looks; as a girl, when her eyebrows were a fine black line, her straight hair dark and thick, and her face as smooth as an egg (it had the same shape then), she had been what older women, watching the marriage market, called "very presentable." Not that she knew how to present herself.

Nowadays she did not try for elegance. The clothes she preferred were all country clothes, as if she expected at any moment to have to tramp across moors; her feet, long and very narrow, were made clumsy by the strong shoes she put on them. A plait of gray hair, looking like an archaic diadem, circled her small head without giving it dignity.

She had a small monkey she had bought in her first week in the country. Her husband had never taken the trouble to ask her what kind of monkey it was—a reddish-brown running to bronze, it was very small, not so long as many a newborn infant, slender, with a long tail, and in the black mask of its face dark, brilliant eyes; its head was tiny, no larger than a baby's fist. Though Ormston had never spoken unkindly to it—nor spoken to it in any other way—it was either afraid of or disliked him, and whenever he came into her room, it hid. It ran away now, making a wild leap from the chair it was squatting on, and vanished behind a small sofa.

Glancing round him with the familiar annoyance, Ormston asked, "May I sit down for a minute?"

His wife raised her eyebrows slightly. "Why, Richard, is something wrong?"

"No." He took the one half-comfortable chair in the room. "Why?"

"You don't come here often."

There was the sly hint of a smile in her glance. This flicker of humor was the most adult thing about her. When it came it was nearly imperceptible, like a tadpole flashing across the bed of a tadpole-colored stream; an instant afterward her husband could tell himself it did not exist.

"It's about Andrew." He hesitated. How far would she understand?

She said in an absently polite voice, "What has Andrew done?"

"Did you know—no, of course you didn't—that he has involved himself with Cumberland's stepdaughter, the Leng girl? He had her here only this afternoon, in his room."

For the first time his wife looked at him with attention. "How do you know that?"

"None saw them come in."

A silence. Then Sophie said calmly, "And she told you. How wise of her. Your mother *is* wise." A tone of half-amused curiosity came into her voice. "I suppose she was very upset. It's just the sort of thing that would upset her."

He controlled his impatience. "The girl isn't good enough for Andrew. Quite apart from all the other things—her stepfather, the fact that she's useless to him, no family, no money—she's had one affair already. With—oh, never mind who the man was."

Sophie's glance became erratic again, shallow and deceptively clear. "Does Andrew know?"

"He didn't know. I told him."

"When, Richard?"

"A few minutes ago."

"Poor Andrew. How did he take it?"

"He took it extremely well," Ormston said. He added abruptly, "What d'you expect? He's, after all, my son."

"Oh, yes, quite," his wife said. The faint gleam of slyness in her eyes came and went. "Mine, too, of course—which just might have put a flaw in him. But do tell me—the once or twice I've seen Sarah Leng I liked her—why do you feel that she's so awful?"

He made an effort; smiled, and managed to reply with the gentleness and polite tolerance he rarely failed to use with her. "That depends on what you mean by awful, my poor Sophie. She's a loose young woman. That's surely enough."

"I feel very sorry for her," she said with a surprising warmth.

"But why?" It was when he was most exasperated with her that his voice became kind and charming.

She moved her hands vaguely. "It's so easy—when you're very young—to make a mistake that costs you far more than you ought to have had to pay."

"The girl has no morals and—what's much the same thing—no manners either," he said.

Her head on one side, Sophie looked away from him. "Yes, I see. She's flawed, too, isn't she? Not the kind of young woman you'd hand your dearest possession to. No, that would never do."

*She really is a goose*, he reflected wearily. "Well, don't talk about her in his hearing. That's all I came to warn you about." He stood up.

"Oh, are you going?" she said. "You don't stay long. Is there any news?"

"Nothing you need worry about," he told her gently. "I'd tell you if anything serious happened."

"Would you really?"

"Of course."

His intense exasperation with her lasted until he reached his bedroom at the other end of the corridor. Then he repented. *Poor Sophie*, he thought, *I must say something to her at dinner that will comfort her*. His dinner jacket and the rest had been laid out on the side of the bed. He rang the bell for his servant. At the same instant the telephone on his table rang.

He listened for a minute to Colonel Frent's precise, colorless voice, said only "Yes" and put the receiver down.

His servant came in.

"Give me a thin overcoat," he said. "Thanks. Let them know I'm not dining here, will you?"

Sophie was not sure whether she had begun to talk to herself before she had the monkey. *Very likely I did*, she thought. The solitude in which she lived, in this room which was like a cell—not that she had wanted to live in a cell; it had only been the easiest thing—had to be peopled somehow, since she was not, never had been, a contemplative. Talking to the monkey was pleasanter than talking to herself, and—if she was overheard—it was not a crazy thing to be caught doing. In a queer way, too, the monkey was her double, her youth and unused mischief and gaiety. When she looked in the glass to plait her hair, and he came to sit on the dressing chest and look with her, she mocked herself by tracing the likeness between their two faces—the same fixed eyes with, she thought, as little in the way of ideas behind them, the same air of sadness and wisdom, ridiculous in both. *What have you and I to be sad about*, she thought, *and what do we know?* Nothing. Like the monkey, too, her very small hands were lighter in color on the palms.

"Both Richard and his mother," she said aloud, "are what my nurse used to call "all for Number One." But don't take it into your head, monkey, that I'm incapable of appreciating Richard. It was foolish of me to marry him; I ought to have known better." She thought, *I was very ignorant—yes, more ignorant than girls are now. I daresay Sarah Leng would be wiser—ah, poor Sarah, she hasn't a chance*. For a moment, smiling without knowing it, she thought with mocking self-pity of the young woman Mrs. Ormston had pushed aside so cleverly, so ruthlessly, and taken—no, simply kept—the place his wife should have filled in Richard Ormston's life. *I could have fought her*, she thought briefly, still smiling. *I had a fine weapon I could have used—my money that she was spending with so much taste. A mean, humiliating weapon, but I might, I was desperate, have used it if—if what? If it hadn't been made so clear that I wasn't loved. How young I was, and how stubbornly I suffered! And what nonsense it is to think that grief kills.*

"Some people, my dear monkey, will tell you that he's arrogant and cold, but let *me* tell you something—he can't help himself, he keeps his distance and makes other people keep theirs because he doesn't want to be looked at too closely. Or to look at himself. Why? Oh, if I knew why, I'd tell you."

A box of dried figs was open on the table, under a book. She prized a fig loose and held it out; the monkey took it, jumped onto a chair and began to eat, delicately, with concentrated attention.

"I wish I knew more about this girl," she said. "You haven't seen her, monkey—she's charming, and I'd think sensible and brave, but—oh, get on with you, Sophie, you think a lot of nonsense. Heavens, it's a quarter to eight. I must change."

She pulled off her jacket, skirt and blouse, and ran across the room to the wardrobe. There was a knock at the door. Frowning, she said, "Come in, whoever you are."

Rose Bain came in gaily. "Oh, you're dressing," she exclaimed. "I'm sorry, I thought you would be ready."

"I ought to be," Sophie answered.

Rose spoke in a peremptory tone to the monkey, wanting to know if it was enjoying its fig. The animal ignored her. "Why is it so uppish?" she asked with a noisy laugh.

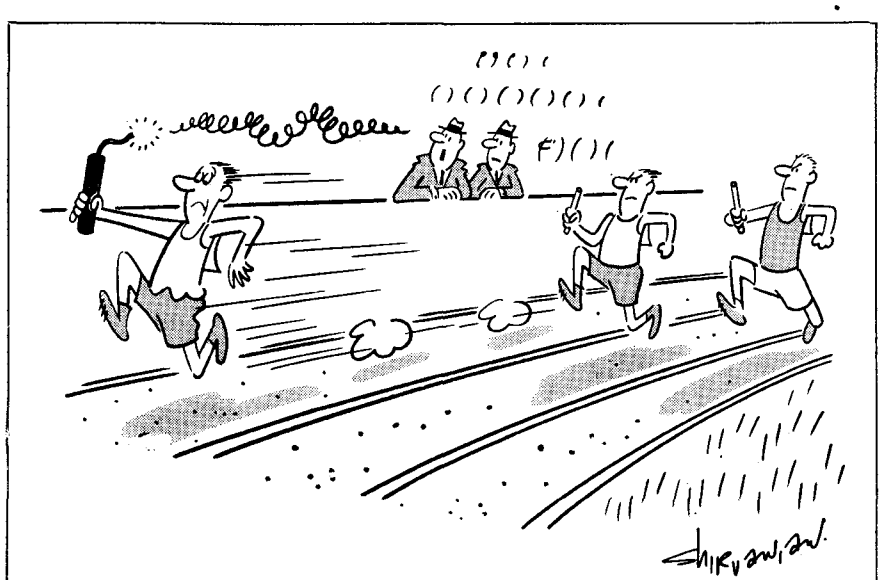
"He's not much of a talker," Sophie said. "But you didn't come to talk to him, did you?"

"No. I came to say that Caroline, poor darling, has one of her terrible headaches, and she won't be dining."

*Thank God for small mercies*, thought Sophie. It was long since she had felt fear of her superb mother-in-law. She had long lost all trace of the childish impulse to show her teeth on the occasions, usually public, when Mrs. Ormston left her significantly out of the conversation, or the others, much rarer, when she made brave and obvious efforts to include her in it. None of this touched her now. But she disliked being alone with her. At these times Caroline did not open her mouth. It was a principle with her not to talk when she was bored, or in the company of her intellectual inferiors. Very trying for the inferiors, her daughter-in-law thought irreverently.

"Oh, then I needn't take much trouble," she said. She took a dress from its hanger and pulled it on over her head. "We'll go and dine," she said to Rose. "Come along."

In Sophie's eyes this room, never used except for family luncheons and dinners, was a looking-glass image of her life. It was very narrow, with traces of elegance in the gold and olive-green paneling; it had only one window, at the narrow end, and, built on an outer wall of the house, it faced an immense waste lot of dry, dusty earth patched with reeds. Here and there in this waste a dilapidated shed housed a family—tethered goats, and three or four infants, all apparently the same age, like a clutch of sparrows, scratching in the dust. The view was all the same splendid. At this side a distant headland detached itself from the line of hills and threw out two long, bony flanks like shadowy wings opened in the steep, empty sky. Once the lights were switched on, it would have to be shut out. Better the half-dark than a room behind iron shutters. (*Continued on Page 60*)



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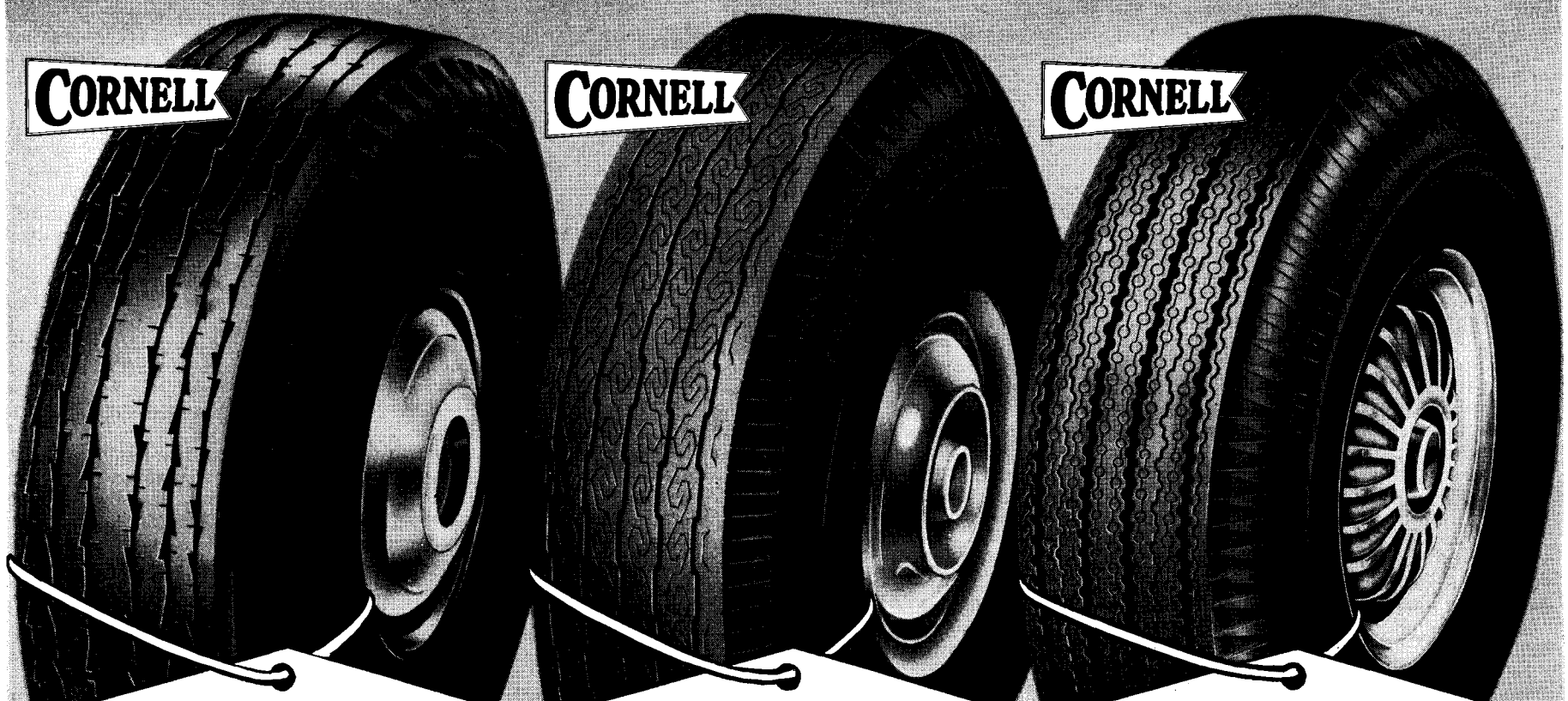


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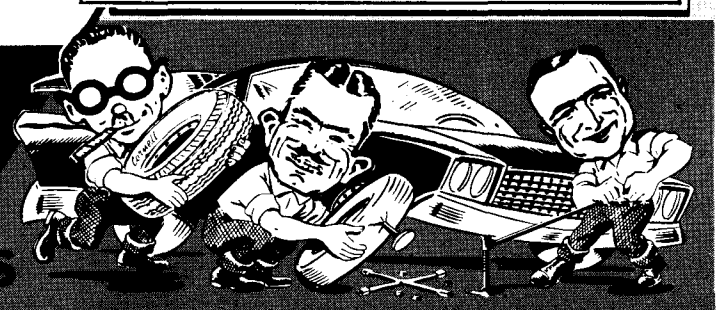

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(*Continued from Page 58*) Rose's voice, booming as she would not have dared if Mrs. Ormston had been there, flowed through the courses. Excited by a single glass of wine, she leaped from subject to subject like an elderly goat scrambling among rocks. Few of her remarks were directed to the two people facing her across the table. If one chanced to be, Sophie struggled to find an answer; Andrew sat silent, opening his mouth only to eat.

At these family meals coffee was served at the table. The servant placed the heavy silver tray at Sophie's elbow and went away. She did not notice it until her son broke his silence to ask, "Aren't we to have any coffee, mother?"

Flustered, she said, "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm not used to being in charge."

Rose went off into a cackle of laughter. "Poor Sophie!" She drank her coffee, gulping it. "If you don't mind, I'll leave you now. I must get Caroline to bed. Don't move, Andrew."

Andrew sat back and said moodily, "Dear Lord, what a fool she is. How do you stand her?"

"I don't know what your grandmother would do without her," Sophie said. "She's a gentlehearted creature, kinder than anyone I know."

Andrew did not answer. Standing up, he walked out onto the balcony and stood there, gripping the railing.

"Don't stand there," Sophie said.

"Don't fuss, mother. It's safe enough." He added, without turning his head, "Only three more weeks. Less."

Sophie left the table and stood watching him, his long, lean body profiled on the grayness; she felt a bewildered grief. "Please do come in. Are you so bored with us?"

He turned quickly and came back into the room. "I didn't mean that. I'm sorry." His face was suddenly contorted. He did something he had not done since he was a very little boy. Taking her arm, he drew her with him to the sofa placed in a recess, made her sit down and knelt beside her, his head against her knee. "I don't know what's the matter with me," he said in a young, baffled voice; "my head's all over the shop. I can't think straight."

Sophie moved her hand over his hair, scarcely touching it. It was too many years since her child became a stranger, not an unkind stranger, but one who had nothing to say to her, at whose ambitions she could only make a guess, humbly. With the same humility, the same—what was it? pride? cowardice? pity? she preferred not to know—she had refrained after a few gentle efforts from disputing her child's heart, mind and body with his father. To his lively little son, Richard had become easily the center of the world, the god who makes sun and rain. With a queer mixture of shrewdness and grief, she thought, *It won't be like that with them much longer*. Sooner or later, tomorrow, next week, the abyss that separates the generations will open between them. The young, she thought, are walled up behind their egoism, their feverish greeds, absorbed in the life thrusting up through them; it is only later, when the thrust has grown weaker and the fever cooled, that they know they are not different from their parents, not wiser or more daring or less vulnerable.

She was afraid to caress the head leaning against her. Afraid, if she said anything, that it would be the wrong thing, would irritate instead of consoling him. *How they torment themselves, the lucky young*, she thought, *and they don't know that it's all nonsense*. A faint smile sharpened her eyes.

"It's Sarah, isn't it?" she said.

Andrew straightened himself to glance at her. "How did you know that? What do you know?"

"That None watched you going to your room with her this afternoon—and told your father."

Her son frowned. "Are you as shocked as None?"

Her smile became slightly malicious. She shook her head. "No. But then I'm a less imposing character than None."

Andrew muttered something she did not catch.

"What did you say?" she asked.

He stood up and moved away a few steps, turning his shoulder on her. "You don't understand things, mother."

"And None does?" she said after a moment.

Andrew turned to look at her. As if a little remorseful, he came back to the sofa and seated himself at her side. "I ought not to worry you with this business," he said gently. "Or with anything else."

*Nothing can make any difference*, Sophie thought. She said recklessly, "If you want my opinion, it's that None has always thought too much about—what shall I say?—physical things. I can't see that that's better than doing them. If you know what I mean."

Her son stared at her with amusement. "I don't believe I do."

"Well, never mind." Lifting her hand, she touched the center of his chest with one finger, as timidly and delicately as an infant exploring the body of an adult. "It gives you a pain here, doesn't it, to argue with your father?"

"I hate offending him," Andrew said vehemently. "He's so decent himself—so generous. I ——" He made a gesture of despair and rage. "And he may be right; I may be a complete fool—I may have been made a fool of ——"

"By Sarah?"

"Yes, by Sarah," he said roughly. After a moment he repeated it in a lower voice. "By Sarah."

*He must hear her name spoken*, his mother thought. "Do you love her very much?" she asked.

Andrew did not answer. He put his head in his hands, as she had seen him do in moments of childish unhappiness. She stroked it cautiously. "You could be making a mistake, my darling. If you are, if this is something you can get over, it's not worth disappointing your father. He expects so much of you, you know."

He shook her hand off and sat up. "If you think I enjoy disappointing him. . . . I'm not a brute."

"You were a very little boy, not five, when you said, 'Poor mummy, you're not very clever, are you? But never mind, I'll look after you.'"

He laughed. "You kicked my bottom, I hope."

"No. Oh, no."

He stood up, touched her forehead with his lips and said, "I must go."

She knew that her anxiety irritated him. But before she could stop herself she had said, "You're not going into town, are you?"

"No, don't worry," he said curtly. "I've nothing to go for." He went away.

The streets, when the governor drove through the inner town on his way to police headquarters, were almost empty. Deliberately, leaning back in the car, he let his mind drift. Useless to waste energy on guesses. Frent had said only, "Something that may be important has just happened. If you are able to come. . . ."

When he came into Frent's room, the sight of James Puckeridge levering his heavy body out of a chair infuriated him. He detested the fellow. If Puckeridge had been less intelligent, less—as a figure in the colony—respected, he would have disliked him less. But he was more than a sound man of business—he was a man to whom his associates listened; he had political ambitions, and had friends in London well placed to help him to them when he chose to come home. The power latent in him was the same kind of power Ormston enjoyed using and intended to keep.

Dropping his hat on the desk, the governor settled himself in the chair that Frent pulled out for him. He drew his gloves off slowly, yawning, and made an effort to be amiable. "How d'you do, Puckeridge?"

"I'm glad of the chance to speak to Your Excellency," Puckeridge said. "I've been telling Colonel Frent that either he authorizes our people to carry guns, *and use them*, or they'll do it without his orders. This last bestial outrage—poor Durham."

Surprised by a momentary feeling of agreement with him, the governor said in a friendly voice, "I didn't expect civil disobedience from you, of all people."

"Call it what you like, sir, you can't expect us to rely on being protected by boys in uniform—who can't be everywhere—when we're a damned sight better able to protect ourselves. What I want is the right to get one of these brutes—when I have reasonable grounds for thinking he's going to attack me. Colonel Frent seems to think I'm not to be trusted."

"Would reason come into it?" Ormston asked.

"Hadley's really found himself a gem."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I don't think trust does," Frent said, with his sharp smile. "I'd trust Mr. Puckeridge to show every sort of courage and energy. But, at the moment, to have the admirable Committee of Public Safety taking pot shots at terrorists, or potential terrorists, won't help."

Leaning back, the governor played with his gloves, tapping one with the other. "We can deal, in the short run, with anything that can happen—anything possible. In the long run, Mr. Puckeridge, the problem isn't soluble by individual violence."

Frent had listened, his eyes on a sheet of paper on which he had been scrawling a pattern of crisscross lines; he drew a thick rectangle round them, laid the pencil down and said, "Mr. Puckeridge, I suggest that you give me a week to look into your request again. I can't take the decision. But"—his tone became dry and sharp—"I may tell you that there are circumstances, I can conceive circumstances, when I should take your side. I hope they may be staved off."

He stood up. After a second's hesitation Puckeridge rose. His thick underlip protruded; the deep folds at the ends lengthened it grotesquely. "I'll be onto you again in a week's time." He turned his head slightly and said in a neutral voice, "Good of Your Excellency to listen to me."

As the door closed on him, Frent said, "I'm sorry, sir. I tried to get rid of him sooner, but he needed handling. I hope you'll forgive me for asking you to come here, but I couldn't leave to come to you—and I couldn't talk to you on the telephone."

This was the first time the governor had seen in him even a weak hint of excitement. It was disturbing. "What have you to tell me?"

"I—we've got X."

The shock the governor felt came from deep in his own body. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, quite sure," Frent said. He gave a short, dry laugh, the release of his stifled excitement.

"How did you do it? Where was he?"

Frent folded his hands neatly. "When *we* found him—in bed with a woman. Less than fifteen miles from here—a village in the hills, call it a village, five houses." He paused, coughed and said, "Ward was shot. Killed. There was no guard on the house—a house of two rooms, with a well outside the door—and my boys picked the fellow out of bed like kidnaping a baby. But when they were bringing him away, someone fired at them from behind the well—one of these high stone jobs—and got Ward. I'd sent men to follow the two ex-commandos, of course—they were keeping three or four hundred yards behind—and they went through the village without finding either a man or a gun. Their officer decided, quite rightly, to bring the prisoner in at once, and Ward along with him."

The feeling of suspense and tension in the governor had become almost suffocating. He made an effort, steadied his voice and said calmly, "I congratulate you. A pity about Ward. But the other fellow? Your X?"

Without moving his head, Frent stretched a hand to press a switch on his desk. He was keeping his sharp eyes bright, with something inquisitive in their brightness, on the governor's face. This irritated Ormston, as though the other man had been indiscreet enough to touch him. Dropping a glove on the floor at the side of his chair, he bent to pick it up. As he straightened himself, the door was opened by a lieutenant.

Coming into the room, the lieutenant saluted and stood back. He said briskly, "The prisoner, sir."

TO BE CONTINUED

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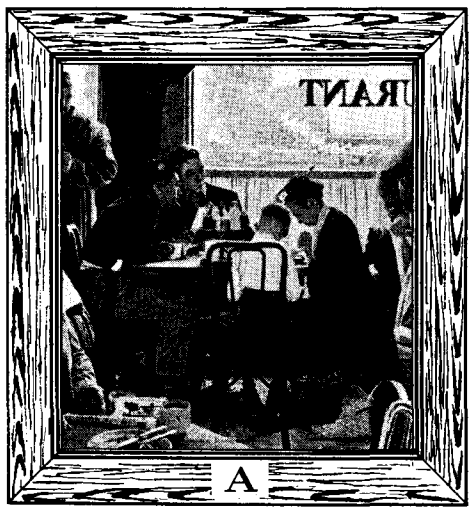
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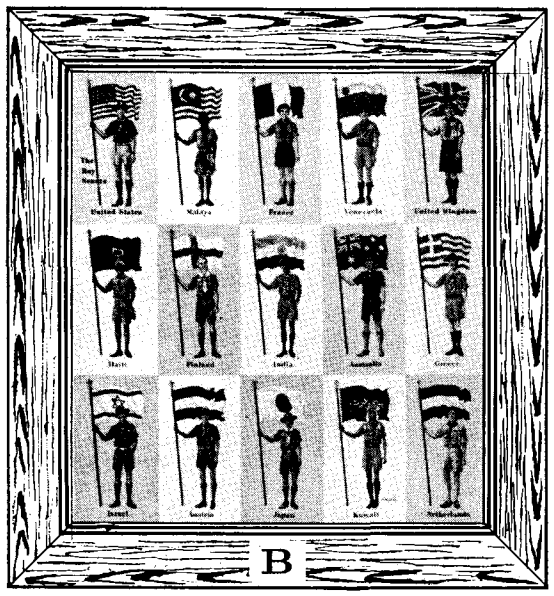
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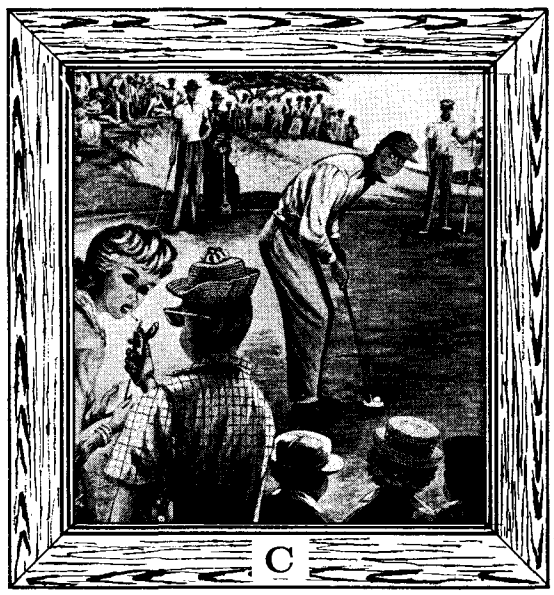
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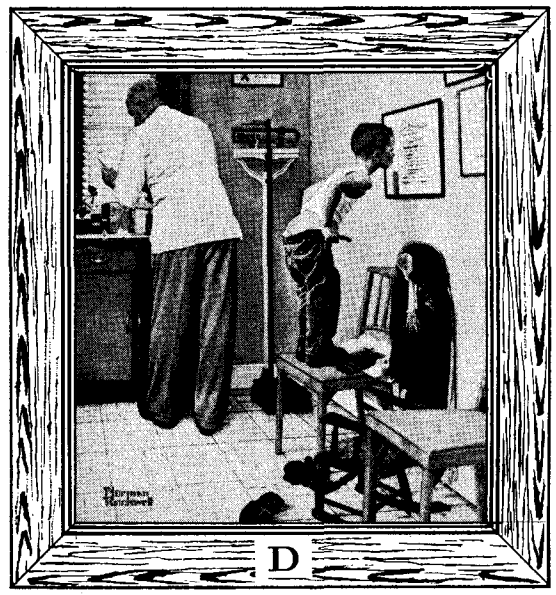
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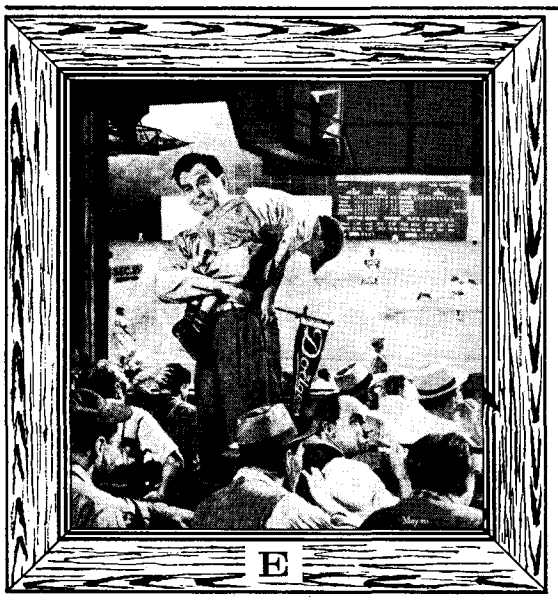
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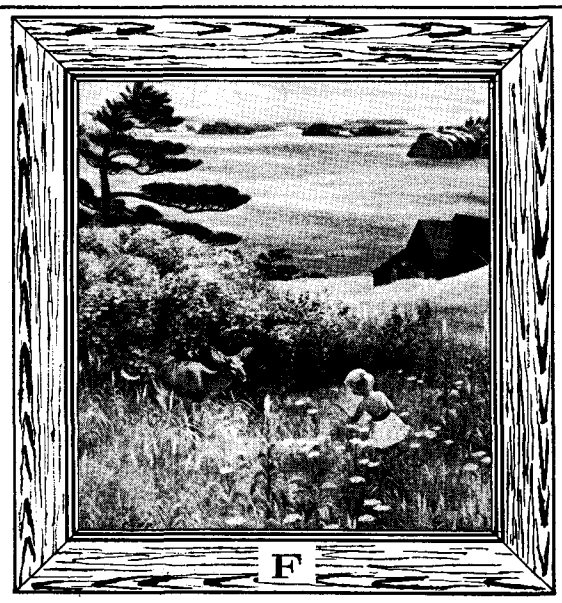
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# Preview of a Fabulous Fair

(Continued from Page 35)

plan to have pavilions sponsored by private corporations, with unofficial government co-operation.

The land on which the new fair will rise has a fantastic history. Senior New Yorkers remember when it was a salt-water marsh with tiny fresh-water Flushing River meandering through it from mid-Long Island near Forest Hills up to Flushing Bay at the end of Long Island Sound. It was clean and good-smelling and blanketed with salt hay, an overlapping meeting place of land and sea. Fish abounded, and birds and animals, and maybe a mosquito or two. It was that way, of course, in the very long ago when English colonists settled on the dry land east of it, which the Dutch had previously named after Vlissingen, Holland. Flushing is an English version of Vlissingen; Haynes Trébor, present-day Flushing's Chamber of Commerce executive and author of a colonial history of that region, says that the ancient meaning of Vlissingen probably was low, wet land beside the sea.

When outreaching New York City officially gobbled up Flushing in 1898, an ash-disposal company soon began dumping on Flushing Meadow the ashes, refuse and junk—not to mention some of the garbage—of the Borough of Brooklyn. This was called the Corona Dump, after a neighborhood west of it which was not to blame. Some thirty years later there was a ninety-foot-high mountain of dumpage, called Mount Corona, which bred king-size rats, frequently burst into flame like a small volcano and breathed across the Borough of Queens a most distressing stench. The Brooklyn ash-disposal company, hoping to calm down gasping citizens who were bombarding it with lawsuits, built them a golf course on a corner of the dump, but it was not a very successful philanthropy.

Not long after Robert Moses became park commissioner there arrived the great day when some New Yorkers, led by George McAneny, told him they were toying with the idea of a world's fair and that one of the sites being considered was Flushing's hideous bog. The commissioner had been aching to convert the dump into a lovely city park and parkway, but no such money was in sight then; so he could hardly refrain from embracing Mr. McAneny. When critics of the site protested that buildings couldn't be floated on deep ooze, Mr. Moses thrust out his chin and asserted that if they didn't pick this site, they would get no co-operation from the Park Department as long as he was head of it.

That settled the site question. The 1939 fair incorporated. Charles C. Green, secretary of the original board, recalls its first meeting, sentimentally held at the dump in the hut of the golf "pro." Under the corrugated roof of this edifice the air was hot and not fragrant. In 1936, by daylight and all night by searchlight, engineers of the can-do caste tackled one of this country's most ambitious—and unlikely—reclamation feats.

The ash mountain was spread over the bog; meadow mat was processed into topsoil and spread over that. Lakes were dredged, the river rerouted; roads and bridges appeared; trees and shrubs and grass made the land green. Underground, a forest of huge log foundation piles were pounded down and a maze of utility conduits laced between them. An incredibly big army of construction crews suddenly produced a pastel-hued city. The fair bloomed on schedule, and the next year bloomed again. Then it vanished, and in due time Mr. Moses had the site of his Flushing Meadow Park, a wonderful midcity oasis of country land destined to have neighborhood playgrounds and athletic fields around its edges.

In the park now stand two imposing buildings which the old fair designed for permanent public use. Beside placid Meadow Lake is the New York State Amphitheatre, where in 1939 Billy Rose's dazzling Aquacade blended color and water and mermaids. Nowadays this is a popular swimming place for people and for occasional wild ducks which come churning along, hoping that bread will be cast on the waters.

Not far distant is the old fair's spacious New York City Building, early meeting place of the United Nations until they moved to Manhattan, now a vast skating rink, ice in the winter, roller in the summer. Here the staff people of the new fair have maintained temporary offices, feeling cold in the ice-rink season and having trouble concentrating when roller skaters rumbled around. The staffers got relief recently when they moved into the 1964 fair's first completed structure, a prefabricated administration building that cost $1,000,000. On January eleventh a motorcade of city leaders formally opened the $92,000,000 Throgs Neck Bridge from the Bronx to Queens, a pet project of Bob Moses; then they swung on down to the Meadow and dedicated the new building.

Today Flushing Meadow has many sink spots, where old-fair pavements have settled toward the swamp below, and occasionally there is a thank-you-ma'am, where a road arches up over something stable—say a water main. Brig. Gen. William Whipple Jr., recently retired Army construction expert who is the new fair's chief engineer, seeks to avoid expensive chaos by having the land ready before a swarm of exhibitors' crews start building palaces simultaneously. All the general has to do is to regrade much of the fair's 646 acres, build new avenues, malls and bridges, reroute Flushing River, make some ponds, have big new trees set where needed in the general areas, and see to it that the sixty miles of old-fair underground utilities are working perfectly. Also the park will need a new fence.

Many of the wooden piles which held up the old fair have rotted away, but spot-checking engineers found that the 1000 tree trunks which sustained the Theme Center units had been carefully creosoted and are all set to go to work again. The 1939 thematic Trylon, a slim, 700-foot spire, and the eighteen-story-high Perisphere with an immense exhibition inside, were engineered to stand winds up to 100 miles an hour. They were given a workout by a lethal hurricane in 1938 which scourged Long Island and New England, killing 600 people. Fair officials, having horrible visions of the great globe rolling into Flushing Bay, a least were thankful that it wasn't full o spectators. It never budged. Both structures, of course, were torn down after the fair ended.

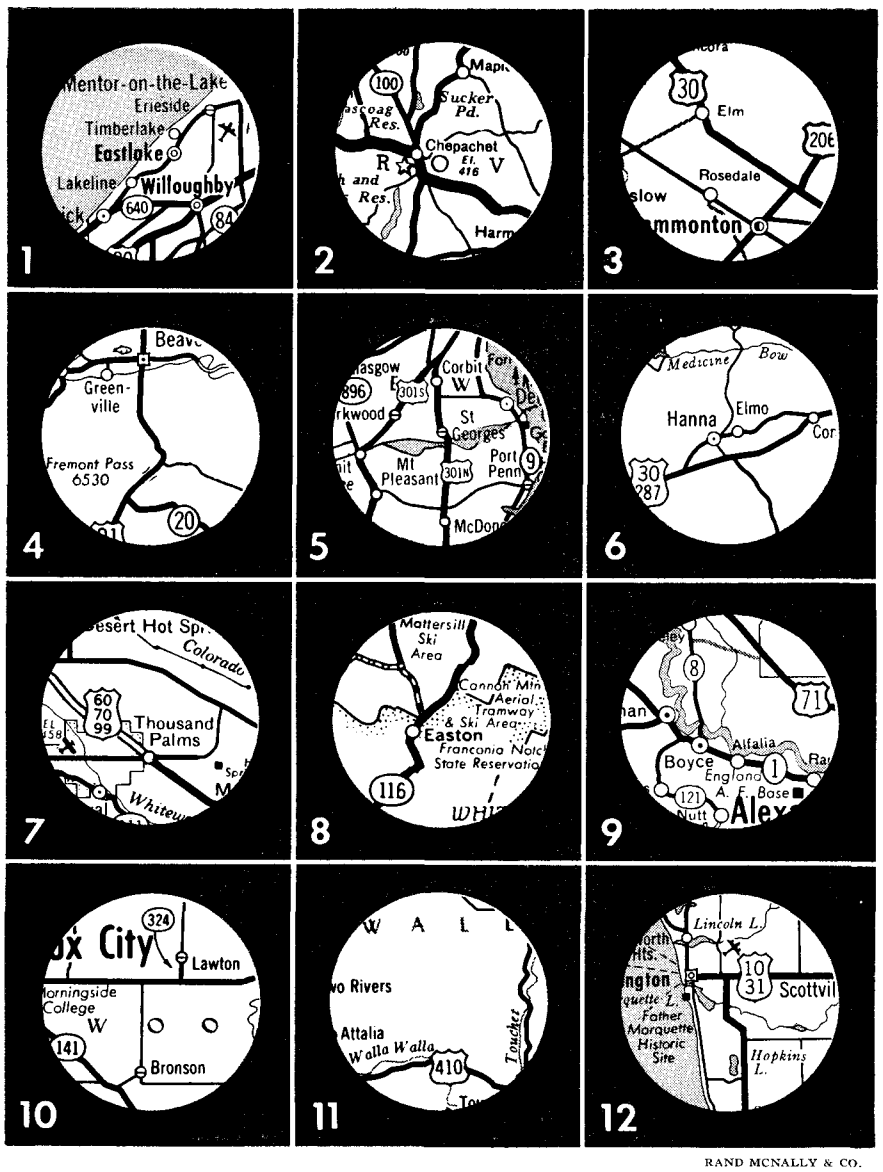
A sideline chore for the engineering staff is to screen bright ideas that people send in about things to have in the fair. Some of these are good and may find their way into the big show. The contributors range from a lady who wants to enter her boxwood bush, which is forty-five feet in diameter, to a gentleman who proposes a cable-controlled, helicopter-lifted platform which would ascend 2000 feet and give people quite a view. The platform is perfectly feasible—except that La Guardia Field is just north of Flushing Meadow, Idlewild just south and the platform wouldn't readily fit into the plane-control pattern.

Last December the fair corporation announced that it would borrow $67,500,000 on promissory notes for preliminary financing, and an interviewer asked finance chairman Hanes, "How long will it take to raise this trifling sum?" He said with a grin, "Oh, a relatively trifling time." All is going well in this department.

Whether or not Robert Moses is right in his conviction that every cent of the loan will be repaid with 6 per cent interest, and that there will be a substantial surplus to complete the park, his public statements to this effect have helped the financing task. Mr. Hanes, who is most widely known as chairman of the New York Racing Association and the leader in financing and building the new Aqueduct race track, points out, "Bob Moses currently heads two power authorities, the St. Lawrence and the Niagara, which have issued well over a billion dollars in bonds. Those bonds are gilt-edged."

Another stimulative loan factor was the knowledge that Mr. Moses, a lifetime public servant who has done a great deal of good for people, is "the king of organizers." His park commissionership has been just one job. He has been unsalaried head of both the State Council of Parks and the Long Island State Park Commission since 1924; he is chairman of the State Power Authority, of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, and is identified with many new public works; he has served as consultant in many related projects throughout this country and abroad. He has been a fabulous creator of midcity and rural parks, power plants, bridges and tunnels, expressways and highways, and of places like Long Island's Jones Beach and New York's Coliseum, where people find pleasure in an atmosphere of good taste.

He has a host of admirers—and some dedicated enemies. "In public works," he reflects, "anybody who gets things done makes enemies." Things like bulldozing a public highway through a beloved private golf course. More significant is the fact that he has an easily triggered temper and is a fierce fighter, sometimes flamingly intolerant of opposition. John Hanes voices the consensus of the unsalaried fair officials, who don't have to work with R.M. if they don't want to: "He dominates committees, but he is not a tyrant. He does have an open mind. I deeply respect his opinion even when I don't agree—in fact, I'm pleasingly annoyed to find him nearly always right, whether I agree with him or not."

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## Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

**Harley P. Cook**

*(Answers on Page 64)*

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Professional revenue engineers have come up with the following delightful estimate of how the fair will turn out financially. Expenses up to opening day, $98,000,000. This to be covered by a $30,800,000 income—advance ground rental payments, advance ticket sales—plus the $67,500,000 loan. Fairtime revenue—ground rental installments, concessions, ticket sales—will exceed fairtime expenses and retirement of loan notes. Total costs: $157,690,000. Revenue: $180,950,000. Surplus: $23,260,000. This goes to the city to restore the park and apply to public education. Cost of the park lease to the fair corporation: one dollar. Admission-price forecast by comptroller Erwin Witt: adults two dollars, children one dollar, bargains in multiple lots.

Not in that rundown are a couple of interesting items. W. Earle Andrews, general manager of the '39 fair and a construction consultant for this one, figures that the exhibitors will spend $500,000,000 on their buildings and shows. Item No. 2 is a $95,000,000 acceleration of what was a long-term, arterial-highway program in the Flushing region, most complex of its kind in the world. The financing will be 90 per cent Federal and 10 per cent State, except for a minor portion which will be fifty-fifty, and the city will chip in $700,000 toward land acquisition. Mr. Moses says that motorists who are moved to squawk about forthcoming construction detours should reflect on the permanent benefit of the new arterials, and detour happily.

Last summer Tom Deegan and Charles Poletti, exposition vice president in charge of international affairs, visited Pope John XXIII at Castel Gandolfo, the pope's country home in the Alban Hills, and presented an engraved invitation to the Vatican to participate in the fair. Pope John, who is studying English, read the document aloud, then complained with a smile, "The trouble with English is that the vowels are never pronounced the same. The vowels should be eliminated." Yes, the Holy See would gladly enter the fair. The pope said wistfully he wished he himself could come over, and Poletti, urgently inviting him, described the excellent Italian food available in New York restaurants. This matter was left up in the air. Mr. Poletti, once lieutenant governor of New York, then governor when Herbert Lehman resigned to take a State Department post, endeared himself to Italians by sensitive service as Allied military governor in Italy in World War II.

Invitation teams, which personalize the more than 100 United States State Department invitations issued last year, are traveling constantly, and Poletti briefs them on how to be good-will ambassadors. They chat with people about local traditions, history and culture and urge them to express these unique qualities at the fair. A team man with special heart approach in Spanish-speaking lands is actor Leo Carrillo, now a California park commissioner. The people love his Mexican-type roles, especially as Pancho in the *Cisco Kid*. He makes speeches in Spanish and explains that while his family did come from Spain, they have lived in California 200 years. Every nation in Latin America, only continent so far thoroughly covered, will be in the fair. The teams are very optimistic, aiming at seventy-some nations.

Many months ago exhibitors began climbing over one another to secure ground space. At a rental price of four dollars per square foot per year, the maximum space of 50,000 square feet costs $400,000 for two years. The cost of the exhibition is a separate item. Actually there is much unrented land, but J. Anthony Panuch, director of the industrial zone, and Guy Tozzoli, in charge of the transportation area, note that hundreds of exhibitors are jockeying around with their idea men before deciding on sites. Vice President Panuch, who also supervises the Federal and state zones, helps keep himself busy with tasks like trying to get the governors and legislatures of ten Southern states to join in a single exhibit as a Civil War memorial. Mr. Tozzoli has big firms, such as Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, in his fold and a happy sparkle in his eye. Many exhibitors, for reasons of competition, will keep their plans secret for a year or so. Only a few months before the '39 fair did the Du Pont Company reveal that it would introduce a product called Nylon. When World War II broke out during the fair, silk promptly disappeared from the American market, and Du Pont saved the day in the department of ladies' stockings.

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When the new fair opens, the multitude of spectators will converge on a spot very near both the population and geographic centers of vast New York City. This sounds like an all-time high in traffic jams. On the contrary, parkways, expressways, bridges, tunnels, railroads, subways, buses, ships, helicopters and airplanes will make Flushing Meadow readily accessible. For motorists: 20,000 parking spaces. For people who come by plane the following sample timetable to within a few minutes of the exposition gates may suggest something new in weekend junkets: San Francisco six hours, Paris eight hours, Buenos Aires twelve hours.

An optical illusion will greet spectators as they first look over the pavilion city; the sunlight and the colors, blending with a miragelike effect, will make the whole city seem very near. This illusion will quickly disappear, but aching feet will be minimized by an imaginative assortment of motorized devices. If people in motor-chairs sometimes gaze at a noble statue or a pretty girl and steer themselves into a fountain, they will find it safely shallow, though wet. Brig. Gen. Harry F. Meyers is preparing an elaborate security system, ranging from city-code health control to Pinkerton-supplied police and fire departments.

A theme-center structure, called a Unisphere and presented to the fair by the United States Steel Corporation, will express hope for world peace through mutual understanding and pay tribute to man's achievements in an expanding space-age universe. One day Gilmore D. Clarke, landscape architect and engineer and an important figure in both New York fairs, did some thematic doodling with a pencil while in an airplane, and he doodled an armillary sphere. This is a skeleton sphere composed of rings—which, incidentally, a hurricane would blow right through. Clarke superimposed the earth's continents on his globe, making no subdivisions into nations, but pinpointing each unnamed capital to glow like a diamond. Satellites on orbit rings will circulate around the 160-foot-high steel sphere; drifting light will make the globe seem to revolve, and pillars hidden in fountains will have it "floating" in the air on feathery spray.

President Kennedy may well be asked to make the opening address; if he does, his picture and his voice will bounce off an Echo-type satellite into color TV sets around the world. Among many special events, the fair will celebrate the tercentenary of the British occupation of New Amsterdam on September 8, 1664, and their renaming it New York. Which brings to mind that the 1939 fair marked the 150th anniversary of Washington's inauguration and that some people impersonating General Washington and his aides took off from Virginia for New York in a coach-and-four. On the way they decided to switch to a bus.

Eastward from the fair's theme center the palaces of foreign nations will stand, the Latin Americans, by present plan, grouped on an avenue of their own. Far away, two central malls will pause at a circular lagoon where dramatic fountains will play—where, in fact, they are expected to keep playing when the palaces are gone, and this is again just meadowy parkland.

Around and beyond the grand fountain will be grouped the exciting industrial exhibitions, some of them standing right astride the Flushing River, which in that area will be tucked temporarily into pipes. An elderly lady whose hobby it is to fish that part of the stream for carp will have to move. West of the theme center will be the assemblage of the states of our Union, and beyond them, in the transportation zone, there will be fabulous shows—railroad, automotive, airline, steamship, small boats and, prophetic of man's soon being transported by rockets, the aero-space industry.

Some time ago a New York newspaper's headline said, HOOTCHY-KOOTCHY IS OUT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR. Meaning: r midway-type amusement zone. Mr. Mos and company had decided that the exhibitions and special fair features will provide entertainment galore for all ages, all in good taste and most of it free. So no honky-tonk. "Must our amusement appeal be located somewhere below the Adam's apple?" asks Mr. Moses.

Potentially entertaining as well as instructive is the fair's proposal that New York State, for its contribution, establish beside Meadow Lake a "conservation area" showing the state's plant, animal and waterfowl life in its natural habitat. The fair offers to spend $1,000,000 to help create a little wilderness—with walks, lighting, nature trails and observation decks.

Overtown in Manhattan the superb new Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts, which will harbor the Metropolitan Opera, Philharmonic Orchestra, the Dance and Repertory theaters, and the Juilliard School of Music, will be completed for its planned collaboration with the fair in special summer entertainment including presentation of ballet, oper music, and folk-dance companies whic other nations have promised to send. Also to be ready, close to Flushing Meadow, is the city's new sports stadium—afternoon at the ball game, dinner and evening at the fair—that's the life!

Early last December a committee of scientists and educators came up with a $30,000,000 idea whereby the United States Government could surpass all comers in what Mr. Moses calls "this Olympics of civilization." They would establish a Franklin National Center of Science and Education, a permanent institution in Flushing Park to present a continuing history of America's achievements, a living, evolving repertory to instruct, enrich and inspire. Architect Wallace K. Harrison, planning director of the United Nations complex and the fair's chief design consultant, has proposed a monumental geodesic dome, gently curving like the earth's surface as seen from great height, to enclose five acres of exhibitions including a theater. Whatever Federal spectacle is decided on to dominate the United States zone's wic esplanade, it is going to be the cynosu of fairgoers.

When twilight creeps over the exposition city on opening day, suddenly the fair will shine brighter than ever, painting the sky a visual fantasia of color. People will see this from far places in the city and from far inland and out at sea. This will be what Bob Moses promised in a speech when he first tackled his job: "The biggest, most fascinating showcase ever conceived and constructed by the mind and hands of man." THE END

Answers to

**Where Do You Think You Are?**

Page 62

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Ohio | 2. R.I. | 3. N.J. |
| 4. Utah | 5. Del. | 6. Wyo. |
| 7. Calif. | 8. N.H. | 9. La. |
| 10. Iowa | 11. Wash. | 12. Mich. |

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# Kitten on a Trampoline

(Continued from Page 37)

It was one of those Trampoline layouts which are suddenly appearing all over the country. Seventy-five cents for thirty minutes of bouncing up and down. I had seen it being done, but not like this. Neither had the other people, I guess. Except for some squealing kids, the other customers inside the fence had stopped to watch her also, in a hypnotic silence. It was like a wild strange dance she was improvising as she went along, with a complete grace and total control in spite of the tremendous height she was achieving. She was young, she had a burnished tan and she was sweetly and strongly constructed. Her hair was a tousled brown-red mass. She wore a sleeveless yellow-print blouse and little chocolate-colored shorts. I could see her face clearly only at the apex of those leaps when she was turning slowly. It was one of those wide-cheeked Slavic faces of a totally deceptive placidity. She had a dreaming look, a contentment, a half smile. She drifted and spun in a better world than any of us could know.

Suddenly she smothered the next leap with a deft flex of brown knees and stepped off the Trampoline. We gave an audible group sigh because it was over, and then we all began clapping. She looked startled, but smiled with a professional brilliance, bowed with professional aplomb and bent to put her shoes back on as the applause died and the people began drifting away.

I moved toward the gate where she would come out. I heard the proprietor telling her to stop there at any time and be his guest. It was a smart business gambit for him. She came out, moving slowly, earthbound after soaring, carrying a yellow purse. She was sturdy and smaller than I would have guessed. But as she neared me I could detect none of the residual puffing and damp sweatiness of great athletic effort.

"There should have been music with that," I told her. She gave me that single cool glance of dismissal all girls that pretty must learn. I walked beside her. She pretended I was not there.

"I have to tell you something," I said. "I don't loaf around bothering pretty girls. I was driving through. I had to stop for that light. Then I saw you over the heads of those people, way up in the middle of the air. I drove on because I'm supposed to be in Tampa by four o'clock for a sales meeting, but I found out I had to come back and find you and tell you how beautiful it was. That's all."

She stopped and looked up at me. "So you've told me. Now go to Tampa." It was an urchin voice, unmannered and with a faraway spice of accent. She was affecting an elaborate boredom.

We were near a drugstore. "I could buy you a coffee or a soda."

She shrugged. "I'm thirsty," she said.

We went in and sat at the counter. She ordered limeade. I ordered coffee. I put my business card on the counter top.

"Paul Fox," she read. "Short name."

"I'm twenty-five. I'm not married. I cover the whole southern half of the state. I'm based in Tampa. I spend four days a month there. I drive fifty thousand miles a year."

"Enchanting," she said tonelessly.

"I had the ridiculous feeling you might tell me your name."

"For one limeade? Why not? Wanda Markava."

I looked at my watch. I spotted the phone booths. "Wanda, I have to make a phone call. Promise you won't leave before I get back."

"If you don't get back before I feel like leaving, I won't be here. How much do you expect out of one limeade?"

I called Harry Fletcher in Tampa and told him I was held up in Sarasota by car trouble, and I couldn't make the meeting. He told me to pick up a rental car. I said it was tire trouble, and I'd wrenched my back changing the wheel and I didn't feel like driving. He believed my every word. It was my first lapse from total dependability. I saw Wanda get off the stool and stroll toward the door. I cut Harry off by saying loudly, "Hello? Hello? Hello? Damn it!" and hanging up.

I caught up with her a hundred feet from the store. "Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Can I walk with you?"

"I don't own the sidewalks. It's a long way. You'll miss your meeting."

"I phoned Tampa and told them I would."

"You're wasting your time, Paul Fox."

"Kindly let me be the judge of what is a waste of time and what isn't."

She gave me an oblique glance and said, "I have to go home to take care of my three babies and start cooking a big hot dinner for my husband."

I stopped dead in my tracks. My heart rolled over and died. She walked on and turned back and looked at me curiously. Suddenly she threw her head back and gave a curiously abrupt bark of rather harsh laughter. "No husband. No babies. Come along. It was a good way to get rid of you, Paul Pest Fox, but you looked too sad. There's a hundred other ways."

We walked together in January sunlight. I stole careful glances at her. Only the most perfect physical conditioning can produce a walk like hers, as lithe and unself-conscious as a tan panther on a jungle path. There was a childish look about the blandness of forehead, the snubbed nose and the placid symmetry of her cheek. And there was a small-boy appeal in the squareness and sturdiness of her hands. But the impact of the total creature was vividly, uncompromisingly female.

She seemed placidly content with our silence, and I knew I would have to initiate any new topic. We were passing a

## SPRING REFLECTION

By CAROL STALLER

Now, as the brightening sky seems more blue
And the clouds, well-defined by the sun,
Form the background for birds to return as they do
When the sensuous spring has begun,
Though I'm here on the ground, my heart's soaring too,
And my feet, though I walk, want to run.

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suburban bank. "You were terrific on that Trampoline, Wanda. And you look so very trim. I was wondering if you—if you're on some sort of gymnastic team."

The bank lawn looked green and soft. Without breaking her stride she stepped off onto the grass and went into a series of three limber flip-flaps which ended with a complete front flip with a half turn so that she ended the series facing me. Again she gave that bark of laughter. "Gym team!" she said with complete derision. "Circus," she said haughtily as she fell in step with me again.

I felt like thumping myself in the head. This was Sarasota. It explained some of the strangenesses of her. These were the most clannish people in the world. "Which circus?" I asked.

She seemed truly astonished. "With my name, which one would it be? Rossoni and Markava. It isn't big, but we are known. I am a flier. You should know that too. I can do many things, but flying is best. I was on the rings when I was five years old." She held her arm out. "Look at this arm! Tell me what you think of this arm, Paul Fox."

We stopped and I looked at it carefully, wondering what I was supposed to be looking for. It was round, firm and brown, and gracefully proportioned. The skin texture was silken. I had the dizzy wish to kiss the hollow of the elbow. "It's a lovely arm, Wanda."

"Yes it is," she said with a wonderfully innocent pride. "My mother, my grandmother, they are both the same. It is good luck for a woman to be this way. With either arm I can lift more than you can with two. But we Markava women get no ugly bulging muscles. With my uncle sitting on my shoulders, I can do very slow deep-knee bends. He weighs over two hundred. I weigh one hundred and eighteen. The muscles show a little bit more in the legs, but it is still not ugly, is it?" She moved away from me to pose for inspection and looked back over her shoulder at me with a rather anxious expression.

"They're lovely legs, Wanda."

"No. The arms are better, as arms. The legs are too short. I am just five feet two and a half, and I am too long in the waist to have a really good figure. If I were five feet six, the legs would be just right, with the same length from the hips up. I'd look better when I fly. But I might not be so strong. Here. Press with your knuckle here, against the calf." I saw her tense her leg. It became like sleek brown marble. A passing tourist boggled at us and nearly ran up over the curbing.

We walked on. I searched my memory for a properly circusy question and finally dredged one up. "Can you do the triple?" I asked politely.

"Out of the last hundred practice tries, I got forty-one. When I can get to sixty out of a hundred, we'll put it in, Uncle Charley says. He's my catcher on the triple. After we practice, our hands are so swollen we have to soak them."

I had run out of questions. It seemed to me we had walked a very long distance. I could feel a blister beginning to form on my right heel.

"You smoke too much," she said abruptly.

"I know I do."

"So why don't you smoke less?"

"There's a lot of strain connected with my job, Wanda."

"Strain? Selling pills?" she asked with such surprise that it irritated me.

"They set a quota for me, and I have to meet it."

"So what happens when you meet it? The strain is over?"

"Well, no. They set a new quota."

She snorted and said, "Even in the seal act, a seal always gets a fish after every trick. They don't make her work harder each time for the fish. That quota thing is ridiculous."

I thought about it, and I saw that it was. I was being treated with less dignity than a seal. But I had to salvage something. "I make darn good money."

"How much?" she demanded.

"Uh—twenty thousand dollars."

"What do you spend it all on?"

"Taxes take a big bite because I'm single. After I pay living expenses, I invest what's left in stock in the company I work for."

"Ha."

"What's this ha?"

"Nothing. It just sounds like a crummy way to live, Paul Fox."

"I'm considered very successful for my age."

"Ha," she said again, and I didn't feel like contesting that one. I didn't know what she was calling me in her mind. A townie, perhaps. Or a mark. It was an odd experience to be scorned and pitied by this delicious little flier.

"We turn here," she said. "Five more blocks. Are you sick?"

The question startled me. "Why do you ask me that?"

"You are pale, and I saw your hand shaking when you picked up your coffee cup. You look thin and stringy, and when somebody squealed their brakes a little while ago you went right up in the air."

"I don't get a chance to get much sun, Wanda. I've been working hard without a break for a long time. No, I'm not sick."

"You don't look healthy."

"Compared to you I've never been healthy, I guess."

"You look older than twenty-five."

"I like what you do for my morale, friend."

"I'm not doing it. You've been doing it to yourself—for that twenty thousand dollars."

"You don't mind saying exactly what you think, do you?"

"I wouldn't say it if you really were sick."

So I used up a couple of blocks of silence thinking that over. I was scowling at the sidewalk when she said, "Here it is."

The paving and sidewalks and small, careful houses ended. The Markava domain was beyond the end of the street, and it seemed to have been spilled across several scrubby acres. I stood and looked at the cars parked at complete random, at several house trailers and at haphazard sheds and outbuildings. The original house had been a cottage. It looked as if it had been enlarged through a dreamy process of buying abandoned garages and affixing them to the house and to each other in the quickest possible manner. There was a big new front porch of raw wood across the front of it. I looked at all the kids racing around.

"Is there a party going on?"

"Oh, no. It's mostly all family. But there are people always coming and going. Come on."

The children ignored us. As we went up onto the porch, a huge man pushed the screen door open and came out. "Charley, this is Paulfox," she said, turning me into one word.

"Hahya," he said to me. "Go change and we'll work some, Wan."

"You could watch," she said to me and went into the house. Charley was eating some sort of stew out of a yellow bowl with his fingers. He looked like a television version of a Siberian bandit. He was bare to the waist, and his magnificently-muscled torso was hairless. After each chunk of stew meat he would lick his thumb and finger and then wipe them on a dish towel tucked into the waistband of his baggy trousers. He looked at me with distant amusement.

"That Wanda," he said finally. "I wanted to build up an army, know what I'd do? Send her out six or ten times a day. Make a big circle. Come back here. One guy following every time. Clunk his head and swear him in. Sure. She talks to you, though. You're ahead. One guy in twenty she even says hello. The others just follow. A big one last week got out of line. Fritz was here. He's only so big, and maybe he's sixty, who can tell? Does a wire act. The big guy got on Fritz's nerves. He bent down, picked up the guy's right foot and put it behind the big guy's right ear. After he found out he could walk, he didn't stay long."

Wanda came out in a faded gray-blue leotard. Charley put his bowl down on the porch floor and stepped out of his pants. He was wearing patched maroon tights. I followed them around the house. The big practice rigging was there with the safety net slung in position. All the chrome was shiny, and the whites were very white. Such flying rigs look smaller outdoors. I learned one thing the Markavas weren't casual about. Charley and Wanda went to work, and they checked every line, every guy wire and every fastening—patiently, thoroughly and without haste. Then they went up hand over hand to opposite platforms and used the lead strings to pull their traps up to their platforms. Several persons had appeared from nowhere to watch. I didn't know then that a couple of the men had positioned themselves in the only places where there was any chance she might miss the net on a partial catch and a slip.

Charley swung out and built the swing higher with two hard strokes, then settled himself into the leg-twined upside-down posture of the catcher and established a stately, predictable rhythm. Charley started the count for her. She swung out and high. At the apex of her second swing she released the trap and did a full slow layout and seemed to float into the catch. All four hands catch wrists. They caught with an audible smack. It was so beautiful I wanted to hear 10,000 persons applauding. I watched several more catches.

"You that Paulfox, hah?" a heavily accented female voice said at my elbow.

I looked down into the leathery face of a stocky woman with bright yellow hair. She wore black denim pants and a sweat shirt that was stenciled with the curious legend, SARASOTA JUNGLE GARDENS. She stared at me with great intensity and repeated her question.

"Yes, that's my name."

"I'm her mamma, Jenny Markava."

"How do you do?"

"I was top flier one time. Sixteen years. Longer than you tink, hah? Was damn good. But not so good as her. You watch. Wan has special ting. How you say? Floating. A slowness, like a magic. Hang in air. Nijinsky had. In ballet is called *ballon*, hah? A jeté lasting like forever. She is one of the great ones." Her mouth twisted into a curious smirk. "But you tink is foolish nonsense, jumping around in the air, hah? Somebody gets hurt, hah?"

I looked up to see Wanda rise high in a blurred spin and, just as she started to fall, snap open for the wrist smack of the precision catch.

I turned back to Jenny Markava. "It is one of the most beautiful things in the world," I said. "Anything that beautiful is very important, Mrs. Markava. It could never be nonsense."

She gave me a stevedore grin, and such a backhanded crack across the middle that it nearly dropped me. "You stay and eat good, hah? You too tin and weak."

I watched all of the practice session. At the end Wanda wanted to try the triple. Charley wouldn't let her. He told her she was a little bit off in her timing. She had fallen into the net twice. They both dropped, bounded, came to the edge of the net in that curious, wide wading walk and dropped lightly to the ground. She was sweaty and winded, and there was a net burn on the outside of her right leg.

"You eating here?" she asked me.

"Your mother invited me."

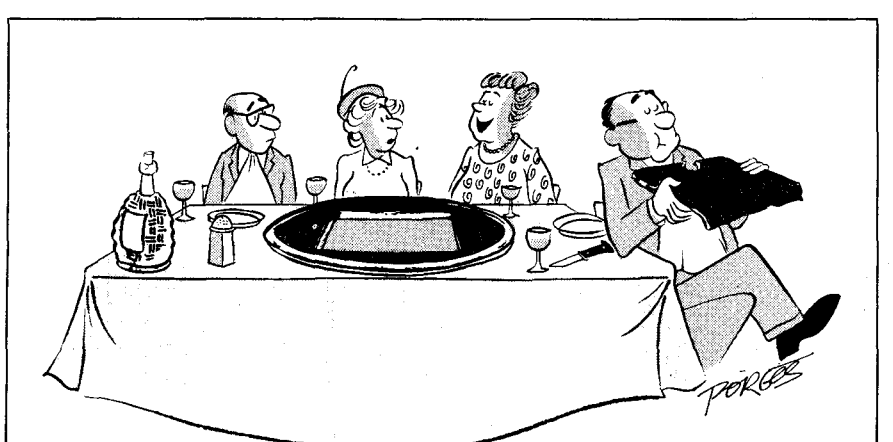
"Don't get close to me. I smell like a horse. I'll see you in a little while."

It was the most confusing house I've ever been in. There seemed to be four or five tiny living rooms, each with its own group. In one room three old ladies were gabbling at each other in a foreign tongue while they sewed sequins to heavy new material with a dazzling speed. People were singing, some were arguing, some were cooking and some were eating. Two television sets and a radio were going with the volume turned high. I estimate I met about one out of every four of them, and usually it was only the first name. They all had muscles, vitality and violent opinions. The children seemed able to run up the walls and across the ceiling, but I suspect that was an illusion. I remember one dreamlike sequence in particular. I was still waiting for Wanda to appear. Somebody had put an opened can of beer in my hand. I found a chair in a corner. A tired skinny little dog with ancient gray on his muzzle came trudging over and stared at me. Suddenly, as if arriving at a decision, he hoisted himself up onto his hind legs and jumped up and down a half dozen times. Then, with great elderly care, he rocked himself up onto his front legs and stood balanced there, looking sideways at me. "Nice doggie," I said weakly. He stayed as he was, looking at me with sad, expectant patience.

"He wants you to clap," said a very tall and wonderfully beautiful girl in a thin little voice. I clapped. The dog dropped back to all fours, sighed, yawned and walked away.

"That's Captain Bligh," she explained.

"Oh." (*Continued on Page 69*)




"Charles doesn't like the crust!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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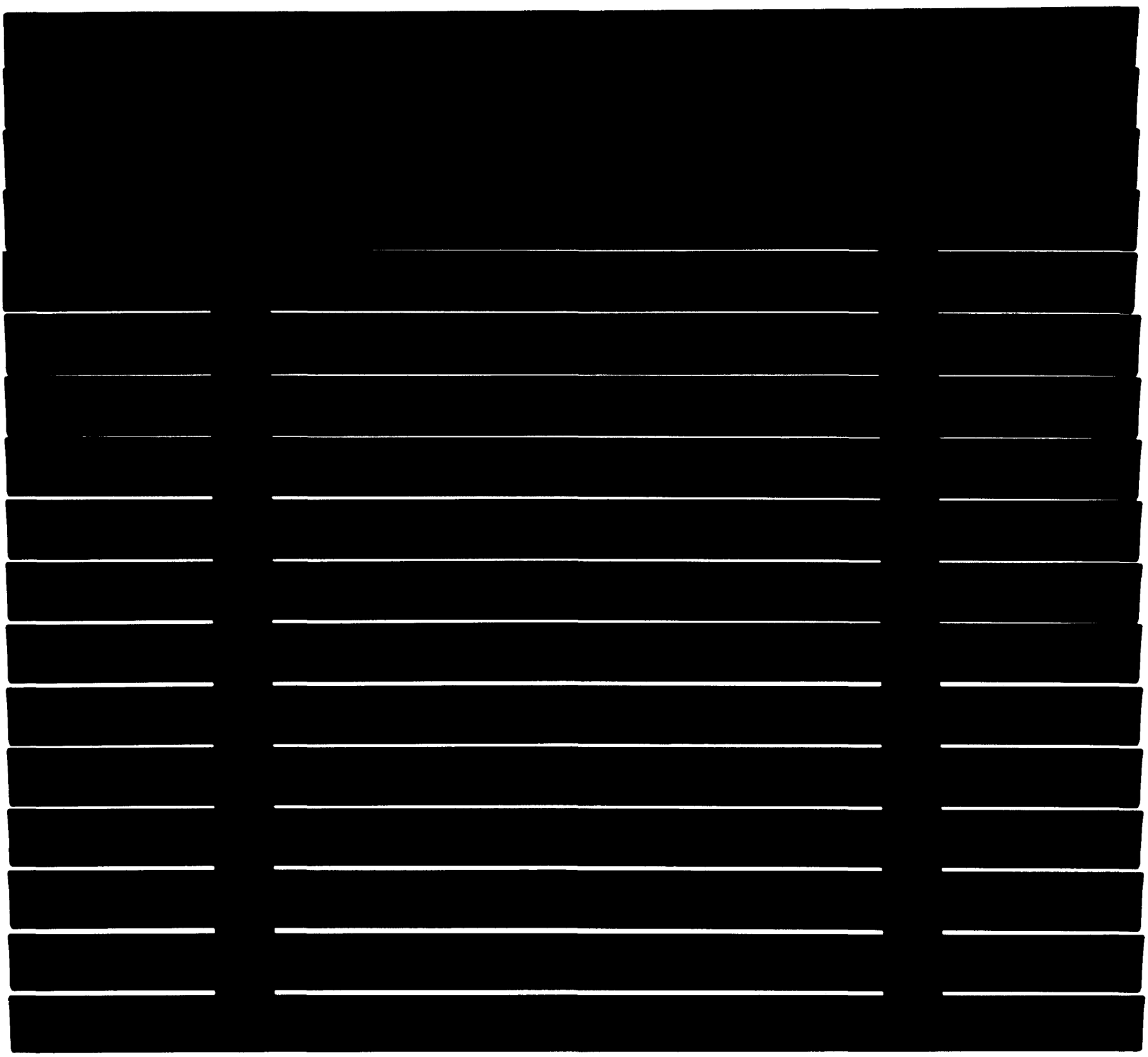

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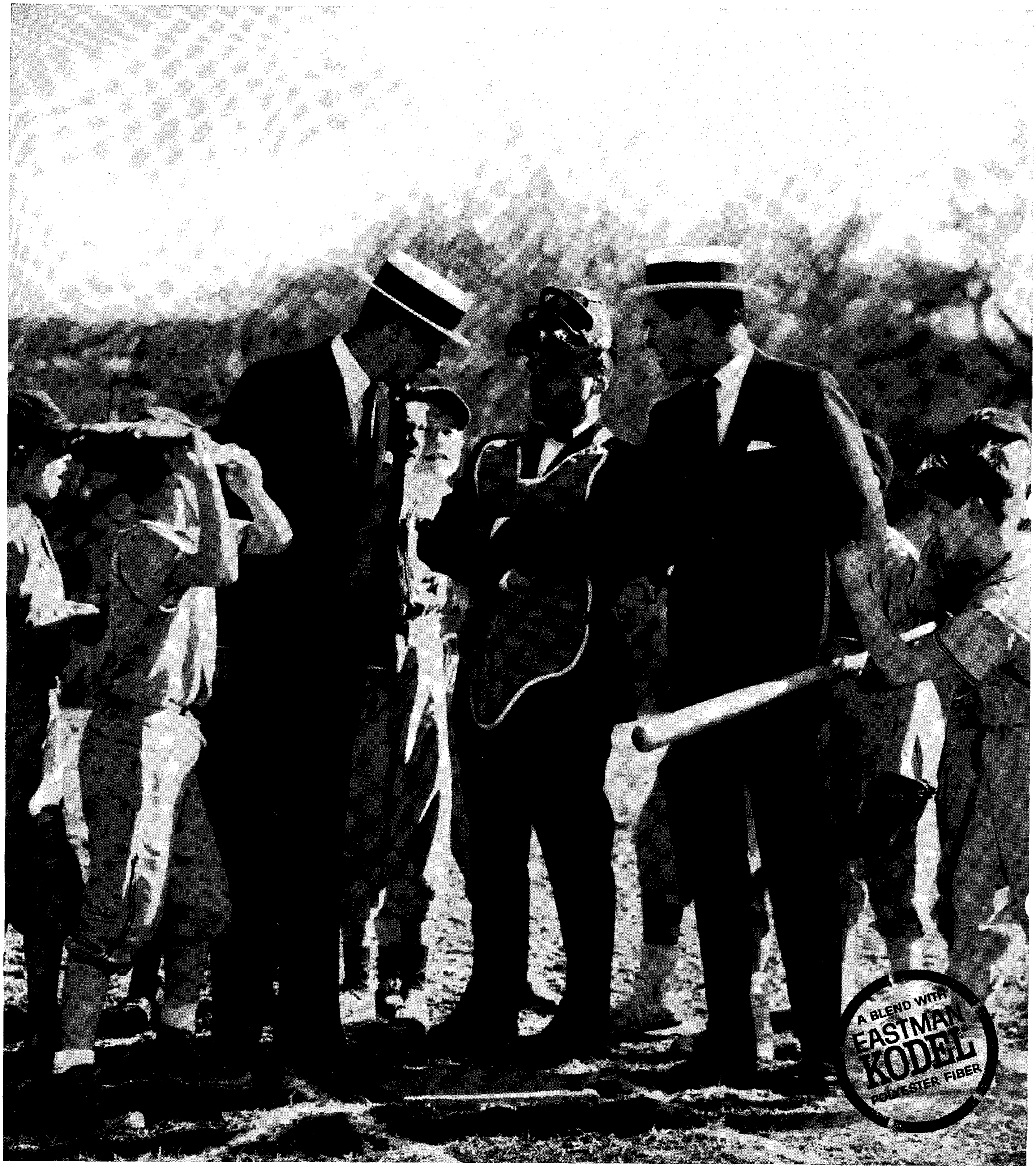


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(*Continued from Page 66*) "He's retired, but he wants strangers to know he's been with it."

"I see his point."

Soon Wanda joined me. She was in a full crisp white skirt and a black trim blouse. Her eyes and her smile were shiny in the dusk. She brought us two bowls of an ominous-looking stew and two bowls of salad. We took them out on the porch, away from the confusion, and sat in a band of light that came through one of the windows. The stew was superb; so was the salad. Later we joined some singing in foreign tongues, and I smiled in a strained way at jokes I couldn't understand which sent powerful men into helpless falling-down laughter. At a little after eleven, a morose boy drove me in an old pickup back to my car. I finally found a vacancy in a rather dreary motel. There was a handsome blister on my heel.

At eleven the next morning, when four of them came swinging down over the edge of the big safety net, Wanda walked over to me, scowling, and said, "How many meetings can you miss?"

"I've got vacation time piled up that I didn't use. My boss didn't want me to take it now because we're bringing out new products. I told him on the phone this morning that I have to take it now."

She put a big beach towel around her shoulders like a cape, and we strolled over and sat on a plank-and-sawhorse table in the shade.

"So will you just be—around here?" she asked.

"If nobody minds too much."

She looked at me with a tolerant amusement. "We leave in March for the season on the road, Paulfox. There is always work to do at this time. Without cheap labor the small circuses would die. Over there is the bunkhouse for single men. You would eat fine, you know. Maybe you are too important. No? I can ask then and see if it is all right with everybody."

I took the two weeks, and then I demanded a third week. Harry Fletcher was very sour about it, but he couldn't afford to get too nasty. Other firms had been after me, and he knew it.

I drove up to Tampa on a Monday morning. When I walked into his office I knew he had decided to be jolly. He's a pasty little man with steel-wool hair and a lot of nervous mannerisms.

"Paul!" he said. "You look absolutely marvelous! Got that weight back. Got a tan. My, my, my."

I sat by his desk and said, "I appreciate all you've done for me, Harry. I know I should give you more warning. But just as soon as you can line up a guy for my territory, I'll spend a week taking him around and introducing him."

All the cheer slid out of his face. He tugged his ear, shifted some pencils around, and said, "I get pressure coming down from the top and up from underneath. You can't appreciate what it's like. I can get into a serious hypertension situation. One thing I thought I could rely on. Loyalty!" He stared fiercely at me and then sighed with resignation. "So if I have to buy your loyalty, Paul, I can face that too. Tell me what you've been offered. We'll match it."

"It isn't like that, Harry."

"You're taking another job, aren't you?"

"Sort of."

He began to tear a memo into strips. "What is this 'sort of'?"

"Harry, I'm joining a circus."

I saw him take it the way a good fighter takes a surprise right lead. He kept moving until his world came back into focus. "You're making a mistake. An advance man for a show is more like press-agent work. It isn't your kind of selling, Paul, believe me. You're a repeat business salesman, not one-shot promotions."

"No, Harry. I'm unloading my Owen stock and I'm buying a concession. The man who owns it wants to get off the road. He says I can make out. He'll go along for the first month and get me going right. He's got arthritis."

"Have you lost your mind!"

"I'm just going into business for myself."

He jumped up and began to pace. "What a business! Why don't you get into buggy whips? How about the big new field that's opening up making hoops for hoop skirts, kiddo? Circuses are in trouble! Haven't you heard?"

I'd had no intention of explaining it all to him. But he was very agitated and, according to his own lights, he'd been fair to me. "That's why I'm doing this, Harry."

He sat down heavily and stared at me. "You're suicidal. You need help."

"Harry, listen to me. Two years from now, five years from now or ten years from now, could I make a good living as a salesman?"

"Yes. Any time. When you go broke, come back here."

"Harry, there is an old circus clan named Markava. They've been performers for generations. Now they have a twenty-year-old girl who might turn out to be the best they've ever had. But she has come along at the end of an era. The whole clan is proud of her. They want her to have the best possible life. Suppose she married another performer, and in three or four years there's no more circus left. They'd be untrained for anything else. It might become a mean and squalid life for her, Harry."

"What's this got to do with you?"

"They're a practical clan. They've been thinking about hedging their beautiful bet by finding her a civilian. She'd have no part of it until I happened along."

"And she fell madly in love with you?" Harry said with great sarcasm.

"They're practical people. She seems to like me. They have the old-world idea that you arrange a practical marriage, and then you fall in love afterward. I jumped the gun on that theory."

He shook his head sadly. "A circus girl! Holy Maroney! When does the marriage get arranged anyhow?"

"We'll go on the road. They've got to know if I can take that kind of a life. Some people can't. If I can—and I can handle the concession—then we'll get married, and they'll set us up with our own deal, one of those house-trailer layouts on a flat-bed truck. It's a truck show."

"Very romantic," he said. "Say, have you thought of this? If she's real beautiful, it would be a slick way for them to unload sick concessions on suckers like you, Paul."

"I thought of that. Maybe they're all kidding me. I don't think so."

"You've got wonderful promise, Paul, and I hate to see you do this to your life. If the circuses don't all fold, then you're stuck in a nickle-dime operation all your life."

I couldn't avoid a smile of contentment. "With no quotas, no sales meetings and no expense accounts."

"O.K., so what if it goes the other way? You get back into harness, and you've got a wife who won't do you much good in a business-contact way."

"Harry, she has absolutely no interest in functional kitchens, gracious living or social standings. She says that if it turns out that way, she wants to raise horses and kids."

Harry had to make one last sly try. "Don't those circus people have a kind of a loose moral way of living, boy?"

"I've spent three weeks with them, Harry. I've been learning all about one of the lost arts. It's called self-respect."

He found a man, and I broke him in, drew my final check and went back to Sarasota with all my worldly goods. The tempo of work was increasing. Wan was up to a comfortable three out of five on the triple. They never had any trouble thinking of things I could do.

One day, a week before we left, I was out behind the house on a chilly afternoon, all by myself, unbolting rows of folding seats, painting them and repairing them, bolting them back together and stenciling the numbers back on.

I didn't know Wan was behind me until I heard her abrupt laugh. I stood up, straightening a weary back, and said, "What's so hilarious?"

She sat on a stack of seats and looked blandly at me. "I was thinking that we never had such a rich man working for us."

I put one foot up on the seats and looked down at her upturned face. "Does it give you a sense of power, Miss Markava?"

"I don't think I like that, Paulfox. Anything we do, it is because we are willing to do it. Because the reasons are good, don't you think?"

"I'm sorry. The reasons are very good. But—I don't want *you* to feel trapped into anything."

"How do you mean?"

"We have an arrangement. But if any time you should want to get out of it ——"

I was stopped by the expression on her face. It had turned into a stubborn mask of contempt, her eyes narrow, dangerous and oddly Oriental.

"So sweet," she purred. "So unselfish you are. So honorable. All I have to do is change my mind, eh, and you give me a nice little hurt smile and then perhaps we can shake hands or something like that?"

Never have I felt such a quick hot bursting of rage within myself. Forgetting that even after all my manual labor she could very probably toss me up into a pine tree, I snatched her wrist and yanked her up onto her feet and dug my hands into her shoulders and shook her until her face blurred.

"You can't get out of it!" I yelled at her. "You made a deal! I sat up all one night yelling at all your weird relatives and drinking that plum brandy, and we made the arrangement, see? So don't even think of trying to get out of it!"

I was suddenly aware of her complete lack of resistance. I let go of her. She looked up at me with an odd half-smile, docile, respectful, but with a kind of pride and gladness showing through. "O.K., Paul," she said. "O.K., sweetie."

I finished the folding seats in the late afternoon and went back to where they were practicing. I sat cross-legged on top of a gear box. Jenny brought me a cold beer. I lit my second cigarette of the day. I felt like a king as I watched her up there, my sweet sailing lady, my flying woman poised against the blue, blue sky, way up in the middle of the air. THE END

## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Stew got drunk over the weekend and was jailed for thirty days. His boss fired him for not reporting for work, so he applied for unemployment-insurance benefits. But he was turned down on grounds that he quit his job "voluntarily." Stew sued.

"In getting drunk, Stew must have known that he might go to jail and thereby lose his job," lawyers for the compensation board argued. "Yet he went right ahead drinking. Thus he lost his job through his own doing and should not be compensated for it."

"There was nothing voluntary about my not coming to work," Stew replied. "I was being kept in jail against my will. I had no idea that a little drinking would lead to all that."

If you were the judge, would you pay Stew?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Stew won. The court said that while his drinking was voluntary, the rest was not—"On the contrary, he was at a place he did not wish to be, jail, and perforce absent from a place he wished to be, his place of work."

*Based upon a 1960 Michigan decision.*

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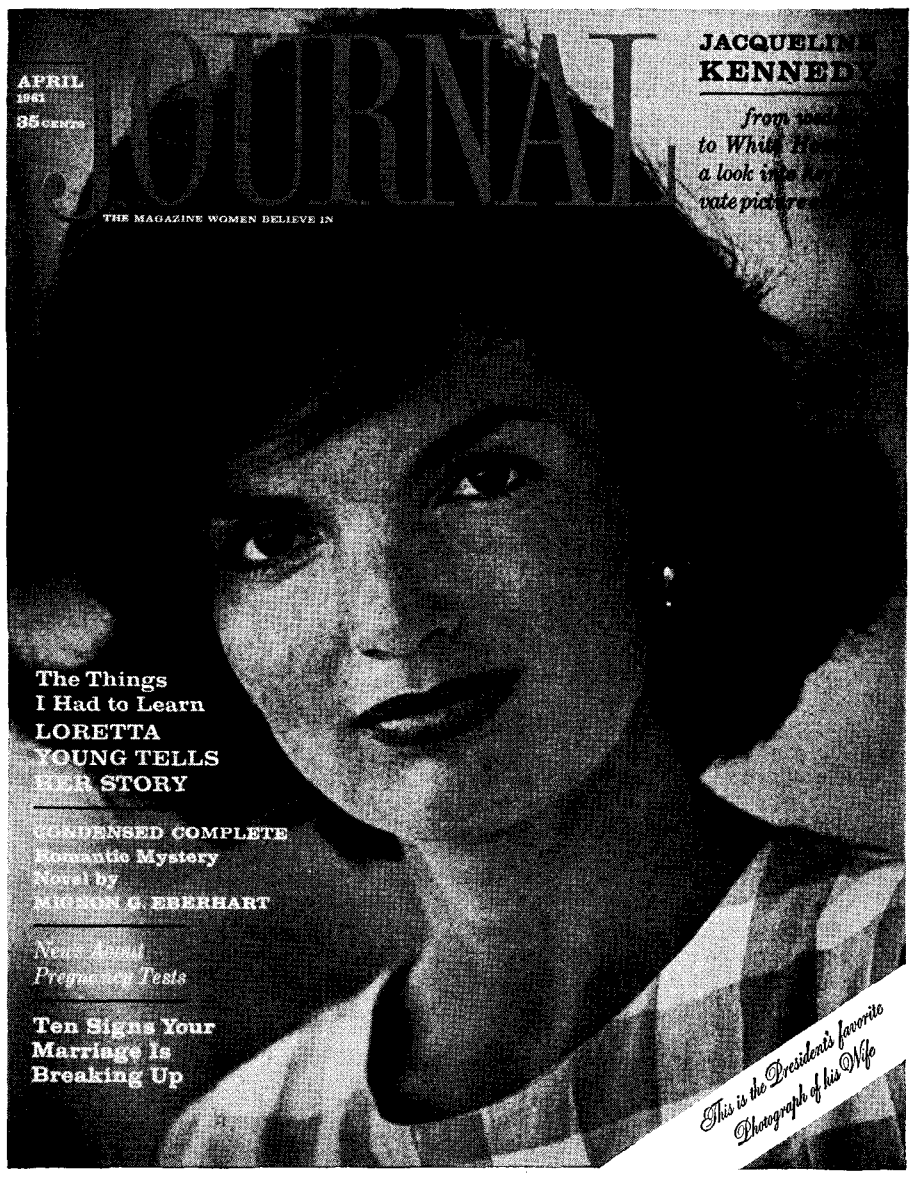
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# JACQUELINE KENNEDY

## Her Own Story From Wedding to White House

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The glamorous star of screen and television is unbelievably frank in her account of her early struggles and ambitions—and how wrong she often was.

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# The Mysterious Money Factory

(Continued from Page 33)

transform mere paper into something of more value, absolute security is the American Bank Note Company's greatest asset. Each piece of paper entering the plant must be traced throughout the production process and counted between twenty-two and twenty-seven times. Each shipment that leaves the plant must be sealed to prevent tampering; and although no A.B.N. shipment has ever been highjacked, delivery of the currency to customers has sometimes demanded originality and even daring on the part of company personnel.

When a foreign government or the bank that issues its currency is in need of new bank notes, its representative may call at the A.B.N. executive offices at 70 Broad Street, in New York's financial district. More often, however, a reissue or a new issue results from an A.B.N. agent's calling on the customer.

American Bank Note's foreign staff is made up of fifteen local agents in key cities and two field representatives and is supplemented by traveling personnel from the New York staff. They often find themselves in very wacky situations. About eight years ago Murray M. Wise, now vice president in charge of foreign sales, trying to get to the client in Bogotá, was caught in a strike of both students and laborers in the Colombian capital. Emerging bleary-eyed from a cloud of tear gas, he found himself in the path of a club-wielding army of strikers fleeing from the police.

"I ran into the airline ticket office," he says, "leaped the counter and squatted behind it while they broke the plate-glass window and went on down the street.

"On occasion," he adds, "I have also eaten boiled maguey worms and toasted ants about the size of my little finger. When you're invited to dinner, the host may ask you if you'd prefer food to which you're accustomed or something typical of the country. Naturally, trying to be the perfect guest, you say you'd be pleased to try the native dishes, and it may be soup made from the medulla of the spinal columns of goats or cows."

In Canton, China, in the late 1920's, H. G. McNeary, then an A.B.N. representative but now living in peaceful retirement in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York, was made an honorary colonel in the army of a Chinese war lord. It was the only way he could get in to see the local war lord's finance minister, make his sales pitch and partake of the toasts, proffered in a ginlike drink called *shamsu*.

On a flight in 1948 from Canton to Kunming to see the president of the Provincial Bank of Yunnan, McNeary was the only passenger on a DC-3 cargo plane carrying gold, piece goods and medicines. McNeary sat atop this cargo until turbulence over the mountains outside Kweichow tore the pile loose. He then took refuge in the limited confines of the sanitary facility. He was still imprisoned there when, after landing, the two-man crew released him and handed him what was left of his single piece of luggage.

"It looked like it had been trampled by a herd of elephants," he recalls.

That night McNeary was the dinner guest of the bank president. The *apéritif* came out of a bottle containing lizards, the duck was washed down with wine from a jar in which were several unidentified bones. With the fish-head-and-bean-curd course, the guests were served from another wine jar in which reposed a coiled snake, according to McNeary. "If you were able to show up at the bank the next day," he says, "they respected you."

Some of American Bank Note's foreign customers have no set schedule of withdrawing old notes and replacing them with new. It is the agent's duty to alert them as to the extent of their paper-money reserves and to keep them in stock. They sometimes suggest to a country commemorative bank notes lionizing some long-gone hero or changes incorporating new security features.

The enemy of the security printer is, of course, the counterfeiter with his camera, his acids, his tools, his inks, his presses and his skills. The only defense against him is to incorporate into a document as many original, intricate protective devices as possible, some obvious, others hidden.

Security measures begin with the paper. American Bank Note's paper is manufactured by Crane and Company, of Dalton, Massachusetts, which supplies currency paper solely to the company and to the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The paper in an A.B.N. bank note or traveler's check contains a scattering of red, orchid, yellow and blue paper disks slightly larger than the head of a pin. Called planchettes, these were developed by the bank-note company in 1891, are still produced by it and sent to Crane, where they are mixed with the pulp in careful relationship to each other. Each of the types has its own distinctive features, some being fluorescent and others containing tiny fibers.

The immunity from counterfeiting of a bank note, traveler's check, bond or stock certificate derives primarily, however, from the engraving. Of all the skills involved in the thirty trades that go into the manufacture of security documents the most highly developed are those of the engravers. There are four categories of hand engraving—ornamental scroll, letter, script and picture—and A.B.N. employs thirty engravers—seven in picture-work and four apprentices.

The apprentices attend art schools at night. They must serve seven years before doing scroll, letter or script work and ten years before they are ready to attempt portraits or vignettes, as the decorative pictures on bills, traveler's checks, bonds and stock certificates are called. Even a competent engraver must have about twenty years at the trade before he is ready to tackle the finest picturework.

An A.B.N. engraver will spend an average of twelve weeks on a vignette, six to eight on a portrait. The object, of course, is to confuse the camera of anyone trying to copy the work.

"When you put a camera on a fine piece of work," says Warrell Hauck, head of the picture-engraving department, "at no one time can you pick up in one focus all the work. You pick up confusion. In other words, to pick up the extreme light portions you must intensify the grays and darks, and to favor the grays and darks you must lose the light. In essence this is the principle of the security factor in this kind of work."

The engravers work before north windows and behind wooden-framed screens covered with tissue paper to eliminate the glare. Theirs is one of the most skilled of all crafts and also one of the most nerve-racking. "For three or four hours you're practically holding your breath," says John Hay, who studied at the Canadian Academy School of Art before becoming an engraver in 1926. "There are thousands of little lines of varying width and depth and thousands of dots. We have, for example, a square dot, a tear-shaped dot, a cross dot and an interdot.

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Every single line and dot must stand alone."

The protection afforded by such intricate workmanship is so absolute that it cannot be exactly reproduced, even by the original engraver. His hand, at some moment, would get out of line or fail to apply the same pressure as in the original, A.B.N. experts say.

Joseph R. Ford, an expert in the use of the camera, acids and engraving tools who worked for the company from 1894 to 1941, spent most of his time in a unique research operation—the attempt to counterfeit his company's work. Known as "the honest counterfeiter," Ford worked in a tower room, under lock and key, at the Bronx plant. He was provided with the assistants he needed and with all the chemical and photographic equipment he desired. Ford's employers reasoned that any document beyond the reach of a man of his talent, working under the best circumstances, couldn't be reproduced by a counterfeiter using lesser equipment under less favorable conditions. Consequently Ford's failures were celebrated, and his successes led to changes in the engraving and printing. His son, William E. Ford, went to work for the company in 1912 and was its leading portrait engraver when he retired last June.

The borders of bank notes, traveler's checks and other documents are engraved by geometric lathes. These machines slowly rotate the steel in complicated patterns, while a stationary graving tool sinks a line into the surface. The swirls, rosettes and geometric designs that result are too complex to be repeated by anyone not knowing the setting of the lathe and too precise to be copied freehand.

When the engraved steel dies of the vignettes, borders, scrolls, script and lettering are completed, they are hardened in a cyanide bath at 1500 degrees Fahrenheit. They are then placed on transfer presses where soft steel rolls, under pressure of up to seventy tons, are rolled over them so that the cylinders take a reverse impression of the engraving.

When the transfers have been made, the rolls are hardened in the cyanide bath and returned to the press and rocked back and forth over the soft steel printing plates. The plates are then hardened, and by this process a number of plates can be made and the original engravings can be preserved. Among American Bank Note's stock of vignette dies are some dating back 150 years. The present stock certificate of the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, designed and printed in 1959, carries a vignette originally engraved in 1824 for the New York Chemical Manufacturing Company, the bank's predecessor.

No customer—government or corporation—can ever obtain possession of the plates from which its documents are printed. The company will, however, upon instructions of the customer, completely destroy the plates and furnish certification that this has been done. When the company notifies a foreign country that a printing of a bank-note order is completed, the country may—and sometimes does—have a representative witness the sealing of the plates and the later breaking of the seals when the next order is placed.

The dies, rolls and plates are kept in a 5000-square-foot, bombproof vault built on solid rock in the basement of the fifty-year-old, four-story, red-brick plant. The combination to its lock is known to only two men and recorded in two places. Here are stored engravings of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Queen Victoria, Simón Bolívar and hundreds of other world figures long dead.

Although the primary purpose of a vignette is protective, it must also be decorative. It may be allegorical, historical or personal, and the choice is up to the client, who may pick from almost 5000 vignettes the company keeps on file. If he prefers an original, A.B.N. hires an artist and steels itself for any eventuality.

"In 1947," says Murray Wise, "the *Banco de Guatemala* requested on the face of its notes an engraving of a quetzal in full flight. The quetzal is a brilliantly plumed Central American bird and the national emblem of Guatemala. It will not survive in captivity, however, and there were no photographs or paintings of it available. The bank did, however, supply several drawings. From these the artist created a conception of what it would look like in the air, its tail feathers streaming more than twice the length of the body. It was the only such depiction in existence and a very artistic job."

In 1955 Vietnam informed American Bank Note that it wanted on its notes a vignette of a phoenix—rising, of course, from its own ashes. The company submitted an engraving, but Vietnam rejected the bird as not Oriental and sent its own drawing. This was too vague, so A.B.N. employees searched New York's Chinatown until they found a box bearing an Eastern concept of a phoenix. A drawing made from this also failed to satisfy Vietnam, but, rising phoenixlike from the ashes of these defeats, A.B.N. hired an artist with Oriental origins who came up with a satisfactory representation.

"In general," says Wise, who learned diplomacy during twelve years with the State Department before coming to A.B.N. in 1952, "we prefer not to engrave portraits of living persons. We'd much rather do the dead, because with the living you not only have to please the issuing authority but also the subject and the general populace, all of whom may have different ideas."

For many years previous to 1894 and again in 1943 the company printed stamps for the United States Government. Its Columbian Issue of 1893 and its Overrun Nations stamps of 1943 are familiar to philatelists, and in 1953 and 1958 it printed United Nations stamps. During the 1920's it was producing stamps for fifteen foreign countries. But because of rising costs and the problems of special, limited issues, it now handles only occasional orders from the Philippines, Colombia, Haiti and other countries.

American Bank Note designs and builds the printing presses that occupy almost an acre of floor space, and also manufactures

### The Unhesitant

By Barbara A. Jones

How quickly thought
becomes an act
With kids. How timorous
we seem
Who stand upon the brink
of things
And cannot dart from
dream to scheme.

What sweet progressive joy
is theirs:
From ponder into
wander; oh,
To be a kid and leap again
From notion into
motion so!


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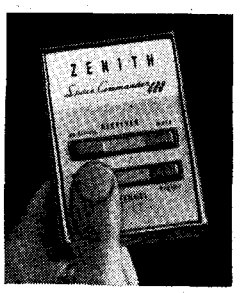
IN TELEVISION

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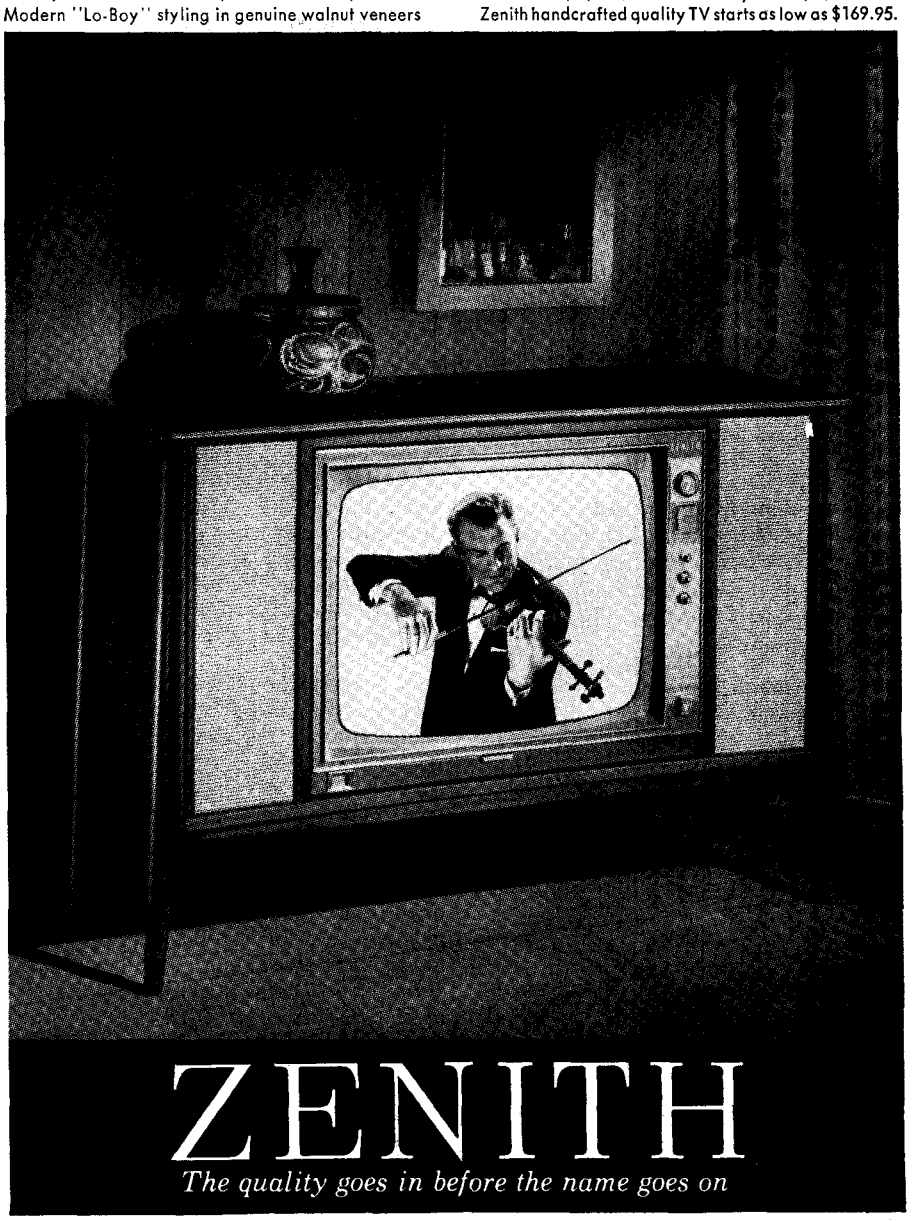

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the 2,500,000 pounds of ink it uses a year. This last presents the counterfeiter with a problem he cannot solve simply by buying standard inks.

To counteract the counterfeiters' use of optical filters and panchromatic film to enable his camera to "see" the difference in colors used in printing money and photograph them one at a time, A.B.N. introduced—in the early 1920's, after ten years of research and development—a new printing process and a battery of new presses that are a story and a half high and can apply as many as twenty-two colors at one time. The registration of the lines and colors that results is so precise that a camera film cannot reproduce the sharpness of the junction, and filters cannot separate the minor variations as the colors intermingle. The color or shade of a line may change gradually along its length or across its width, and this accounts for the familiar pastel effect on some traveler's checks and some foreign currency.

In spite of this, counterfeiters throughout the world continue to make sporadic attempts to duplicate A.B.N.'s work, so the company provides for its clients a free counterfeit-detection service. In one year it may see a half-dozen counterfeits, or it may go several years without receiving one. But in no instance has counterfeiting of its documents reached a point of danger.

The detection is done in the research and development laboratory, where various types of light photography are employed to bring out the qualities of the paper, the engraving and the inks.

"The main asset in detecting counterfeits," says Charles Holmgren, superintendent of the technical service and control department, "is years of looking at many. We know the key areas in which to look, and in the great majority of cases we can detect a phony with the unaided eye. Even with a real fine job we can usually find it counterfeit in a few minutes. But it may take several days to determine how it was manufactured. In other words, is it a novice working in his cellar, or a well-organized ring? The quality will tell."

Occasionally an A.B.N. client will send in a box of ashes with the request that the company determine the number of notes or securities it contained and their value. Sometimes the package may contain notes that were buried for years and form a solid, dirt-encrusted mass.

"Ashes are identifiable," says Holmgren, "as long as they're not pulverized. As for a glob, we may spend days separating it, but we can get it apart. Let's say a small boat has caught fire and sunk. Aboard was a strongbox containing securities, and this glob comes up to the surface. Are the securities genuine? How many were there? Did we print them? That's what we have to determine."

Every shipment of paper that arrives at American Bank Note is sampled and evaluated as to appearance, weight and strength in a fifteen-by-fifteen-foot room where the relative humidity and temperature are held at levels matching those in a similar room at Crane and Company. Here machines double-fold the paper thousands of times and record its tensile strength and its bursting and tearing points.

"Currency should sound good too," Holmgren says. "People like the crinkle sound of a new bill; and if it is too limp, they will complain."

Bank notes cost a customer about a cent a bill, and a stock certificate between ten and forty-five cents, depending upon quantity. A bank-note company, however, must not only be able to produce documents that cannot be copied, that please the eye and that have durability; it must also be able to guarantee that no unauthorized, or extra, document ever leaves its plant. When each workday 1100 plant employees are involved in the production of more than 5,000,000 pieces of paper valued at more than $1,000,000,000, the safeguards must necessarily be more numerous and complex than those in a paper-clip factory. A.B.N.'s Bronx plant has been described as "only slightly less impregnable than Fort Knox."

All doors between departments are locked, and each employee has access only to his own department unless accompanied by a designated official. This restriction applies to the company's officers and executives. Similar controls are also enforced in A.B.N.'s smaller printing plants in Boston and Chicago.

The paper for each order is started on its journey through the plant in odd-numbered "blind" stacks. The exact count is known only to the people in safeguarded paper rooms who transmit the figure only to an independent paper-control center. At each point in the production process, each department makes its own count—which it relays to the center. Spoiled work is canceled and accounted for, and all scraps are saved until the unit balances out. They are then cremated.

Every printed sheet must be counted and also must be checked for quality. After the sheets have been cut into separate notes, checks or certificates, each of these must be examined for the accuracy of its numbering. All movement of traveler's checks, which are negotiable immediately in this country, is in locked box trunks—and from plant to issuer they are under armed guard.

Bank notes destined for foreign countries are banded in units, wrapped in brown paper and then encased in tin containers which are soldered shut. Around each is wrapped a three-strand, tricolored metallic twine which is manufactured by A.B.N. for its exclusive use, and the knot is placed in a recess in the tin and covered by a lead seal. The container is then placed in a wooden case, the boards of which are fastened by pin clips which cannot be removed without breaking, and the cases are moved to train, plane or ship under armed guard. Deliveries are usually uneventful, but some have required subterfuge and others involved personal risk.

In 1914 two of the principal banks in Mexico—the nation which today is A.B.N.'s biggest customer—were forced to meet a heavy popular demand for currency. The stability of the banks was not in question, but when they ran short of paper money, a bank holiday was declared, and a rush order was sent off to A.B.N.

By working day and night for several weeks, the company filled the order. The low-value notes were packed in tin-lined cases and the high-value notes in a leather suitcase, and they were taken by two company men to Mobile, Alabama. There, in the darkness before daybreak, one of the men waited with the money on the station platform while the other scoured the water front until he found a Norwegian tug willing to take what its captain and crew believed to be a cargo of books to Veracruz. After a three-day stormy passage, the shipment arrived in port, where customs officers insisted on opening each case and inspecting each bundle Just as they finished, the bank holid expired, and the money was delivered.

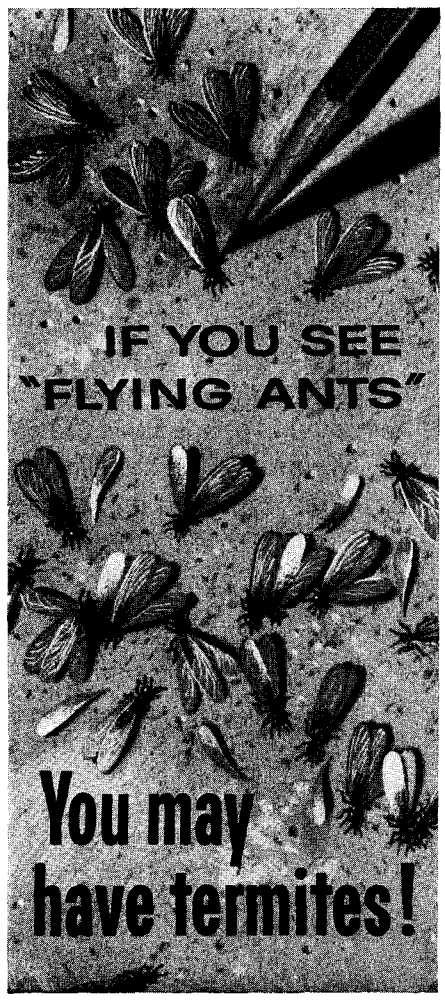
No other country ever presented such production and delivery problems, however, as China. From 1912 until the Communists took over in 1949 the Chinese, who invented paper money and were using it when Marco Polo visited there in the thirteenth century, were A.B.N.'s biggest buyers. The country's huge population and inflationary economy consumed so much currency that A.B.N. could not supply enough notes and still meet the needs of its other customers. So China obtained the balance from other companies and printed some itself.

On December 7, 1941, the S.S. *President Grant* was in Manila, carrying 711 cases of China notes, when the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor. The ship was ordered to discharge its cargo, and the company instructed George Lynott, a representative of the New York office who was in Manila, to destroy the money before it could fall into the hands of the enemy. While the *Grant* was being unloaded, the port was declared unsafe, an so the ship moved to Sydney with 2! cases still aboard. There these were transferred to the S.S. *Nanking* and subsequently lost when that ship was sunk by the Japanese.

Back at Manila, however, Lynott was faced with the problem of destroying the several million notes in the 417 cases there. Lacking both time and special facilities, he enlisted some Filipino volunteers and used the huge retorts of the Manila Gas Company. Shortly after the last notes were burned, he was captured by the Japanese and charged with destroying the emperor's property. He spent two years in Santo Tomas prison camp before he was repatriated.

Lynott now lives in retirement in Kentfield, California. In China his name has undoubtedly been forgotten, but at American Bank Note he is still revered as a man whose quick thinking and composure were in keeping with the professional standards that, for more than a century, the printers of so much of the world's money and negotiable paper have strived to maintain. He had money to burn—and he did.

THE EN

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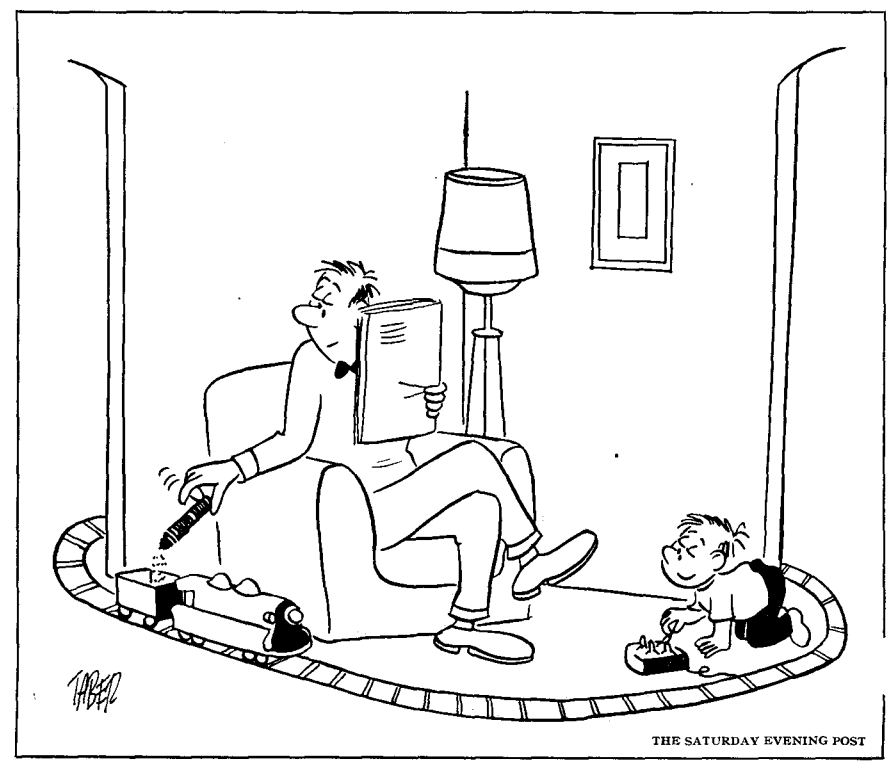


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# Cargo of Gold (Continued from Page 25)

middle-aged, was pathetic all the time. He was an old tramp flier who had done some brilliant and brave bomber flying n the turbulence over the New Guinea mountains in the Pacific war and some not very brilliant and very unlucky drinking afterward that had ruined him. His mate, a big yellow-haired conch boy, was only pathetic for the moment. He had worked his way through Princeton and now he was trying to get a money stake for a law degree. He would specialize in maritime law as a Key West conch boy named Thomas Pilot should. Much of the American writing on that branch of the law had come from the wrecks on the Florida reefs and the courts that had settled their cases. The youngster's great-grandfather had been the wreck master for three of the most famous strandings. His wisdom and discipline and courage had helped write much of the law.

Now, however, the last of the Pilots had to get some money in a hard, unromantic world that easily forgets grandfathers. The best part of the summer had gone for naught. Teaming up with old Bill Jenkins and chartering the plane had been a bad guess. There should have been more bone fishermen who wanted to be down to Andros or Eleuthera or Cat Island or the other little choice places on Exuma Sound in the Bahamas than there had proved to be, or marlin fishermen who wanted to be set down in Nassau, or *bon vivants* who wanted suddenly to be ferried over to Havana for dinner. If Cuba had stayed peaceful and quiet in her Batista misery, instead of erupting into her Castro madness, things might have been different—different, too, if old Bill had not been visibly drunk too much of the time.

They were midway between Havana and Rebecca Shoal now, close to the axis of the Gulf Stream. Pilot was in the starboard seat doing the flying. The older man, cuddling the bottle of Scotch in his lap, slouched in the port chair.

"I can't tell you how lousy I'm feeling, Tommy boy," he said, "about what's happened. I don't matter. But you getting shortchanged is very bad."

"Nothing but time. That's all I've lost," Pilot said. "I can't get to law school until next year. I resent that a little. I'll get a yacht job until something better turns up. Sailing's my great ability—if there was only money in it."

"You know," Jenkins said, "I've always wanted to send a boy of mine to college—the old and finished tossing the torch to the young and strong. All I lacked has been the boy and the torch."

Pilot turned and looked at him. He bit back the bitterness that was on his tongue. Poor old Bill—the old and finished. He had that part of his program well in hand. Pilot went back to his flying. He banked the copter suddenly and dropped her at a patch of sun glare on the Stream.

"Speaking of sailing," he said, "what's she doing out here? Look! Spars on deck! Isn't that a cradle trailing alongside? A little class-C ocean racer is what she is."

Jenkins sat up, pointed eastward. "Get over that," he said. "Something's just gone down here."

The flotsam that always survives when something goes down with suddenness was on the water. It was strung out over a mile—a hatch cover, two life rafts. Empty! There was an empty life boat trailing lines that had to be davit falls .orn apart, because they were rotten as most davit falls always are. There were smaller objects that could have been human heads, but were buckets or deck swabs or a side lantern that winked its lens in the sunlight. They climbed straight up, and Jenkins circled the horizon with the copter's binocular. There was nothing. They came down and went up and down the wreckage three times more. There was no sign of any life. Jenkins tipped up the Scotch bottle and made it gurgle as he drank.

"Death by the dozen makes me sick," he said. "I still smell dead Japanese in heaps with the flies buzzin'. There's nothing even left to smell here. Maybe back on that hull."

They hovered over the little hull. She was nodding asleep on the low, even swell, waiting, holding her secret. A small pea-pod dinghy painted blue was lashed bottom-up atop her cabin house. Her aluminum mast and boom were lashed atop the cabin house, too, with their overhang supported on two low horses.

"What's that white floor in her cockpit?" Pilot said. "That's just raw wood. Some sort of temporary floor. A man couldn't stand and steer on that unless he was a midget."

He reached for the padded shoulder sling used in going downstairs on the copter's hoist cable.

"Take over," he said, "and drop me into her. I'll launch the dink. You set the copter down, and I'll bring over a line."

He went down like a monkey on a string and waved his arm. He splashed the dink overboard and tossed in a coil of white line. The copter settled on her squashy pontoons. The dink's oars flashed excitedly.

"Put the big pliers in your pocket," Pilot said, making the line fast to the copter's starboard-pontoon strut and holding the dink for Bill Jenkins to ease his small middle-aged bones aboard. "There's a padlock on the companionway slide that we'll have to twist off. She's a fine, tough little sloop."

They boarded her and made the line fast to one of her cockpit cleats, mooring her to the copter. The little brass padlock on the companionway twisted apart. There was nothing below but the smell of shut-up yacht cabin and the muskiness of fat sail bags that crowded it. They came back to the sunlit deck. Pilot had been right about the cockpit floor. It was naked pine boards, a shipping clerk's makeshift job hurriedly done. Driven in between the cracks of the boards was white cotton calking, making it tight. Two inches of water sloshed atop the boards. Pilot kneeled and wet his fingers and tasted them.

"Salt," he said.

The only wreckage was the cradle. It was a temporary, shipping clerk's job too, made of two-by-fours with a pair of two-by-sixes where the keel had rested. One side of it had been splintered and ripped apart. There was an envelope tacked to one of the broken uprights. Jenkins leaned out and carefully eased the soaked envelope free of its tacks. Pilot kicked the cradle loose, and it moved away. Inside the envelope was a bill of lading.

"'J. M. Gomez, General Delivery, Tampa,' for heaven's sake," Pilot said. "Thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of ocean racer, and the man's picking up his mail at the will-call window."

"Yeah," Jenkins said. "This is beginning to look juicy. How do you figure it?"

"She was deck cargo on whatever sank right here," Pilot surmised. "Probably heading for the Miami-Jamaica race which starts in two weeks, a Cuban entry. She came off with a splash. She shipped that salt water in the cockpit and cracked her cradle loose."

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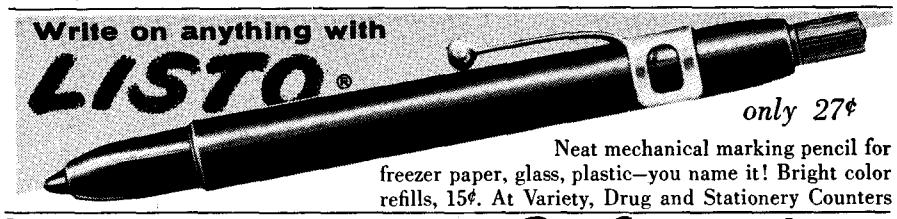

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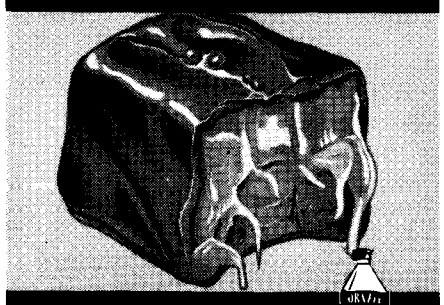

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"She was meant to come off with a splash," Jenkins said. "Or somebody was afraid she might. Under that jackleg floor is open cockpit. It was made tight in a hurry. She's a displacement hull. She's got five or six tons of lead on her keel. She splashes overboard and, no matter how she hits, she rights herself. Calked up this way, she's as tight as a pirate's chest. Tommy boy, she *is* a pirate's chest. She's carrying something somebody did not want to lose."

They scrambled below. There were sails in the sail bags, linen napkins, towels, a man's shorts and T shirts neatly folded in the locker drawers, life preservers and folded blankets under the bunks, charts in the wide shallow chart drawer. In a small locker below the chart table was a box of distress-signal rocket shells and the big fat pistol for firing them.

The center floor board in the cabin had a bronze ring embedded in the wood, a lifting ring. Pilot got his finger through it and flopped up the board. Dry white sand was in the bilge. He burrowed into it and tipped up a small patty-cake of bronze-colored ballast metal. It was only nine inches across and bowl-shaped, but its weight pulled him off balance. He got both hands under it and thumped it on the naked port-side-bunk board. He tugged at his sheath knife and scratched. The cleaned place glinted like gold. It was gold. He said the word.

"Gold!" he squealed. "Bill, it's gold."

Jenkins floundered on his knees, and their hands scattered the dry sand. Neatly stowed, flat side down, were five more patty-cakes on the port side of the keelson and six more to starboard. Between the next set of frames the pattern was the same—and between the next set.

"Her whole bilge is cobbled with gold," Pilot said. "They traded her inside lead ballast for gold—hundreds of pounds of it."

"Melted down in a plumber's solder ladle," Jenkins said. "See the little pouring teat? *Cubanos*' smuggling job, hunting arms. *Cubanos*' revolution plot ——"

As if the word "revolution" were a trigger, both men scrambled for the companionway. On deck they stared down the same bearing—south.

"There's where they'll come from, hunting her," Pilot said.

"And damned soon," Jenkins said. "If that was a time bomb in that freighter, they'll be coming soon. And it must have been a time bomb ——"

He jumped for the cockpit and hauled on the copter's mooring line.

"Hey," Pilot said, "no need to run yet."

"Who's running? I can't think without a drink. We got to think."

He swung up into the copter and back on the sloop with his bottle. He gurgled it.

"Here! You drink for once. No? O.K. Young anti-Castro factions are a dime a dozen all over Cuba. All of 'em crazy for arms. Must be two of them sparring in this deal. Only it ain't sparring. Somebody just sunk a little sugar freighter. They're playin' for keeps. They'll kill you. What we do, Tommy boy, we've got to do fast."

"Haul in the chopper," Pilot cried, starting below deck. "We'll load all we can carry."

Jenkins grabbed his arm. "Wait," he said. "Sit down! We got to think. Gold! It drives men mad. We come in with patty-cakes of raw gold out of nowhere—gold and a crazy story. Even if somebody believes us, there's no legal market. We'd have to go underground. A couple of bartenders I know and the telephone numbers of a flamenco dancer or two on your list is all the underground we've got. We'd get our throats cut. We'd go to jail in Fort Knox. No sense to that, Tommy."

"But it's a chance," Pilot said. "And I'll take it. Nothing's too reckless a gamble right now for me. Don't try to stop me, Bill. You wanting to pass the torch. You've passed me a millstone around my neck all summer ——"

"Whoa!" Jenkins said. He turned away and stood beside the spar, his back eloquent with deep hurt. "I'd do anything in the world to help you, Tommy," he said. "But I can't let you try highjackin'. You know better yourself." He turned. "Wreckin' master, what's really to do? What would your grandsire do right here?"

"He'd save this fine little sloop someway. If we only had some gas to spare, we could tow her somewhere. But we can't, and there's no time to get back here with something that can tow."

"Save ship—save all," Jenkins said. "That's an old wrecker's rule. Salvage is the word, Tommy. She's all ready to be salvaged."

"How? A jury rig would take too much time. Then two knots an hour. We'd be sitting ducks. Looting a couple hundred pounds of that pig gold is all that's left, Bill."

Jenkins tipped up the Scotch bottle then put back the cork and hammered it in with his fist in a strange gesture of finality. "Tommy, my boy," he said. "No jury rig. Racin' rig! A roaring getaway. I'll give it to you. The copter's sky hook, the winch—with me flyin' it. We'll sky-hook in this spar. Everything's here—riggin', all of it with the turnbuckles all greased and ready to set up, canvas by the acre in those bags below. I'll sky-hook in this spar. You get on the canvas and sail her in for wealth and glory. Salvage, you reef rat!"

"Gosh," said Pilot, "if we *could* get her stick in, we could save her so easy. Bill, do you think you can do it? You're pretty drunk."

"Just right," Jenkins said. "I'll bull's-eye that spar like a spear into a target. But how about you? Look at the sky. That norther's comin'."

"Let it come. Get this sloop rigged. I'll slide her in by dawn no matter what blows. But we gotta hurry. I can feel 'em comin' on the back of my neck. Get on up there."

"Got to think a little more," Jenkins said. "This riggin' will take time. Mustn't get caught flat-footed here. You get things ready downstairs for Jenkins's operation Sky Hook. I'll get upstairs and tow upstream. Whoever comes looking will search downstream first. Am I thinkin' straight?"

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Clear Value

By Irene Warsaw

Of plastic bags she has no dearth.
Because of their transparent worth
She keeps them all—she can't resist 'em
But saves them for her storage system:
For instance, plastic bags she snags
Are stashed away in plastic bags.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

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"No!" Pilot shouted. "Gas, you fool. We haven't got that much gas. You've got to get that helicopter in."

"Don't you worry about Old Bill gettin' in. Old Bill always gets in."

He reached for the line to the copter and hauled. Then he tipped back his head. "Wra-a-ack ashore!" he sang out at the top of his lungs, the ancient wreckers' cry. "Wra-a-ack ashore! Salvage or die, you reef rats! Salvage with Professor Jenkins's sky hook. Your grandfather never heard of that. Tommy's goin' to college, to get a lot of knowledge."

He stepped off on the copter's pontoon. "Always able to do the big things in life," he said with great gravity. "It was failure with the boring little things that made Mister Jenkins a failure and a drunkard. Now, Tommy, you walk that tin stick's butt up the deck when I take the weight off its forward end. When you get to the hole in the deck where the mast goes, you hold the mast down someway, and I'll start cranking up hoist. When she's straight up and down, start prayin' and stand clear. I'll spear her home. And"—he made a gesture of disdain—"forget about that gold. Spit on that drab dross. The ship's the thing. Save ship—save all. The gold just comes along for the ride."

They got under way smoothly. The copter dangled her hoist cable with its hook, and Pilot made it fast to the sloop's bow bitt. Jenkins, flying as he always did, drunk or sober, with the cautious surety of a master, hovered the copter while he payed out one hundred feet of slack in the hoist cable, then slowly flew it taut. Together they moved off, the copter's blades beating a steady rhythm, the little sloop squatting her stern and trailing a fast true wake, as straight as an arrow away from danger.

Pilot watched down it for a quick moment of elation, then beyond it to the southwestward horizon where all menace was lurking. Then he swung about to put all else from his mind save the all-consuming desperate task of the spar. He unlashed the rigging and stretched it out on deck as best he could. Its upper spliced loops had been left attached where they belonged on the spar.

Over the mast hole in the deck, where the spar must enter, was a tacked patch of painted canvas, making it watertight. With his sheath knife he pried loose the tacks and peeled the cover free. It was a trim snug hole, pear-shaped like the spar, with the fat curve of the pear forward. That was a blessing, for there was only one way for the spar to go in. He squinted, trying to see how the final target, the mast step, lined up below, but it was shrouded in the cabin's gloom. He needed to see it.

He swung into the cabin and squatted over the mast step. Like all the rest of the little sloop, it had been refined down to complete simplicity. It was a piece of white oak set atop the keelson. It was the same width as the keelson—nine inches. In its middle was a mortise. There was a metal tenon on the spar's foot to fit it. That was the target's bull's-eye. To hit it blind in a desperate chance was asking too much. A man on deck and a man below and the sloop in a quiet dock and a gin pole, with its slow windlass easing the spar down an inch at a time, was what this rig had a right to expect—not a blind stab in the dark. Fore and aft on the step was where he had a margin of error. A miss fore or aft, and the butt would still stay on the step's oak. But to miss to port or starboard! There was no margin of error there—only the thin mahogany planking of the sloop's bottom, her skin. If the spar dropped with any force, it would go through the planking like the spear, Bill called it, going through paperboard—a hole in the bottom with the spar hanging like a crazy centerboard and no chance to get it back, no chance to do anything. Down sloop—all lost! He'd have to shut his mind to that. The luck of the desperate and the half-drunken would have to see them through. Good luck it had to be.

The numbered mast wedges—to jam the spar tight with the mast hole in the deck—were hanging in a canvas ditty bag right where they should be, from a brass hook in the overhead. He pushed the bag up through the hole and let it sit on deck, ready on hand.

Now to get the sling rigged on the spar, ready for the copter's hoist. That had to be right the first time. He needed the strongest and best line he could find.

The door in the cabin's forward bulkhead opened into the chain locker with a little hand-pump toilet on the port side and open space forward of that. There was plenty of line. It was lovely cream-colored nylon, like all the line on the sloop—luxury cordage. He measured off what he would need. He reached for his knife and made the cut and spliced in the most painstaking eye of his life. Not a strand of it must slip. It would be holding the copter's hoist hook, lifting the full weight of the spar. He rolled the splice between his palms, working it down round and smooth. Gold! It came into his half-occupied mind. He was crouched in the head with his feet almost certainly over gold. He couldn't believe it. It was a dream. He started to move his feet to see, then jumped up. *Bill was right. Forget it. Remember Old Bill was up there burning gas.* He gathered up the line and tossed it ahead of him up on deck and made it fast to the spar. He started six feet above the butt and went up the spar in a series of clove hitches drawn as tight as he could jam rope. He left the eye splice dangling just above the spar's spreaders. That was all he could do. He shut his eyes for a moment, making sure he had thought of everything.

Bill was hanging out the window watching him—still relaxed, still feeling just right, gambling gas, ready to gamble life and limb and a fine little sloop and just as contented about it as a child. Pilot threw up his arm. The copter's shadow drifted back across the sloop's deck. The hoist cable dangled slack. Pilot jumped for the hoist hook and transferred it from the towing bitt to his fine eye splice and scrambled aft to take station at the spar's butt.

Bill windmilled slowly and ground in hoist cable. He hovered at fifty feet, and Pilot could feel the wind off the blades. The cable tightened. His eye splice squeaked on the cable hook. The spar, limber as a huge tuna rod, lifted its tip. The butt jumped suddenly on its little sawhorse and started forward. He eased the cold metal log off the horse and down on deck. There he must straddle it, stay with it, keep it moving forward. Scuffing, straining, walking the sloop under him, trundling the thing, bumping it along, he went splashing through the tepid water on that white-pine cockpit floor, up over the cabin top and, none too soon for his arms and lungs, he came to the mast hole in the deck. It was just forward of the cabin. He could brace his quaking legs back on the cabin and catch his breath for a split second. Most of the spar now was out over the water, like a long, upward-sprung bowsprit with Bill's cable vibrating as it held the mast. The winch's motor began its whine overhead, and the whine was swallowed by the picked-up beat of the copter's blades. Bill was gunning for the big lift.

The butt tried to shove him aft now, but he braced and fought it and held it down. Then the thing stopped fighting him backward and lifted against all his strength. He took a stolen look up, and the mast was straight up and down. He swayed it over the mast hole. He got the pear of the metal and the pear of the hole lined up.

"Straight, Bill! Straight!" he screamed, as if Bill could hear him. "No cant to her, please! Now! Let her come!"

As if Bill could hear him, it came. It came like a plummet. There was a shriek of metal scraping wood as the thing rubbed the mast hole—and then a bouncing thump, a beautiful, bouncing thump, solid, solid as oak. The step had caught it. It was standing somehow, someway, on the good solid oak of the step—off center maybe, off side, but standing. He lifted his head to scream a cheer aloft, but it choked in his throat. The thin mast sticking straight up, unstayed and naked, was all alone now. Bill had eased off all tension, and it was a pitiful, swaying reed. Pilot fumbled for the key wedge and waited for the spar to sway and give him room and shoved it home. Then the others. That steadied the crazy thing to the deck.

He grabbed the dangling forestay and laid back on it, tracing it aloft. He ran with its end and clattered its shackle over the bronze eye waiting on the stemhead. He pinned through the shackle pin, caught the pin's thread and forced himself to screw it up tight. Then he screwed up the turnbuckle until he could feel the mast tugging on the wire like a hooked fish.

Then he scrambled aft and made fast the backstay. Now the spar was braced fore and aft. Its sideswaying could wait until he freed poor old Bill. Bill up there, still tethered by the winch hook, was burning gas he was going to have to have. Using the sling for a hand grip, Pilot went up the spar, and there was Bill across fifty feet of sky, not worried about gas or anything else, grinning, still just right.

Pilot unhooked the winch hook, hurled it and watched it splash. Then down the spar, freeing the sling, hitch by hitch, as he descended. When he dropped on deck, he discovered that somewhere he had knocked off enough hide to bloody his left pants leg—a skinned shin he had never felt, and no time to feel it now. He hooked the port shrouds in the chain plate on the rail waiting for them. There was just enough weather stain on the turnbuckle threads to show the spot they had been screwed down to before. He tightened down to that. The starboard shrouds would not come down to their weathered station. He knew what that meant—the spar was not perfectly set below. It was hiked up, riding on its tenon, cockeyed.

He scrambled below to see how cockeyed it was. One good swing of a six-pound maul would knock it home. He didn't have a six-pound maul. There wasn't anything to thump with save one of those patties of gold. It would be no good, be a finger breaker. Then he saw the sloop's second anchor, her bower, broken down and stowed neatly up in the very nose of the forward compartment. Tossing a jib in its bag against the spar for padding, and swinging the small anchor like a ram, he jolted the spar. He jolted again, this time with all his might, and the tenon made a royal lovely thump, dropping into place. Nothing could stop him now.

Up on deck, he saw Bill just setting the copter down. He'd been off wasting more gas somewhere. Pilot sank wearily on the cabin trunk. He was soaked with sweat. A draft made him shiver. The sun was going fast in a brassy-looking sky, and the breeze was not the soft easterly caress that had been the night wind for the past month. It was north and cold—the norther's first little chilly kiss.

"Drift down the dink," Bill called. "Flashlight! Water! Anything else you'll need?"

Pilot shook his head, payed out the dinghy painter and let the new breeze waft the corky little pea pod down.

"Get the mainsail ready," Jenkins cried as he jumped aboard. "I'll help you hist her. We've got to hurry, kid. I mean it this time."

"There's something back there?"

## What's Going On Here?

In a speech in Congress, a future President of the United States asserts that any portion of a nation "may revolutionize and make their own so much of the territory as they inhabit." Now, at a public meeting four years later, he reaffirms this belief and deplores Russia's ruthless suppression of an uprising in Hungary. He declares "that it is the right of any people, sufficiently numerous for national independence, to throw off, to revolutionize, their existing form of government and to establish such other in its stead as they may choose." What future President advocated this? When?

**Robert Laurence**

(*Answer on Page 76*)

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"Way off and working downstream—little gunboat or trawler. Dark will stop him. But get goin'."

Bill was beating the false floor in the cockpit to death with the biggest wrench in the copter's kit when Pilot came on deck with the Number One mainsail all rigged with the battens he had had to hunt for. Bill hurled the last piece of the shattered flooring into the sea.

"Where is it?" he screamed. "Why would a rich man who could afford it ship off a hull loaded just with gold? I knew a case of rum would be here. But nothing! Nothing but cypress floor slats and a compass set in the bulkhead. And now no binnacle bottle for poor lonely Old Bill."

The mainsail clattered aloft up its bronze trackway on the spar. The neat roller reefing boom that had fitted so swiftly into its gooseneck on the spar slatted its staccato hurried tune as the breeze strummed into the canvas. Pilot made the mainsheet blocks whine, threading through the fine nylon mainsheet. Bill came up out of the cabin.

"I'm scrammin'," he said. "I'm the one that will give them the tip-off, if they see me. Now listen, kid! Watch me when I get up there—hear? I'll wink my lights twice when I'm dead on magnetic north. Check that compass. It's been banged around plenty and may have error. Then I'll settle down for Key West. Northeast, a half east. You sail that course as close as ever you can. And you go straight for one of those big fat Navy moorings off the submarine base in Key West harbor. That's where I'm heading, and you look for me there. I'll tell the story right away. Maybe there will be something out to meet you even if you don't need it. The Navy! The Customs people! Then the best admiralty lawyer in town—Thomas Pilot, his assistant, sitting in on his first case in admiralty court. Salvage! Nice and legal loot—loot, loot. Thinkin' straight?"

"Straight and true," Pilot said, turning now.

Bill was tossing something up into the copter's cabin.

"You taking that gold chunk?" Pilot yelled.

"No. Honest. I'm borrowing something to comfort me a little. Something to light up and warm me, case I get cold."

"That little alcohol stove? Take it. How about gas? Tell me the truth."

"Wel-l-l," Bill said. "Come daylight, you might keep a little lookout. You'll be dead astern of me sailin' right. Just don't forget me. But Old Bill gets in. Even soberin' up, Old Bill flies home. Always has. Good-by, kid. Fond of you."

"Fond of you too," Pilot shouted after him, but the helicopter's winnowing blades swept all other sound aside as Bill went off with the lifting, shouldering way he could toss a copter aloft—that somehow had all the gallantry of D'Artagnan's sweeping, feathered hat.

Pilot realized how true his swept-away phrase was an hour later. It was after the search plane had come and gone and he was shaking with reaction from exhaustion and suspense. The plane, undoubtedly Cuban, had come in high, holding the last of the sun golden on its wings. It was a little land-based job, maybe with a radio. But it either did not see him or, seeing him, dismissed him because it was not looking for a sloop under sail. It carried straight on and vanished into the west.

The wind was cold now, straight from the north, but the sloop was balanced so evenly he could run below for some blankets. She was sailing beautifully, eating up knots through the clear night with its wiped-bright stars and whistling wind. Rail down, he was rigged just right with three rolls of reef in the mainsail and that little honey of a small genoa jib he had found in the smallest sail bag. He was hooked on to the norther perfectly in a close reach and he would stay just that way all night, all the way in—he would if he could ever get warm. He took two blankets from beneath a bunk mattress and swung the flashlight about the cabin. There was the little alcohol stove he thought Bill had taken. "Something to light up and warm me," Bill had said.

In a flash he guessed what Bill was covering up. He opened the locker under the chart table. The distress rockets and the pistol were gone. The old fool was really worried about gas. Start looking at daylight, Bill had said, but he wasn't really sure about getting even that far. Keep lookout for rockets in the night too. That's what he would have to do.

He rushed back to the cockpit and huddled in a tent of the blankets draped over his head. If Bill had to ditch, he'd pick him up. A wave of tenderness mixed with apprehension so intense it made his face screw up in agony flowed over him. The gallant old fool—risking his life. "Not that kind of torch," he whispered. "Not a distress torch, Bill." His eyes screwed into the blackness ahead. He was looking for lights now—the red bursting stars of distress rockets, the flash of Sand Key lighthouse, the first rosy light of dawn. Whichever came first, he would be ready.

Two hours later light found him. It was the scything blade of a powerful searchlight seeking. It found him and held. It closed on him fast. Mercifully it dipped and splashed on the wind-winnowed water, and its back-reflected glare lighted up what mounted it—a United States destroyer. Bill had made it. He had reported, and they knew about the gold. Gold! How completely he had forgotten the gold. It was as if it had been imagined, just a dream. But it wasn't a dream. The little sloop was lugging it. She was heavy with it, stiff with her gold. She liked it fine—sail her and let it ride.

THE END

Answer to

## What's Going On Here?

(Page 75)

Abraham Lincoln in 1852 advocated revolution in urging Americans to support Hungarian efforts to shake off Russian rule. He spoke at a rally at Springfield, Illinois, with Louis Kossuth, exiled Hungarian leader. A Hungarian revolution in 1848 had been suppressed by Russian troops the following year, and Kossuth toured the United States seeking support. Backing him, along with Lincoln, were John C. Calhoun, Stephen A. Douglas and others usually arrayed against Lincoln. At the time, Lincoln apparently believed in a form of secession—at least for Hungary—although he later opposed the secession of the South.

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# Angry Exiles in Florida

(Continued from Page 21)

so far are mere flea bites. They have set Castro to raging hysterically on the air, threatening death in seventy-two hours to captured counterrevolutionaries, but they have not yet seriously crippled the groping, stumbling Cuban regime. The burning of Havana's main television station, the sabotage of the electrical system, the bombing of the hotel where Fidel's Russian advisers stay are merely prelude, they explain—the first taps of the war drum calling the disenchanted to join in the fight to free the country from the Communists. From now on, they say confidently, the tempo of explosions, fires, desertions, gun fights, strikes and anti-Communist riots will rise to a crescendo, until the whole island is aflame with revolt.

Peering into a crystal ball beclouded by their own hopes and dreams, the more optimistic of them predict that this revolt will come soon—even within the next few months. Others, knowing the firm grip Castro still has upon the working population of Cuba and the bright promises which he still holds out and which are still believed, are less sanguine. The revolt is inevitable, they agree. But it will take time for the masses to understand that the fleeing middle classes now now—that Fidel, who once was God to the *campesino*, has turned out to be a shabby fraud who has betrayed their revolution and delivered their country to the control of a foreign power.

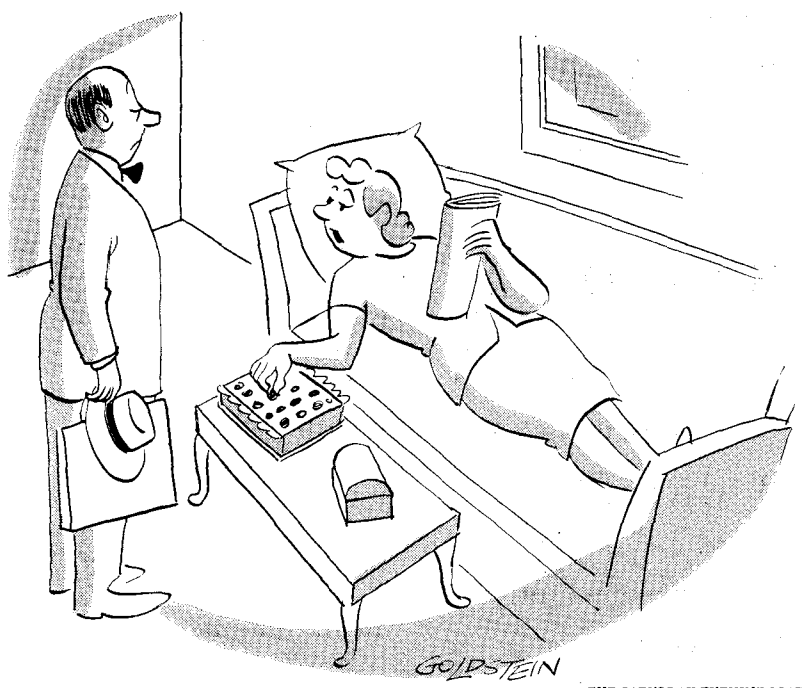
The presence of the Cubans here, and their avowed determination to overthrow the Castro regime by whatever force is necessary, presents a double challenge to this country.

The first is purely humanitarian—the problem of how to feed, clothe and house the families in exile, how to provide medical care for them and education for their children, and how to find jobs for their family heads in a community whose resources were depleted by a far-from-prosperous winter season, and where more than 21,000 Americans are already out of work.

That problem is slowly being solved. The Eisenhower Administration attacked it first, with the setting up of a $1,000,000 emergency fund. With this a study was made, the magnitude of the problem discovered and a Refugee Center set up where Government and voluntary agencies could pool and co-ordinate their efforts. The Kennedy Administration provided $4,000,000 more, and dropped the problem of the Cuban in Miami, in New York and in scattered cities throughout the United States into the lap of Secretary Abraham Ribicoff of the Health, Education and Welfare Department. The $4,000,000 is to be used to support a program to retrain exiled physicians, teachers and engineers so that they may become employable in the United States; to provide for the care and education of the thousands of children who will be slipped out of Cuba as Castro carries out his plans to "revolutionize" the curriculum of the Cuban schools; and to resettle refugees in areas of the United States outside of recession-hit Miami. The state of Florida, anticipating even greater migrations of refugees as tension in Cuba mounts, has asked the Federal Government for $25,000,000 more.

Even before the Government acted, volunteer agencies and private institutions were doing what they could. The University of Miami absorbed into its own faculty twenty-two exiled professors from the University of Havana. Its medical school set up a bilingual postgraduate course for the 300 Cuban doctors in exile, preparing them for the exams required before they can serve as residents in United States hospitals, and out of this school has come the concept of a new "University of the Americas" to serve all Latin Americans. In Miami and Dade County the public and parochial schools have accepted 6500 Cuban youngsters, finding bilingual teachers for them until they pick up enough English to take their places in regular classes.

The heaviest burden has been borne by the 50,000 Cubans who are permanent residents of the Miami area. Quietly, without asking for outside aid, they opened their doors to their refugee countrymen, providing them with shelter and with food. Their generosity at first obscured the problem. The refugee influx had come quietly, in three waves. The first began on New Year's Day in 1959, when President Fulgencio Batista fled for

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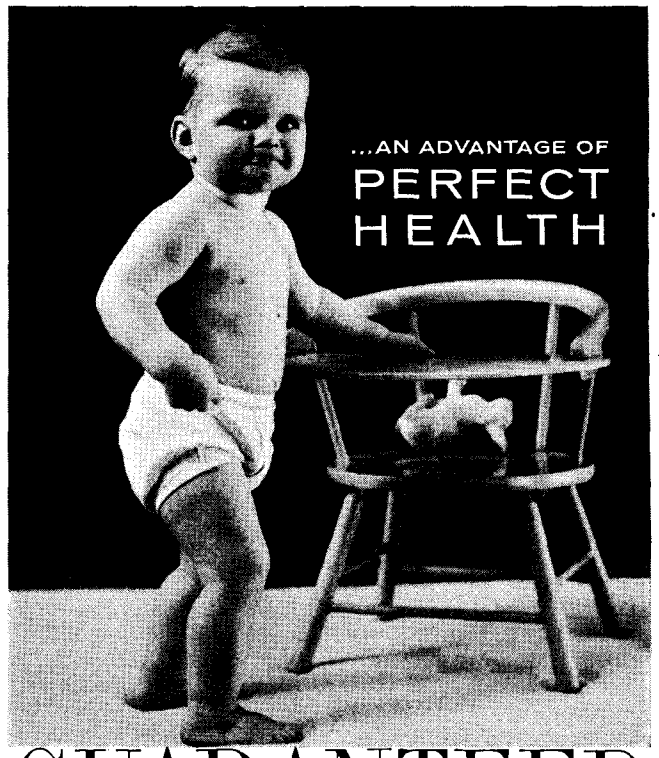
"Ask not what your wife can do for you—
ask what you can do for your wife."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asylum to the Dominican Republic, and his top military and police commanders and those politicians who had benefited by his regime sought haven in Miami. These were the well-to-do, getting out hastily, but with ample funds, and they asked no help except the protection of United States law. After them came a second wave of lesser men—Batista civil servants and minor military and police figures who may have been guilty of no wrongdoing, but who feared to face the drumhead courts-martial of the revolutionary government.

Despite this influx, 1959 saw a net reduction in the number of Cubans in Miami, for, as the Batistianos arrived, the hundreds of men and women that Batista had driven into exile went joyfully back home. Late in the year, though, as Castro began to reveal himself as no savior, but the enemy of freedom, a new migration began which reached its peak early in 1961. When the United States broke off diplomatic relationships with Cuba on January third, the United States consular office in Havana was issuing 1600 visas a week, 1000 Cubans a week were arriving in Miami and a backlog of 52,000 applications was still on file. Today only a few are coming, slipping in by small boat across the sometimes stormy Florida Strait.

These are the disenchanted, the disillusioned men and women who had fought with Castro or worked for him in good faith to create the honest, free democracy his revolution had promised. Many of them had held high places in his government. They are not, as Castro charges, "Batistianos and plutocrats," but men who feel themselves betrayed—doctors, lawyers, judges, bankers, teachers and businessmen—the middle class who had formed the backbone of his revolt.

They came with the clothes on their backs and the five dollars in their pockets which Castro's government permitted "tourists" to take out of the country. At first they asked no aid. They melted into the Cuban community, to sleep ten to a room on the floor of a friend's house, to eat one meal a day of black beans and rice, and to dream hopefully of the day when they could go back home.

They took any work that was offered. A Miami Beach resident advertised for a gardener; the Cuban he hired turned out to be a landscape architect. Doctors and lawyers went to work as movie ushers and doormen, a law professor took a job as a welder, an exiled judge found employment as a bricklayer's helper. Architects and engineers became common laborers, and women who had been waited on by servants all their lives took jobs peeling shrimp in a canning plant. For most, however, no jobs could be found.

Only when they are destitute, when their last dime is gone, their wives' last jewels sold, their friends' resources exhausted, have they shown up at the Cuban Refugee Center to ask for aid.

Here, in a process of registration that does not wound their *dignidad*, they are given a friendly welcome to this country and assured that so long as they keep the peace they will remain welcome. Their fears that they will be sent back home are calmed, and the immigration rules that forbid an alien visitor to seek employment in this country are waived for them. Their age, education, professional training and ability to speak English are recorded. They are asked if they would be willing to leave Miami—where the signs written in Spanish, the restaurants selling Cuban food and the sound of Spanish spoken in the streets help to assuage their loneliness—if jobs could be found for them elsewhere. Some two thirds of them say they would, and now small colonies of Cubans are forming in other cities.

At the Refugee Center they are given their first direct aid: warm clothing for those who are going north, blankets, personal kits containing soap, towels, a razor for the men, toothbrush and toothpaste, a cheap English-Spanish dictionary. In the children's kits are small toys—Yo-yos, jackstones and marbles—packed by American school children in the Junior Red Cross.

Once registered, they are given their choice of the voluntary agencies to which they will apply for rent money, food money, schooling for their children and transportation to other cities if jobs are found for them. In the bleak rooms of the center some half dozen agencies are at work, including the Catholic Relief Services; the Church World Service, a Protestant organization; United HIAS, a Jewish welfare agency; and the skilled professionals of the nonsectarian International Rescue Committee.

The resources of each of the agencies are strained to the utmost, but the Miami Diocese's Catholic Spanish Center in Gesu Church is deluged. There, in the last year, a gentle fireball named Sister Miriam and a big, hard-driving priest named Father Walsh, aided by Spanish-speaking nuns from Cuba, have received and cared for more than 15,000 exiles. Many of them were ill, many were pregnant. Miami's Catholic doctors set up a clinic, and passed on surgical and maternity cases to the Catholic hospitals, where they were treated free. Adult English classes were started. Nursery schools were established for the children of working mothers, and Cuban teachers-in-exile set up a high-school curriculum similar to those in Cuban schools. The International Rescue Committee laid out a million-dollar aid program, and Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopalian agencies helped all who called on them.

To the low-income Miamians, the waiters, doormen, countermen and cabbies, the Cubans are competitors—and a nuisance. "They are ruining the town," a cab driver growled. "They work for nothing—two-three dollars a day. Anything."

To the people who work with them at the Refugee Center, they are a gracious and gallant people, worthy of all help. "I've seen more true gentility here, more understated elegance, than I've ever seen before," said an International Rescue Committee worker. "If courage can be defined as grace under pressure, these people have courage in full measure."

To Chief Walter E. Headley of the Miami city police, the Cubans are a headache, given to settling political quarrels by acts of violence, such as shootings, bombings and throwing rocks through store fronts.

Dade County Sheriff Thomas J. Kelly, whose prowling squad cars pass on without stopping when they see the Cuban drilling in their isolated camps, sees them in a different light. To him the Cubans in exile represent all men everywhere who yearn for freedom. "They are cut from the same mold as our own forefathers who rebelled and set this country free," he said. "We ought to give them every help in getting rid of that psychopathic rat."

This brings up the second, and by far the most difficult, of the problems with which the presence of the Cubans here confronts our Government. How can this country help liberty-loving Cubans overthrow Fidel Castro's government—without presenting ourselves before the world as the "imperialist aggressors" that Castro has accused us of being? Above all, whom should we help, among all the squabbling anti-Communist, anti-Castro factions?

One thing is clear. The task confronting us far transcends the overthrow of Castro and the establishment of democratic government in Cuba. Cubans knew from the beginning what we have just come to realize—that the uprising against Batista was more than the mere ouster of a tyrant in the typical tradition of Latin-American revolts. It represented the hopes and dreams and aspirations for more freedom and a better life of all the "little men" south of the border—the Indians of Mexico, Colombia, Peru and Venezuela, the peasants of Guatemala and Honduras—as well as the Cuban *campesino*. These hopes still live, and Castro and his government are vigorously spreading throughout Latin America the doctrine that they can be realized only through following Cuba's path into the Soviet fold.

Whatever we do, therefore, must be done under the dubious stare of millions who distrust our motives. Our first step must be to reach not only every Cuban, but every Latin American, with the assuring message that our fight is not against the revolution and its ideals but against Castro and the Communists who have betrayed those ideals.

"Your President put it well," a Cuban underground leader said. "In his State of the Union address he said, 'Our objection with Cuba is not over the people's drive for a better life. Our objection is to their domination by foreign and domestic tyrannies.' If every Cuban and every Latin American could hear that message and believe it, then the first battle—the psychological battle—would be won."

President Kennedy has already pledged a $500,000,000 development fund to stimulate economic growth in Latin America; a food-for-peace program to be distributed to Cuba's neighbors; a strengthened Organization of American States, which might be persuaded to shut off all trade, transport and communication with Cuba; plus plans to broadcast the truth about Castro's assaults on freedom to all Latin America. The exiled leaders see these as important first steps.

They suffer no delusions, though, that such oblique measures could bring about Castro's downfall. The regime now is so deeply entrenched and so strongly armed and supported by the Soviet bloc that it can only be uprooted and eradicated by armed revolt. The attack, spokesmen for the anti-Castro cause agree, must come from both within and without Cuba, but it must be purely Cuban. In its larger (*Continued on Page 80*)


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## THE ORIOLES WILL WIN THE PENNANT
By Arthur and Milton Richman

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THE UNTOLD STORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR:
## BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER
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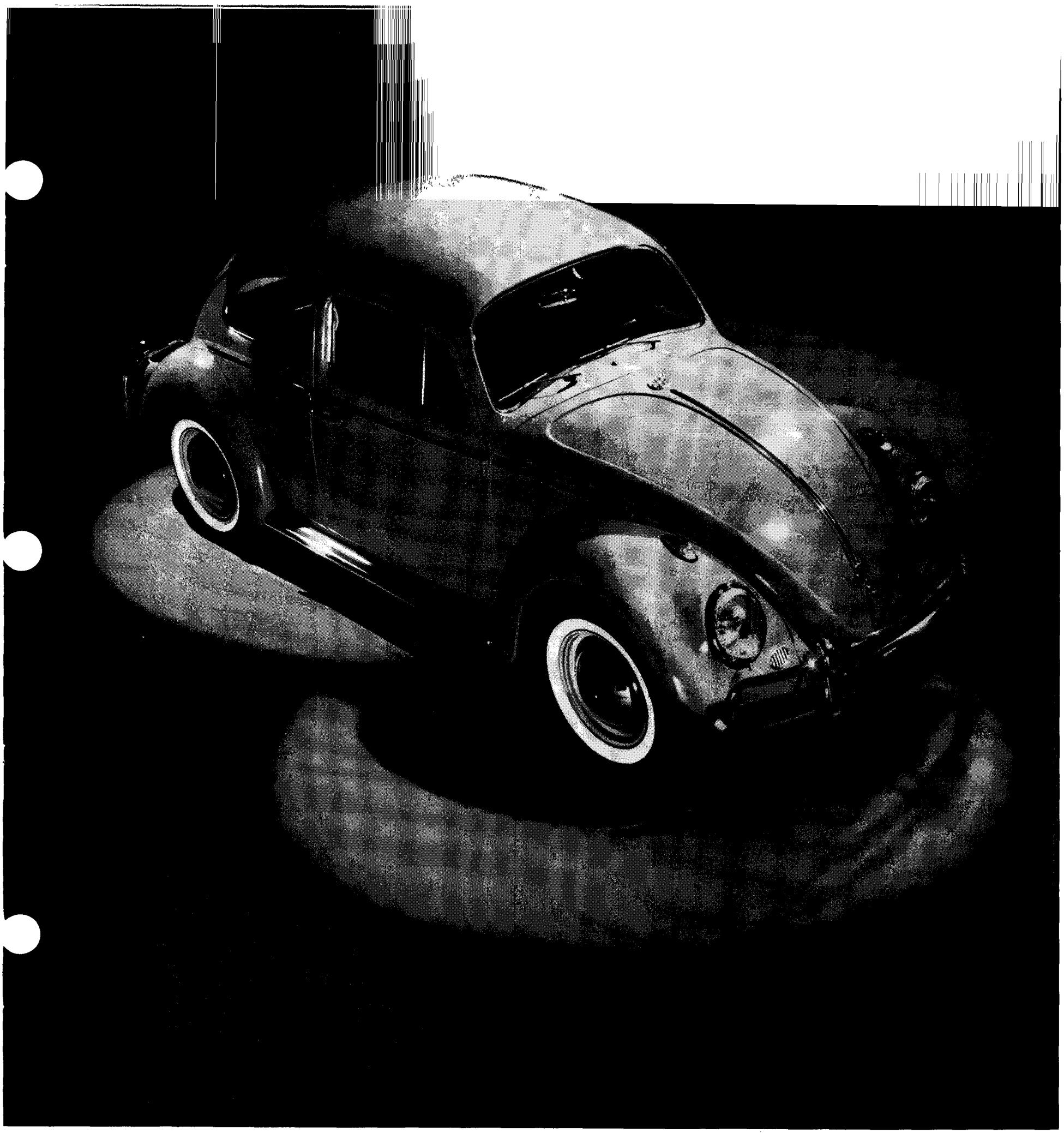

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(*Continued from Page 78*) perspective, they point out, the struggle will be between the United States, as the leader of the free and democratic world, and Russia, as the leader of the world of Communism, with the future of a dozen countries at stake. But to send American troops into Cuba would be fatal to the anti-Castro cause as well as to our long-range objectives in Latin America.

"There is but one way to defeat Fidel," said Manuel (Manolo) Ray, once leader of Castro's Havana underground in the fight against Batista, now head of the Revolutionary Movement of the People, the second strongest faction arrayed against him. "That is to have him exposed, discredited and defeated by the people themselves."

To assassinate Fidel, as many impatient Cubans urge, would be a fatal mistake, Ray contends. He would then die a martyr, and "Fidelism" would survive to trouble the Latin-American world.

"With Castro dead too soon," said Ray, "people would not remember that he had betrayed them to the Communists. They would only remember the first days, the time of hope and glory, when Fidel stood for all that they had dreamed of—free elections, respect for man's dignity, honesty and austerity in government, freedom from despotism and economic opportunity for every man."

Castro, Ray adds, must be handled by the Cubans in their own way, with the United States an open partner in the psychological war against Communism—and a silent partner in the battle to rid the country of Fidel. It is essential that we continue to give sanctuary to anti-Castro forces, leaving them unmolested as they buy arms and recruit troops. There is much more help we could give, or could give in greater degree. Better radio communications are needed between the leaders in Miami and the underground in Cuba. More sea transportation is required to bring out safely the thousands who want to escape from Cuba, and to slip back in the hundreds who wish to go back as saboteurs. More dependable air transport is needed to resupply the anti-Castro forces already fighting in the hills and to equip other "pocket armies" which cannot be formed now for lack of arms. The greatest need is for sabotage materials that can be easily transported and concealed.

"We are using the crudest and simplest homemade bombs," a girl saboteur complained. "In the sabotage of the electric power plants, we needed two hundred pounds of dynamite. We had less than sixty pounds."

All of the Cubans in Miami—with the exception of about 150 Castro agents, who keep quiet for reasons of health—are vociferously anti-Castro and anti-Communist. Many of them are absolutely unacceptable both to us and to the Cuban people. There is, for example, Rolando Masferrer, a stocky, mustached man who wears dark glasses at night and looks like the villain in a TV Western. Masferrer fought for Batista with a private army of some 200 thugs, and the atrocities committed under his orders made him the most hated man in Cuba. Also in exile are a handful of Batista's police and military commanders, whom Cubans still hate and fear more than they hate and fear Fidel and Communism. There are also the Batista politicians of the "White Rose" group, led by a handsome young ex-senator named Rafael Diaz-Balart—Castro's former brother-in-law—who broadcasts against Fidel over a Miami radio station every night.

All of these clamor for Cuban unity, and for the right to fight. None could be identified as receiving help from us, or every Cuban would believe Castro's charge that our interest only lies in restoring the old regime. To the Cubans, in fact, the greatest psychological error we have made has been in permitting Cubans of the Masferrer stripe to remain in Miami. As a country offering asylum to political refugees, we could not send them back to certain death before a firing squad, they admit. But they argue that we should have shipped them out of Florida, where they could do no harm.

Masferrer, they point out, while loudly denouncing Castro, does incalculable damage to the anti-Castro cause. He hires young Americans who have more guts than brains, poses with them for the newspaper photographers, then ships them over to Cuba where they are promptly captured. This gives Castro the opportunity to "prove" his charges that the counterrevolutionary movement is a Batista plot supported by the imperialist Yankees. To Cubans in Cuba, the voice of Diaz-Balart on the air is the voice of the old regime which they are determined shall never be restored, and the fact that this voice is beamed to them from the United States indicates that he has the backing of our Government.

Below these "untouchables," who for their past deeds can never safely go back home, are hundreds of men "stained," as the Cubans say, to a greater or lesser degree. Among them there are some 3000 lesser military and civil servants of the old regime, who in their own manifesto calling for unity have offered to submit themselves for trial by any fair-minded, nonpolitical Cuban court. Though their military skills and their administrative talents are sorely needed, no anti-Castro organization could afford to take them in.

Similarly without a political home, though their financial contributions are gratefully accepted by the factions, are the wealthy landowners, businessmen and publishers whose properties were expropriated. To the liberal element in Cuba, no matter how disenchanted with Castro they may be, the identity of these men with the anti-Castro forces would mean only that the old *latifundistas* were coming back, making impossible the establishment of the social reforms the revolution had envisioned.

At the other end of the political spectrum are those men who supported Castro in the beginning—and did not break with him quickly enough. To the conservatives both in and out of Cuba and to American interests who once did business in Cuba, these men too are stained. They represent "Fidelism without Fidel"—a welfare state in which conservative capitalism would find it difficult to operate.

The problem of the State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency, therefore, has been to find, in this tangle of factions, some group or coalition of groups which the Cubans themselves would recognize as representing the ideals and the aspirations of the Cuban people, and whose views would not be inimical to the best interests of the United States.

With some misgivings, we have so far settled upon a loose alliance of quarreling factions which calls itself the Democratic Revolutionary Front. Its head, who functions mainly as a peacemaker, is Dr. Manuel Antonio de Varona Laredo, leader of a group called the Democratic Rescue Movement. Onetime prime minister in the government of President Carlos Prío Socarrás, he is remembered by the Cubans for two things: He was an honest man in a corrupt government, and he hounded the Communists out of the Cuban labor movement. Serving with him on the Front's executive committee are Dr. Manuel Artime Buesa, an ex-lieutenant of Castro's rebel army, whose Revolutionary Recovery Movement, or M.R.R., carries out the Front's undercover work in Cuba; Dr. Ignacio Rasco Bermudez, onetime professor of the University of Villanueva, president of the Christian Democratic Movement, and Dr. Justo Carillo Hernandez, ex-president of the Cuban Economic Development Bank under Castro, and head of a revolutionary faction called the Montecristi group.

At first glance the Front seems acceptable to all hands. Its leadership is honest, Catholic, conservative and sternly anti-Communist, yet in it are men who fought for, or worked for, the ideals of the revolution before those ideals were perverted by Fidel. It pledges to carry out land reforms under the 1940 constitution and to return to American and Cuban owners the properties which Castro expropriated, or to pay for those which cannot be returned. The Front, therefore, has received the bulk of the help we have given to the anti-Castro forces.

Unfortunately, in its efforts to be all things to all Cubans, the Front has welcomed into its ranks a number of old politicians of the pre-Batista regimes, and these men, in the eyes of most Cubans, do not represent the New Cuba the revolution sought to create.

For this reason the Front, though still the strongest anti-Castro force, has been losing ground to the newer group previously mentioned—the Revolutionary Movement of the People, headed by Manuel Ray. Trained as a civil engineer at the University of Utah, Ray is a leftist by United States political standards, though associated with him in M.R.P. are a number of conservatives. Among them are Dr. Felipe Pazos, a banker highly respected in international monetary circles, who served as head of the Cuban National Bank under Castro until he resigned to be replaced by Che Guevara, and Dr. Rufo López-Fresquet, who, as Minister of the Treasury, tried to instill some method in Castro's monetary madness. Ray's group, like the Front, pledges to carry out the social reforms provided for in the 1940 constitution, but never implemented. It agrees to restore, or pay for, expropriated lands and certain business properties. It insists, though, that the light, power and telephone companies should be nationalized, which may account for the fact that our help to Ray's group has been minuscule.

Despite this handicap, however, the M.R.P. claims credit for most of the acts of sabotage which have been carried out in Cuba in recent months. Under the leadership of its top military man, Col. Ramon Barquin, it is also working, through its agents in Cuba, to persuade Castro's militia and armed forces to defect and join the forces now fighting in the hills. "The guns which will overthrow Castro," says Colonel Barquin, "are the guns with which his Red friends have provided him."

This brings up a point which deeply troubles the Americans who must deal with the Cuban situation. Will the Reds, who have armed Castro's army and militia with tanks and planes and guns, abandon him once the fighting spreads throughout all Cuba? Will Khrushchev "defend Cuba with his rockets," as Castro threatens? Or will the Russians and the Red Chinese, as we suspect they might, send in "international brigades" of volunteers to turn the revolt in Cuba into another Spanish Civil War? Will Castro, in desperation, send battalions of women and children against Guantánamo, as many Cubans in exile predict?

At the pace at which events are moving, we soon should know the answers. Driven by a sense of urgency, heads of the four strongest factions—the Front, the M.R.P., Sanchez Arrango's Triple-A, and "Alejandro's" thirtieth of November movement—have finally met to try to iron out their differences and to work out a joint war plan. On two points all were agreed: Castro's brainwashing techniques are beginning to capture the minds of young Cubans who grew up under two dictators and have never known democracy; and, with Red guidance, the confused Cuban bureaucracy at last is beginning to function with some semblance of efficiency. Time, therefore, is of the essence. They must make their move. Castro must be overthrown before the year is out or, no matter what the Russians do, he soon will be strong enough to fight a long, bitter and bloody civil war. THE END

"There's no rush unless you want a tip."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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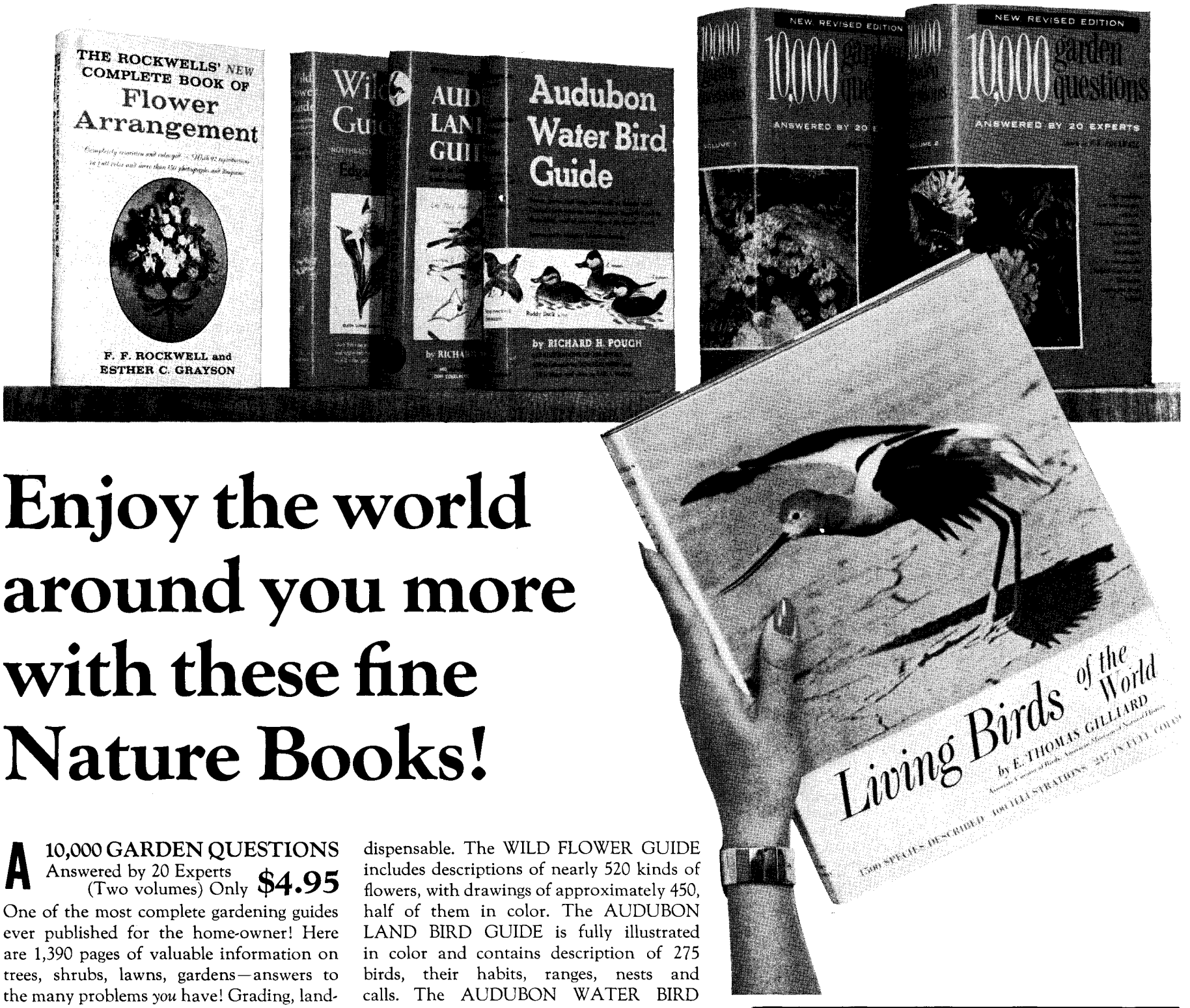
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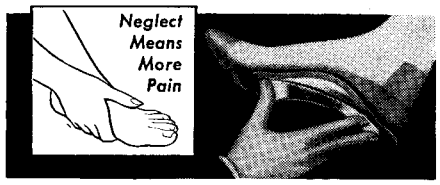


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# Dynamite (Continued from Page 32)

voice and rough ways. Mazie was an amazon, and Dynamite Kilroy was her conqueror. Not the first who had tried, but the first who had won.

"The same as always, darling?" said Mazie. Her words were like wild honey. Dynamite grinned at her bearishly.

"The same, and well done, baby."

They smiled at each other with jungle eyes.

Then a voice spoke up. A voice that was not familiar here, that of a trucker new on this run. Sullenly he said, "To her he's 'darling'; to him she's 'baby'! What goes? I talk to the dame and get the chill."

Men's appetites vanished. Men's eyes shone. Who wants to eat when there's going to be a rough spectacle?

"What?" said Dynamite Kilroy.

The other trucker, down two stools, did not reply. He was smiling with suicidal confidence, swinging on his stool and looking at Mazie. He was a tall man, with rangy shoulders, a Midwest leanness to his cheeks. His eyes were pale. He was a rugged night driver with horny hands and quick reflexes. He had a mean crackle in his voice; and he had a vicious scarlike dimple.

"Don't mind him, baby," he said. "I want some French fries. You make me some French fries, baby."

"What?" said Dynamite, his voice snapping.

"We'll have a change around here," said the other trucker. "After this, just serve this schmo and leave off the sweet talk. I'll be your favorite, baby; I'm always the favorite on my runs. It keeps me happy."

Mazie did not move. The song on the jukebox was over, and no one put in another coin. In the diner there was just light and silence, except for the faint groan of the wind against the windows. Strong truckers were pale; Mazie's eyes were as golden as a lioness's.

"Bub," said Dynamite to the other trucker, rising softly from his stool, "you drive a truck?"

"I drive a truck. What's it to you?"

"What's on the truck?"

At this the tall man paused a moment; then he said aggressively, "Vegetables. Vegetables, Mack. Every night I'm going to pull vegetables. You don't like it?"

"I don't like you."

"You don't like me? My heart breaks. Girlie, give with the French fries."

But Dynamite had moved over behind him. The tall trucker rose from the stool with the silky movement of a barroom fighter, one hand close to the counter ready to select a catchup bottle, one foot set for leverage, one foot poised to kick, the other arm ready for a club blow or a roundhouse and head lowered for a swift butt.

Seeing this, Mazie and the truckers hoped for the best, a good, pleasant fight. The newcomer had no awe at all. But then the newcomer, instead of fighting, asked sarcastic questions: "And who're you? And what'd'you haul, bub?"

And Kilroy said, "I'm Dynamite, and I haul the same."

The rest was typical. Dynamite, with that devilish grin on his face, asked the newcomer if he would step to the side, because "I don't want you to hit your head on the stool."

Dynamite measured him with a fierce and leisurely eye. Then he flattened him. He did not have to remove the body from the right of way; there were always admirers to do these chores.

"Four cheeseburgers?" asked Mazie. "Coffee?"

"Well done," said Dynamite in the tone of a lover.

She served him and leaned her elbows on the counter. "Tomorrow afternoon?" she asked. "We elope tomorrow afternoon?"

"Never," he said. "I don't go for responsibility. You take me as I am, or don't take me."

"I'll take you," she said, "but I don't like it as much as I should."

He snapped off a half of a huge cheeseburger.

Playfully Mazie smote him a mighty blow in the chest. As playfully he sent her reeling back against the pie counter.

On the road again he drove with satisfaction. He drove with a majestic smoothness, on curving back roads, under the fire or glimmer of the moon, in the dark, driving his hot load with skill strangely cool for his hot emotion. He came to that crossbones kind of sign that meant a railroad, and eased down.

He was crossing the double railroad tracks when his lights picked up, not many feet ahead, a blond girl, pink and naked and standing full in his path in the roadway.

He was only a tool for what happened next. There was no thought, no feeling, no decision. He was like a part of the truck, with a reflex in his eye, an automatic thing that screened the danger to the girl, struck keys in his brain and set off a chain of acts that he could not have controlled even with his will power. His muscular tone, his firm grip of the wheel, his driving skill brought the tractor-and-trailer sweeping to the right, down the grade, partially up a grassy slope on the farther side, avoiding rocks, and a split of erosion in the thick earth. Then the truck stalled, the lights glaring into a clearing directly ahead of the cab.

Dynamite sprang out. The girl was still standing in the road. He paused before going to her, to see what strait the tractor-and-trailer were in. The tail of the trailer, about a slanted foot of it, was hanging over the track. The wheels were on fairly solid ground. Ahead, and to the left, there was an open way to reach the highway again. Seeing this, Dynamite forgot the truck for a moment, ran out to the highway and scooped the naked girl into his arms. She was perhaps four years old.

"What're you doin' here, sis?" he asked.

"Lookin'."

Some light from the truck spread out here, and he saw her big, unabashed blue eyes. He set her down, took off his light jacket and put it on her. She looked swaddled and very pretty.

He picked her up again. "Where do you live?"

"Up there." She swept her arm toward the hill and a house that twinkled far up.

"Why'd you come down here?"

"Just 'cause."

*Just 'cause!* he growled to himself.

Holding her, he walked up the highway until he came to the rough dirt road that led to her home. He couldn't take the truck up this deal. And he couldn't leave the truck where it was and carry her up.

The seriousness of his situation began to work on him. But he kept his head. "You'll have to stay with me, sis, until I do something about the truck. Then I'll take you home."

"Do you live in a truck?" she asked.

"Practically." He was walking down an incline to the cab.

"You have nice things in the truck?" she asked.

"No!" he exclaimed.

He got behind the wheel, putting the little girl on the seat beside him. He worked every tactic he knew, but he could not get out of there. *Too big a load,* he thought; *can sure make it if I unload.*

"You stay here, sis," he told the child and climbed out. He ripped the seal and pulled the double back doors open. He looked at all the boxes of dynamite, and suddenly it felt as if a bomb was ticking in his mind. He couldn't leave the truck like this, sticking out over the railroad track, and he couldn't leave the little girl in the cab. But he couldn't put off his work in order to take the child up the hill. And he couldn't take her off into the woods and try to make her stay there,

"You still have this fear that someone is following you, Mr. Wilby?"

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because she wouldn't, and he wouldn't know where she was! The sweat came out like stinging needles. He took a deep breath and hauled out a box.

*No—wait! Use lights on the railroad! Might stop a train.* It was a hope anyway. Trains ordinarily took the right-hand right of way, he knew, especially on a double track like this and in a rural area. He should put flares on both sides of the truck, but it was more important to put them on the side from which the train would logically be coming.

He got lights and flares and trotted madly down the roadbed, placing them at intervals. He started back toward the truck on the dead run and stopped short in front of a red lantern he had placed a moment ago. A blond little girl with a pink skin and entirely naked was standing there.

He scooped her up. "Didn't I tell you to stay put?" he cried.

She whimpered. He arrived at the cab, flung open the door and saw a blond darling sitting inside with his jacket swaddled around her.

The two girls seemed to recognize each other, but without much interest. "Twins?" asked Dynamite.

They shook their heads. "Nope." They both said it.

Dynamite took off his shirt and swaddled the second blonde in it and put her on the seat next to the first. "Sure you're not twins?"

"Nope," one said.

He spoke to the new one. "You live up the hill, in that house up there?"

"Yop."

"But you're not ——" He broke off; was he nuts, going through all this when he had work to do? "You girls stay put!" he warned, slammed the cab's door and hurried around to cart boxes out of the trailer. Where would he put 'em? If a train came along, say—if a train came along and hit the tail end of the trailer, which way would it throw it, and how far? Forward and to the side. But how far? And if there was a fire? Woods, plenty of woods!

Like crazy he was taking boxes out of the trailer and running up the slope with them, to the south and west. He could not take them too far, because he had so many and the slope was terrific, and he did not know how much time he had.

He scrambled up the slope with a box, hit his head on a branch, found his cache, piled the box with the others, went down again and started to pull down another when he heard the whistle.

A train whistle. No mistake. He had lived near the yards once when he was a kid. If he didn't know a train whistle, nobody knew a train whistle.

From which direction? He listened. The rails were humming, but which rails? There was a double set. He put an ear against the rails; both sets seemed to vibrate, or was it the kind of ground, or the blood beating in his ears?

"Mister, you tired?" said a little voice.

He looked down, and in the backlash of the lights he saw a blonde, pink and naked.

Something happened to Dynamite Kilroy then. He did not answer the little girl. He listened to the train whistle, a far lonely sound, coming nearer. He thought of this little girl, of the girl or girls in the cab of the truck; he thought of the people on the train; he thought of Mazie.

Gently he reached down and lifted the child. "Did I put you in the truck, with something on?"

"You didn't put me nowhere."

"You're not a twin?" The whistle was crying, such a lonely cry.

"Nope."

"Triplet?"

"Yop."

He heard the cry of the train and the humming on the rails. But no light shone yet from either direction, and maybe something was wrong with the wind, or maybe it was the cupping of the hills, but he could not tell from where the train was coming.

He pulled off his undershirt, put it on the child and lifted her into his arms. And he heard the whistle of the train, and the humming in the rails.

And something was happening to Dynamite Kilroy. He couldn't remember a time in his life when he hadn't been able to make up his mind. But it was hard now in these brief seconds. There was this child, in his undershirt, and the child in his shirt and the child in his jacket. And there was a train, with passengers on it probably—or at least a crew, if it was a freight. And he did not know from which direction it was coming, because the cupping of the hills was sounding the whistle roundly into the night. And he still had dynamite on the truck.

He could run with this girl or try to run with all three. But there was little time for that. Sadly he put the child on the cinders beside the roadbed and warned her, "Stay here, sissy."

He lifted his head and ran up the tracks in the direction the train would come if it were on this pair, running furiously beyond his flares and beyond his lights, because maybe the train could not stop in time if it saw only those, and maybe would not know their meaning in time. So he ran, hearing the sound and echo of the whistle in the cupped hills, running in the center of the track, because if the train hit a man it would stop. They always did.


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He did not stop out of weakness; he was beyond weakness. He stopped because the sound and the light of the train was behind him, not before him.

He turned, racked and broken, and the train's lights swept by, the great front-searing light and all the others, down the line, showing passengers in states of repose or drinking or having late supper. The train slowed to "caution," then picked up speed, its right of way clear and no accident visible. And on the rails sparks flowed, lingering briefly in the dark and disappearing. And at last the trundle on the rails was lost too.

He wanted to rest. Him? Yes! But he couldn't. There was the little girl standing beside the tracks, and the little girls in the cab and the dynamite in the trailer.

He ran back, stumbling, falling. He found the third little girl just where he had left her. She looked at him with awe and sweet surprise. "You beat the train in a race," she said. "I saw you."

"Yeah, sis," he said, scooped her up and took her to the cab and put her in with the others.

He removed half the boxes from the truck, carrying them up the hill. He slammed the rear doors shut, got behind the wheel, worked the engine into life—with three pairs of blue eyes watching him—and then, in the mightiest feat of driving he had ever accomplished, pulled the trailer out, up the slope, onto the highway and down the road to an open grassy curve next to the dirt road that led to the little girls' house.

The motor was running, and the little girls were chattering. Dynamite was panting and dazed. And then another train's whistle sounded. Dynamite looked out. It was the train that would have given them all the business.

Something changed in Dynamite Kilroy. He shut off the motor, got out and went around, opened the cab door on the other side, lifted out the little girls, cradled all three in his arms and carried them up the hill to the twinkling house on top. It was an oblong clapboard house. Dynamite was admitted and introduced himself. The mother and father were horrified and astonished that their daughters had walked down the lane naked, probably having left by the back door.

The wife said, "We hope, Mr. Kilroy, it didn't put you to too much trouble."

"Nothing at all," said Dynamite.

"He raced a train and beat him," said one little girl. But, of course, the adults knew she had an imagination.

"Little girls do these things," said the young husband seriously; "you're always reading in the paper about policemen taking naked little girls home."

The wife said, "Mr. Kilroy, would you like some coffee? You look very tired from walking up the hill."

"No, thanks," said Dynamite, "I have to get on."

"He's a funny man," said a child. "He runs all around everywhere and snorts."

The parents knew little girls exaggerate.

Dynamite got his undershirt, his shirt and his jacket. He bade them all adieu. He went down the hill and loaded his truck and drove on. And something in Dynamite Kilroy was changed.

At the other end of the line the boss said, "You look like hell."

Dynamite said nothing.

"Have you lost weight?" asked the boss.

Dynamite said nothing.

"It's the run," said the boss. "It's the run, Dynamite. I was wondering how long you could stand it. Guys like you—even like you—suddenly crack. Dynamite, I got a proposition for you."

Dynamite croaked, "Fine."

"My brother-in-law," said the boss, "he has a fleet on the produce run. Dynamite, I wouldn't do this for everybody. But you're my man, and he's my brother-in-law. How would you like to run lettuce or potatoes?"

"I always liked vegetables," said Dynamite and walked out. He was later than usual, about an hour. The sun was rising swiftly. He walked home down the quiet streets. People on their way to work nodded to him. Dynamite nodded back—a nice feeling to the air. Yeah, a nice feeling to the air.

He was shaking. First time in his life. Must be a first time for everything.

His mother had his usual succulent breakfast waiting for him. Ham steak, French fries, a plate of scrambled eggs, a half loaf of bread, butter and a half gallon of strong coffee. He looked at the breakfast table without interest. His mother stared at him with surprise.

"What's wrong, son?" she asked. "Tell your mother."

"I had a nightmare," he said.

"When?"

"Last night."

"But you were driving!" She looked worried.

"Yeah, I know," he said.

"You don't take those pills, do you?" she said. "The kind the paper says some of them take?"

"You know I wouldn't do a thing like that."

She looked at his suddenly gaunt face, at his big, untouched breakfast. Then she looked at her deep, gentle but honest thoughts about him and said, "Who knows?"

He was shocked. His own mother doubted what kind of responsible person he was? He asked her that.

"I sure do," she said and cleared the table.

That did it. He kissed his mother, got in the jalopy and drove back the way he had come. When he came close to the railroad crossing, three pretty clothes triplets looked at his car from halfway up the hill and solemnly waved at him. And to all the other cars. Kids!

He got to the diner and told the boss that if Mazie, who worked nights, didn't come out of the bedroom quarters in the big gray shack behind the place he would take it apart slat by slat. When he pronounced something like this, it was generally conceded that there might be more truth than fiction in it.

Mazie came down and drew him a coffee.

"How'd you like to get married?" he said.

"To who?"

"Me."

"You?"

"Yeah."

She drew herself a sloppy, excited coffee. "What happened to you?" she asked.

"I found I had a sense of responsibility," he said, "and I like pink little kids. And maybe I might die sometime. I discovered that's possible."

"How'd this happen?" she asked, everything about her going soft except for the magnificent body which couldn't, yet.

"I got a message," he said. "It affected me."

Mazie turned to the boss. "Sorry," she said, "but I quit. O.K.? Right away?"

"Who would stop such progress?" said the boss.

# Back From Oblivion (Continued from Page 28)

coil her still-blond hair three times around her head.

"This family you left him with," the reporter asked, "were they relatives?"

Marta shook her head. "Only good, kind people, neighbors, with a little girl of five. A two-year-old brother would seem quite normal, not a thing to be questioned by the authorities."

"But it was questioned?"

"We don't know. We have never learned what happened," Marta said. "It may be the authorities found out they were our friends. It was dangerous to be the known friend of a man like my husband, who spoke out against the regime."

She looked at Joseph again. He gave a little frown and shook his head, not at her, not, Marta thought, at anyone in particular. It was as though he were disclaiming the man she described, disbelieving that he and the bookkeeper who came home at the same time each day, unless he missed the bus, were one and the same.

"We don't know what happened," he said. "Only that the letters stopped."

"Letters from the family?"

"The mother wrote every week," Marta said. "She told me about the boy, writing as if he were her own, in case anybody opened the letters. She sent pictures."

*The small one is so smart. He grows more like his father every day. Last night he saw a firefly and he said, "See the little bug with a flashlight on his tail." And not yet three years old!*

"Then suddenly," Joseph said, "there were no more letters." He looked sternly at the reporters and lifted his hands, palms out. "Just—suddenly."

The woman reporter's voice was breathy. "And you couldn't find out? You didn't know anything? What happened to the people, or where your son was?"

"No, not anything."

"When was it that the letters stopped?"

"A little more than a year after we left," Marta said. "Lolo was three years and four months."

"Lolo?"

"Well, that's what he called himself before he could say Laszlo," Marta said, "and the name stuck."

"Laszlo," the woman reporter said. "That's very pretty, very unusual."

"There it's quite common," Marta said. "Like John or Robert."

"It was my father's name," Joseph said.

*Here is a new picture of Lolo. I hope you do not laugh at a mother's silly pride, but he is handsome, is he not? And good too. Not without spirit, of course—he has his father's blood—but there is a certain sweetness in him.*

"I think you enjoy your insomnia."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Lolo. You could not call a boy of fourteen Lolo.

"When did you first hear of your son again, Mrs. Sandor?" the reporter asked.

"Four years ago," Marta said. "A man we know who came here after the uprising told us the boy was living with a family near Budapest. He had heard it from somebody who had heard it from somebody else, and he wasn't sure of the name of the family."

"It took us two years to locate them," Joseph said.

"Two years and five months," Marta said.

"And until now," Joseph said, "to get the boy out."

"What did you think all those years?" the woman reporter asked. "Did you think he was still alive?"

"We never stopped hoping," Marta said.

Outside the planes roared into and down from the sky. Crescendo, decrescendo. Flight 724 for Stockholm now leaving from gate nine. Flight 403 from Rome now arriving at gate sixteen.

*We never stopped hoping.* But hope, like grief, becomes part of the taste of your life, and you scarcely notice it any more. You see a small, solemn-eyed boy and walk on. You read in the paper of lost people reunited with their families and turn the page. If your throat aches or your hand trembles, it will pass. Your husband is coming home for dinner and you have a surprise for him, a *dobos torte*, fourteen layers and troublesome to make, but he has a sweet tooth and h loves it. After all, there are only the two of you. (*Continued on Page 86*)

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# About

The amazing thing about Ladies' Home Journal is that for some rather small change (a dime and a quarter) it can make an exciting *big* change in a woman's life.

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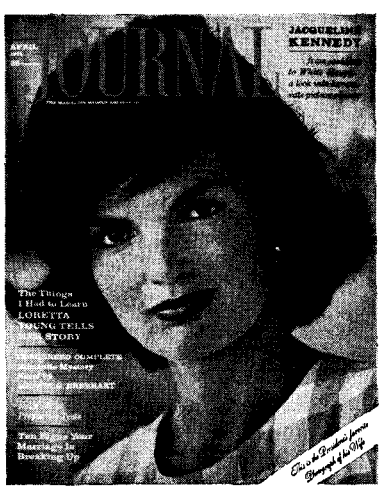


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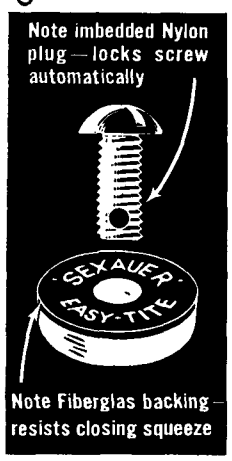
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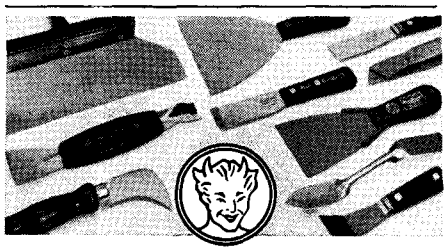

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(*Continued from Page 84*)

There is no one else to spoil.

"Marta, the plane is due soon," Joseph said. "I think we should ——"

"They'll announce it in plenty of time," the reporter broke in. "I have just a few more questions, and then, if you don't mind, I'd like to get some pictures of you waiting for the plane, and greeting the boy."

Joseph glanced at Marta. "I think maybe it's enough now. I think maybe my wife is tired."

"I'm all right," she said, and smiled at him. "What questions?" she asked the reporter.

"I understand you bought a small house a few years ago," he said. "Was this because the boy was coming?"

"We bought it before we knew he was coming," she said. "We started saving for a house in the beginning. A boy should live in his own house, where he can smell the grass and catch fireflies."

They had used the room. It would have been hard to have it ready, there for them to see every day, waiting, waiting. It had been a den for Joseph, where he kept his stamp collection and his notes on birds. It had been a sewing room for Marta. She would sew while he spread the stamps out on the desk or wrote in the notebook. The whirring of the machine was soothing, he said.

Now everything was cleared out. There was a bed in the room and bookshelves and a fresh blotter on the desk. A boy of fourteen needs a place for his books, a place at which to write. A boy of fourteen does not catch fireflies.

"Have you heard from Laszlo since you found out where he was?" the reporter asked. "Has he written to you?"

"He wrote once," Marta said, "to tell us how happy he was."

"In English," Joseph said. "He has been studying English."

*Dear father and mother:* I write not so good in English, but my teacher says to try. I am glad of coming to America and be with my father and mother. I have not a nice picture, but I will tell you. I am fourteen years in four months. I am six inches more than five feet. I am weighing 122 pounds. I have brown hair and brown eyes. I am not pretty, but I am not very ugly. Yours truly, your son,

LASZLO SANDOR

The reporter asked Joseph a direct question for the first time. "Mr. Sandor, how does it feel," he asked, "to have your son coming home after all these years of waiting?"

Joseph blinked a little. "Wonderful." he said. "Of course it's wonderful. I can hardly believe it." He looked at his watch, "I think I will go now and inquire about the flight. Come along, Marta." He bowed to the reporters with the gracious manner he had never lost. "Thank you."

If he meant to dismiss them, they chose not to understand. When the plane's arrival was announced, they were waiting at the place where Laszlo would come out after going through quarantine and customs, and one of them held a large camera.

"I wish they would go away now," Joseph said in a low voice to Marta. "We have been on exhibition enough."

"It isn't on exhibition," she said. "It's only something good for people to read, something good and hopeful among all the sad, fearful things."

He smiled at her, and the smile, which he used seldom, brought youth and vitality to his face. "Marta, you're a lovely woman." He took her hand. "Your fingers are ice."

"Yours too."

"Well, so. Should we be calm at such a time?"

"Joseph ——"

She stopped. The reporters were watching. The one with the camera was fiddling with it, making adjustments. She knew they were out of earshot, yet she couldn't say what she wanted to say while they were watching. Perhaps she couldn't have said it anyway.

*Joseph, I'm frightened. I don't know anything about boys of fourteen. I don't know anything about this boy, this stranger who will come in a few minutes and say he is our son. Our son is two years old, two years and one month. He has big eyes and soft skin, and his name is Lolo.*

"Yes?" Joseph asked. "What is it?"

She shook her head. "Nothing."

"There's the plane." Joseph's voice shook. "They're coming out."

He pulled his jacket down and settled his shoulders inside it. Marta patted at her hair. *Maybe he won't like us*, she thought. *It's possible. There is nothing that makes it automatic to like us, two strange people that he doesn't remember*

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## Early Crop

By Ralph W. Seager

Her garden plot lay dull and still,
Until the tractor came to spill
The dark earth over to the sun.
Then out of nowhere, on the run
Came men and dogs and little boys
To watch the plow and find the noise.
The grownups stood in leaning rows
While small boys sprouted from their toes,
And there were hills of little girls
Nodding under sunlit curls.
She knows her garden is enchanted,
Raising a crop before it's planted.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

*he ever saw before, just because we happen to be his parents.*

"I wonder if we'll recognize him," Joseph said.

"He was only two years and one month old."

"I mean from his letter; as he described himself."

They did not have to recognize him. No other boy came from the building. He walked slowly, letting the others rush by, and it was a while before Marta could get a good look at him. She saw only that he was dark and sturdily built and that his suit did not fit him; it was plainly a man's suit, cut down.

*This is my son*, she told herself.

A reporter spoke in her ear. "Is that the boy, Mrs. Sandor?"

"Well, yes, it must be," she said.

He was closer now, and she could see his face, the bony unfinished face of a not-yet man. She saw nothing she recognized, no trace of Lolo, no resemblance. He was just a boy with dark eyes, a rather large mouth and the faint shadow of a beginning beard along his jaw.

"Call to him," Joseph whispered.

"You do. It's for the father to ——"

But then the boy stood still, looking uncertainly into the waiting crowd, and they both called together.

"Laszlo! Here we are, Laszlo. Over here!"

The next few minutes were a confusion of voices and arms and cameras and stares. Later there was a picture in the newspaper of Marta hugging the boy, and another of her and Joseph wiping their eyes, but Marta had no recollection of the hug or of the tears. She remembered only that finally they were in the car, the th· of them in the front seat with the bo the middle, and that Laszlo smelled laundry soap.

"Well," Joseph said, "here we are." His voice sounded odd, and when he smiled at the boy, it was not at all his usual smile. "Here we are at last, eh?"

Laszlo clasped his hands around his knees. He had big hands, bigger than Joseph's, with large knuckles. "Yes." He turned his head as if he were tied to something by the neck and glanced quickly at Joseph and then away again. "Yes, at last," he said.

"You speak English very well, Laszlo," Marta said.

"No, not well." He stared at the big clasped hands. "Not very well yet."

Joseph started the car. "We have quite a long trip. Tonight we must stay at a motel, and tomorrow about noon we will arrive home. Have you ever stayed at a motel, Laszlo?"

"I have not."

"Well, you will like it." The engine sputtered, then caught with a roar. "This is an old car, but it's all right; it will us there," Joseph said. "Do you kr. anything about cars, Laszlo?"

"I do not much," Laszlo said.

"You will learn," Joseph told him. "Here all boys know about cars."

The boy said nothing. He sat stiffly, his hands still clasped around his knees, and gazed straight ahead through the windshield. Marta looked at his profile. He was, as he had said himself, neither pretty nor ugly, but it was hard to tell how he would be when he was fully baked. *Poor boy*, she thought, *he's paralyzed with nervousness, and no wonder.*

"Wouldn't it be easier," she asked him gently, "if we spoke Hungarian?"

He shook his head. "I want to speak English all the time," he said. "My teacher has told me this is the best for learning."

"That's right," Joseph said. "That's the way Mrs. San——" He stopped and cleared his throat. "That's the way your mother and I learned."

So it was the same for Joseph too. This boy who sat between them was a stranger to them both. He seemed a nice boy, a good boy, but a stranger. It was hard remember that he was their son. Tw years of waiting, and now he was he but the only son they had ever known wa Lolo, who would never come.

"I translated your letters into English," Laszlo said. "That was good for practicing." He added, without turning around, "I have think—thought—very much about my room. I think it is nice."

"I hope you'll think so when you see it," Marta said.

"Oh, yes," the boy said. "Yes, I will think so."

*He's sweet*, Marta thought. *I'm going to like him.* The words in her mind echoed back to her. *I'm going to like him. My son.*

"Look around you before it grows dark, Laszlo," Joseph said. "This is a big country with much to see. It is almost one hundred times bigger than Hungary, did you know that?"

Marta often thought Joseph should have been a teacher. He had a head for facts, and he loved to explain them. He was off now, pointing out and describing things to Laszlo as they passed. The boy listened attentively, but whether out of in terest or politeness or lack of familia with the language, Marta could not .

*A mother can understand the changing expressions in a son's face*, Marta thought,

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*and translate the different tones of his voice. But I can tell nothing.*

They reached the motel just after dark. Joseph asked in a strange, loud voice for two rooms. It was as if he had been rehearsing, like a bridegroom. For twelve years they had needed only one room, and now all at once they needed two.

The woman at the desk looked at her book. She called out the window, and a boy came ambling along with a stalk of grass protruding from the corner of his mouth. He looked a little older than Laszlo, with straw-colored hair cut short and square on top of his head, and a plump, red-cheeked face.

The woman tossed him two keys. "Fifteen and sixteen," she said.

Deftly the boy wedged one of their bags under his arm and took the other two in his hands. Laszlo stepped forward a pace and stood still.

"I carry one," he said.

The blond boy looked him over. He spat out the grass stalk. "I've got 'em," he said. He started off with the bags and then stopped and put one down. "You can take this one if you want to."

Laszlo hurried forward and grabbed the bag and went out behind the other boy. The woman laughed and shook her head. "Now what was that all about?" she said.

"He's your boy?" Marta asked.

"Yeah, he's mine." She looked out the window and laughed again. "They're walking single file. They're not talking to each other at all."

"I wonder why," Marta said.

"Who knows? Teen-age boys." The woman shrugged. "Who knows what goes on in their heads?"

Marta lay awake, watching the pattern of light and shadow on the ceiling. Sometimes the pattern changed, and after a while she could tell by the way the light moved, the way it broke into the shadows, whether a car was approaching the motel or leaving it. In one of the rooms a couple quarreled steadily, mindless of the way their voices carried through the thin walls. Somewhere a radio blared dance music, and Marta could hear the loose-hung windows of their room rattling with the vibration.

She turned to look at Joseph in the other imitation-maple bed. He slept quietly, deeply. They had talked little. As they undressed, after leaving Laszlo in the adjoining room, he had said, "He seems a good boy."

"Yes, I think so," Marta had answered.

"Quiet. I mean, not a roughneck."

"No, certainly not a roughneck."

Joseph had stood still then for a minute with his shirt half off and rubbed his cheek. "I used to try to think what he would look like, but I always saw only the way he was as a baby."

"I too."

"Yes?" He had looked at her as if about to say something more, but then he had only murmured again, "Well, he seems a good boy." And he yawned. "Ah, I'm tired. Driving so long rocks me to sleep."

She was glad he could sleep so soundly. There had been a time when he could scarcely sleep at all, first because of real danger and later because of danger remembered and imagined. He was at peace now. They were both at peace. They even had their son back.

*My son*, she said to herself. *My son sleeps on the other side of this wall. My son.* If she said the words often enough, maybe they would become part of her being, as Lolo with the solemn eyes and soft, moist skin was part of her being.

The radio stopped abruptly, in the middle of a number. It was almost quiet except for the voices of the quarreling couple. At first Marta thought the new sound she heard was in their room. At first she didn't know what it was. When she identified it, she lay still for a while. She thought of waking Joseph. Then she shook herself impatiently and got up, put on her robe and went to the adjoining cabin.

He was lying face down with the pillow over his head, but the sobs were so violent, shaking his whole body, that some of the sound had to escape. He didn't hear when she spoke his name. He didn't move until she sat down beside him on the bed and put her hand on him.

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If you don't know what's up, you probably haven't been shopping lately.

FRANCIS O'WALSH

---

Then he gasped and sat up, turned and sat stiff and straight in one spasmodic motion, trying frantically to gulp back the sobs.

"It's all right," she said. "Cry."

He shook his head. In a moment or two he got words out. "You will think me a baby. It is the—the dream only."

"You had a bad dream?"

He nodded. "The same dream—many times. They come—they take me away." In the dim light she could see his face working. "I am crying when I wake. I cannot help it."

"It's all right," she said again.

He turned his head toward the window, struggling with his face. "It is not because I am not brave." All at once he looked remote and stern, exactly as Joseph had looked at the airport. "I tried to fight in the—the revolt, but they said I was too young. It is the dream only that makes me cry."

"Laszlo." She touched his cheek with her fingers. The skin was soft and moist with tears. "With a mother you need not be brave."

He sat still in the dimness, his breath coming fast. Then he flung himself down with his head in her lap. "It is the dream. The dream only."

"I know. I know. It's all right." She stroked his head. "Go ahead and cry," she crooned. "It's all right."

In a few minutes he raised his head and blew his nose lustily into a big handkerchief. "You will not tell him? My father? He was so brave."

"I will tell him how you tried to fight for freedom too," she said.

When she returned to their room, Joseph was awake. He was lying as she had, watching the ceiling, so absorbed in his thoughts that he didn't ask her where she had been. She got quietly into bed.

A faint humming came through the wall. It got louder, and soon the tune was recognizable. Joseph sat up.

"That's the boy," he said. "He's singing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Why does he sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* in the middle of the night?"

"I don't know," Marta said. "Who knows what goes on in the mind of a teen-age boy?"

Joseph lay down again. After a minute he said, "Marta, I don't know what's the matter with me. The boy seems very nice, very good. Not a roughneck, you know? A roughneck wouldn't fit in so well with us." He sighed. "But I still feel—I don't know what's the matter with me—as if my son is lost."

Marta smiled into the darkness. "Don't worry," she said. "You will find him too."

THE END


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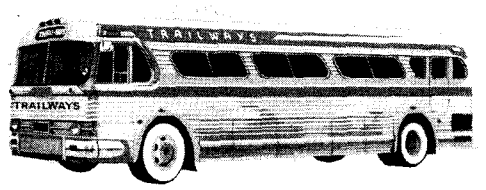


# New York's New Queen of Fashion

(Continued from Page 30)

confronted the wandering troupe—among them the Radleys' two small sons, Pauline's older brother, Robert, and her mother—with a crisis. Its treasury was running low, and out of bald necessity it put its roots down in Manhattan in the form of a ladies' custom-tailoring shop in West 47th Street.

This venture, strangely, was destined to die primarily of volume of business. Through the influence of a friend, a steady stream of well-heeled women, mostly from Washington, moved through the shop. The trouble with them as customers was that they demanded cut-rate prices; and the trouble with the proprietors was they couldn't say no. By the time all of the fittings and alterations had been made there wasn't much profit left.

Another trouble was a marked difference in styling theory between the Radleys. Radley favored the traditional French approach. His wife, with professional daring, kept trying to express the free-wheeling American spirit, which was easy to sense, as she had sensed it on Fifth Avenue, but difficult to express by a twist of cloth.

Then, too, there was a constant clashing of temperaments. Pauline was, as she is today, mercurial, lively, voluble, dramatic and unpredictable. Radley was quiet, brooding and scholarly. Early in 1941, when the West 47th Street venture was abandoned, the Radleys separated and were subsequently divorced, with Pauline getting custody of the children and restoration of her maiden name.

Today, two decades later, Pauline Trigère is at the peak of a tirelessly prosecuted career. As Trigère, Inc., she designs every coat, dress or suit that leaves her large *salon* and workshop high up in a Seventh Avenue building that overlooks Manhattan's immense garment industry. For the past five years her annual output in terms of what her productions sell for at retail is estimated at between $2,000,000 and $4,000,000. She has an apartment on Park Avenue and a country place near New Canaan, Connecticut. Her protective elder brother, Robert, functions as her business manager and as her ever-ready cheering section when her self-confidence weakens, as it does intermittently.

On her staff is one of her sons, Jean-Pierre Radley, who is a graduate in business and engineering administration of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The other son, Philippe Radley, is at Harvard. A gifted linguist, Philippe is fluent in three or four foreign languages, including Russian. He is now working toward a doctorate in the Slavic languages while, under the Harvard tutorial system, tutoring undergraduates in Russian literature.

Over the years the name of Pauline Trigère has become a power in the American world of high fashion. Its bearer rates indisputedly among the three top designers. That is the considered opinion of the newspaper and magazine fashion critics. Annually the critics bestow a prize upon the designer whose works for the year have embodied the most originality and imagination.

A designer who makes the grade three times is removed from further competition and elevated to an Olympus known as the Coty Fashion Hall of Fame. Miss Trigère won her third award in 1959. She shares the hall's rarefied atmosphere with two other designers, Norman Norell and James Galanos. (The late Miss Claire McCardell was the only other designer ever to be elevated to the place.)

Fashion is a crazy business operated at high tension and extremely fatiguing to those connected with it. Four times a year the buyers from stores all over the country troop into the ateliers of Manhattan. They down a lot of cocktails, see a lot of models pirouette, place their orders, wonder what choices other buyers are making and after a few intense weeks troop back home again, ridden with doubts and uncertainty. The very inverted nature of the business—orders placed at the ateliers will not go on the retail market until six months later—is in itself upsetting. The buyer's headache is summed up in a once-popular vaudeville-circuit song which asked, "Will you love me in December as you do in May?"

More severe and of much longer duration is the pressure the business puts upon the designer. His bane and his pride is the collection of dresses, suits and coats which he hopes will bedazzle the eye of the buyer. Some of them will be items which have already won and steadily held a degree of popularity; some will be new creations for which the designer has high hopes of acceptance. Pauline Trigère's collections emphasize the latter group. She is highly prolific of ideas, and each of her quarterly collections will contain between eighty-five and 125 new items. None of these is in the middy-blouse league. Each could be described as a work of disciplined elegance, of a hard-won kind of dramatic simplicity.

"Aesthetically Pauline is an ancient Greek," one of her more observant friends says. "She espouses the Greek ideal of the importance of the natural form, letting the body express itself through the material. Her clothes have great feminine dignity. She makes a woman look like a woman."

Ideas come copiously to Miss Trigère when she is attending concerts. She rarely misses a Thursday-night performance of the New York Philharmonic. Without sacrificing any of the music, she jots down notes and sketches on her program until it is one big hieroglyphic, which she will decipher the next day. As long as the orchestra sticks to Beethoven, Bach and the other classic composers the House of Trigère's future is safe, as Pauline knows her way among them and can relax. But the dissonances of the modernists, such as Poulenc, have her sitting nervously on the edge of her chair trying to follow the action, and the idea-producing state of reverie cannot be induced. It can, though, in the impersonal interior of a taxicab and, to some degree, during a Broadway play and while she is gardening in the country. She likes the feel of earth on her fingers.

## How I Stay Awake All Day

By Thomas Usk

I estimate all
The hours ahead,
Since it helps me to haul
Myself out of bed

To know the amount
Of time to the minute
And how soon I can count
On being back in it!

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Pauline is gifted in the art of the unexpected gesture. One evening, while being walked home from a cocktail party by a couple of old friends, she began to hold forth on a favorite thesis of hers—that properly designed and made clothes, such as her own productions, are ageless. Someone at the cocktail party had commented her on the dress she was wearing. Pauline told her walking companions that the dress, a Trigère, was ten years old. When they expressed polite disbelief, she insisted that they come upstairs briefly and see the many mellowed Trigères she had in her personal wardrobe.

They accepted, and for fifteen or twenty minutes watched raptly as Pauline personally modeled some of her elderly Trigères. The performance took them by surprise. One of the astonished gentlemen, in describing the performance afterward, said with awe, "She would wiggle into one at the top while wiggling out of one at the bottom. Neither of us saw a centimeter of skin or silk. It was all done with artistry and complete propriety."

The scene for another of her forays into the unexpected was a back-yard barbecue at the home of friends in Westchester County. While the host was diligently occupied in turning the steaks, Miss Trigère began teaching the other guests to stand on their heads. This aroused so much hilarity, especially after some of the guests fell into the swimming pool, that the neighbors complained. The crew of a police car quieted down the guests and departed.

Miss Trigère actually had some competence in the stunt she was trying to teach. Her first act on arising in the morning is to do a headstand for at least five minutes. This is part of a yoga regimen which she has been studying for some years. She feels that it tones up her brain and protects her, to a certain degree, from the tensions of her business. It must, or she would have exploded herself to bits by now.

For some years now Miss Trigère, a medium blonde with greenish blue eyes, has been trying to educate women in the art of clothing themselves effectively. Progress has been slow, and the very thought of this puts her in a waspish mood.

"It is so simple," she says. "America is really an extraordinary country, and American women are very lucky. Charming copies of the best originals designed here and in France and Italy can be bought in the stores for twenty-nine or thirty-nine dollars apiece. They are quite stylish. So the trouble is not one of money. It seems to be more of a kind of lack of adventurousness, as it is expressed so often in the fitting room by the remark, 'but it doesn't do anything for me.' What is a pretty dress supposed to do, tickle the wearer or something? It should, of course, provide an attractive frame for her, so to speak, but she should try to do something for the dress, such as keeping her weight somewhere near normal."

As an extreme example of what she has in mind, Miss Trigère recalls a customer whom she "dressed," as the saying goes, during her earliest days in New York. The customer, the wife of a famous industrialist, weighed about 250 pounds. She was always going on a reducing diet—and a few hours later sending out for a banana split. "When I saw the woman coming into our showroom I was furious," says Miss Trigère. "But looking back now I can see that making her clothes for about four years taught me a lot of things about construction. She was an excellent education for me."

The customer's husband weighed as much as his wife, and he always came to her fittings, which both seemed to enjoy in a loud, hearty way.

"He was 'daddy' and she was 'momma,'" Miss Trigère relates, "and when they laughed you could probably hear them up in Yonkers. They came to me with the standard complaint about nobody being able to slim momma down. I did what I could. Made her abandon the fussy clothes she was wearing and, to start off with, got her into some pale, light-colored wool dresses. She didn't look bad, and she didn't look good. She just looked a little less enormous."

One day momma mentioned that they were taking off for the Coast the next day, with time out for a few hours in Chicago. Miss Trigère, who was not long off the boat from France, had heard of Chicago's lurid gang murders, and she wondered aloud why anyone should go there, except under duress.

"Oh, we always drop in at the Palmer House," momma explained. "They serve the most delicious pancakes."

It is an axiom of the high-fashion world that the ideal client is a woman of taste, stylishness and money. Miss Trigère whose originals retail at anywhere from $159 to more than $1000, has a few points to add. In the process of adding them she draws a fairly distinct portrait of what might be termed the Trigère woman. Oddly the Trigère woman closely resembles her creator.

"I work," she says, "for the kind of woman who demands a certain kind of façade. She has a certain carriage; she has to have. She does not hide behind a mink. She is discriminating, and she knows the needs of her figure. She is active—I don't mean that she has to ride horses or play golf. What I mean is that she has things in her mind; things to do, a family to take care of, certainly a husband, some responsibility of one kind or another. In short, I try to make intelligent clothes for the intelligent woman. I try to make her pretty and at the same time functional. I don't want her to feel fettered by the fit of her clothes. I myself work a lot and move around a lot, and I can't be bothered with something that is too tight in the armholes or that squeezes my rib cage.

"So many women today squeeze themselves into clothes that are tight, in the belief that this will make them look slimmer. Wrong. The woman who looks slimmer is the one whose clothes allow her to move freely."

Only an innate bounciness kept Pauline Trigère from giving up completely after the failure of the West 47th Street venture. The small disaster aroused her fighting instinct. Both she and her brother Robert retained faith in the excellence of her designing talents. Lacking the capital to exploit them, they got jobs and saved rigidly. Robert hit the road as salesman for a fabrics manufacturer. Pauline went into the employ of the late Hattie Carnegie, as an assistant designer in a loft at 18 East 56th Street. It was one of a cluster of Carnegie designing rooms located in lofts within the orbit of her central *salon*.

This job lasted less than three months. In 1941, after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, purveyors of luxury items, among them Hattie Carnegie, began to retrench. Just before Christmas the handful of girls working in the East 56th Street satellite received their notices and severance pay. Assistant designer Trigère, who had a wry sense of humor, decided that the event deserved a proper celebration. Digging into her purse, she bought a bottle of vermouth. All hands drank from the bottle, got a little tiddly, exchanged Christmas greetings, cried and laughed alternately and went home.


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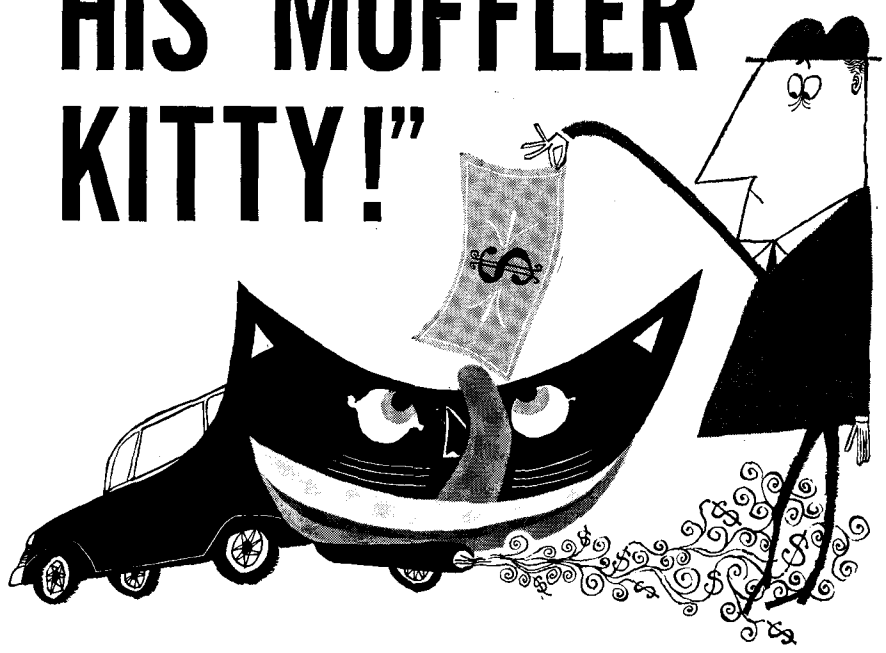

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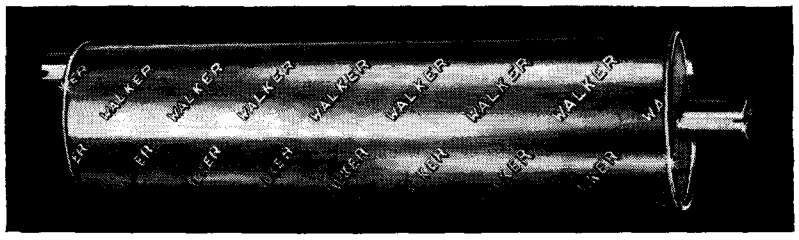


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For some reason this debacle jolted Pauline harder than its predecessor. Christmas week depressed her, and on the day after New Year's Day, 1942, she went to Boston for an overnight visit with some friends whom she had always found invigorating. She drank just enough of their wine to get a bit high, then went to bed. During the night she had a wondrous dream in which a voice asked, "Why don't you go to work for yourself?" A qualified dream analyst probably would have warned her against taking the dream seriously, as she had nurtured the same idea for some time and, in her dream, she had told herself exactly what she most wanted to hear.

Fortunately no dream analyst butted in, and Pauline returned to New York radiating charm and ambition. At a rate of fifty dollars a month she rented the rear half of the old Hattie Carnegie loft in East 56th Street, and her most recent employer was kind enough to leave behind several sewing machines. But there was little else in the way of equipment, and not a stitch of fabric in the establishment.

Speed being of the essence, as it usually is with Pauline Trigère, she pawned the only jewels she owned to raise emergency working capital. The jewels, a diamond barrette and a pair of diamond clips, were presents from her husband, given to her on the occasions of their boys' births. The transaction gave Pauline a severe emotional twinge, but she had prepared herself for that in advance, and it was soon forgotten amid the struggles she was about to undertake.

Wartime fuel rationing combined with her own power drive gave Pauline Trigère an unusually harsh winter. Because her financial stake was limited, she had to get into production fast. Because she was working alone—designing, cutting, pinning, draping—she had to work every night until midnight. At six o'clock each evening the heat was turned off, as the house was classified as a nonessential factory. The terrazzo floors chilled rapidly, and standing on them for any length of time was painful. Pauline solved this one by wrapping her feet in newspapers. Everything metal that she touched was actively cold. When her fingers became numb, she warmed them on the pressing iron. The elevator was also shut down at six o'clock, which meant climbing four flights to the loft when she returned from supper.

But when March came around, all of that was forgotten. By that time Pauline had finished a group of eleven dresses. It was scarcely big enough to be referred to as a "collection," as the rather grandiose trade term goes, but it was at least a collection in embryo, and Robert, who had returned to the venture, set out to sell his sister's creations. His first two orders came from Hattie Carnegie and Polly's Gowns, his third from Nan Duskin in Philadelphia. While Pauline was assembling a staff to take care of the orders that were coming in, Robert, traveling by bus for economy's sake, beat the bushes all the way to the West Coast, and Trigère, Inc., was on its way. The main actor in the drama got her jewelry out of hock and never had to pawn it again.

"It never killed anybody to work hard," Miss Trigère says about the ordeal of 1942, "if you have a strong incentive. I had more than one. I happened to love the work I was doing. I wanted recognition in the fashion world. I had to eat. If you want to eat, you must first earn money to buy food, you know. I also had to feed my children and send them to school. I had a whole barrelful of incentives. I am often asked to give a talk at some school of design. Always some students ask how one gets to be a successful designer. When I tell them that talent plus decades of hard work is the closest I can come to it, they are incredulous. They do not see why they cannot go directly from school into a big job."

Once when she was on her way to Europe Miss Trigère was stopped by a cigar-smoking character on the promenade deck. He identified himself as a coat manufacturer and said bluntly, "I saw your last collection and was disappointed by the coats. There was only one that made me want to copy it."

This little speech might have caused the coat maker some trouble had he made it in Paris, for he was openly proclaiming himself to be a fashion pirate. In France fashion piracy is punishable by law. In the United States it is legal, and the designers whose works are copied are of two minds about it. Some of their potential market may be taken away by the cheaply made imitations; on the other hand, if nobody wanted to imitate their works, the designers would feel neglected and insulted.

On one memorable occasion Robert Trigère intervened in a particularly flagrant case of piracy and lived to regret it. Pauline had designed an especially striking formal cotton dress. It was expensive to make because the skirt was a series of graduated tucks, and that kind of frippery takes time. The dress was scheduled to be sold for $200 at retail. Before Trigère, Inc., could deliver the dress to its clients, someone had thrown together a batch of hastily made copies and bootlegged them to a department store, which advertised them for $125 apiece. A week later a specialty store offered them at $79.50, at which point Mr. Trigère, a quiet-spoken and gracious gentleman, blew a gasket.

He located the undercover manufacturer, who at the time happened to be in his showroom exhibiting the controversial garment for still another retailer to admire. Trigère grabbed the dress and tore it into strips. The manufacturer tried to prevent this act and in the process got jostled around a little. He sued for $50,000 and settled for $500. The only comment Robert Trigère makes on the case when somone recalls it to mind is, "I lost my temper." Trigère, Inc., was never able to solve the mystery of how the manufacturer brought off his sensational coup.

One reason for Pauline Trigère's swift rise may have been the fact that she was born in a tailoring establishment. The event took place in 1912 in the establishment of Alexandre Trigère on the Place Pigalle. Trigère and his wife were Russians who had emigrated from Odessa after the close of the Russo-Japanese war. They lived in rooms in back of the workrooms themselves.

Luck had favored Alexandre Trigère in Paris. A handsome man with an impressive dark mustache, he had ten sewing machines in his shop, and most of the time they were humming busily. He himself presided over the cutting tables. Trigère *père* was what is known in the trade as a contractor—he made up garments for some Paris department stores which provided him with the necessary patterns and materials.

When Pauline was old enough to be allowed in the shop, her father taught her the important art of cutting with frugality. He showed her how a careless cutter wastes cloth, using perhaps three meters where a skilled hand would achieve the same effect with two and a half meters. Life in the back of the tailoring establishment was warm and pleasant, though the quarters were cramped. The Trigères several times a year gave big dinners for friends and relatives. The combination dining-sitting room being too small, the dinners were given in the shop itself, with the dummies and machines tucked away and the long cutting tables spread with white damask.

In the French middle-class manner, Pauline's social life was closely supervised. She went out only with youthful groups or with her parents. They were enthusiastic patrons of the theater, the opera and the concert hall and, luckily, she shared their enthusiasm. Her first solo dates—and the last for many years—were with a young Russian *émigré* whom a friend in Odessa had referred to Trigère with a request that he be taken on as an apprentice.

Trigère had all the apprentices he could use at the time, but he was able to get him apprenticed to another tailor. That might have ended the newcomer's connection with the Trigère family had not Pauline's elder brother, Robert, taken an interest in him. Robert, then studying for an engineering degree, had already begun to assume a protector's role toward his sister, and he saw in the newcomer a good husband for her. He sold the parents on the idea and, when this was accomplished, it was taken for granted that the couple was engaged. The newcomer was, of course, Lazar Radley. Pauline was fifteen when they met. Two years later, when Radley's savings had reached a suitable total, they were married.

This was in 1929, the year the world began to come apart at the seams. The economic crisis had no immediate effect upon the family business. When, a couple of years later, Papa Trigère died, the business, thereafter run by a family council, was moved into brighter and roomier quarters on the Avenue de l'Opéra. It did come upon some hard days, but it was weathering them when, in the middle of 1936, the Socialists, headed by Léon Blum, took over the reins of government.

To Radley this meant that the liquidation of the small businessman was just around the corner. He carried his ominous point in the family council. By late in December of 1936 the business had been sold and all of the family council, plus two small sons of the Radleys, were on the high seas en route to Chile, by way of the United States.

As was evident later on, Radley had badly misread the French political news. As a result of his error, Chile lost some immigrants of good quality, Radley took an injudicious walk on Fifth Avenue and the United States acquired a lively young woman who was to become a couturière of real distinction.

Miss Trigère is nothing if not dramatic, and she has so arranged her life that in each twenty-four-hour cycle she progresses from an overworked little slavey to a glamour woman or, in local terms, from Seventh Avenue to Park Avenue. Her working costume consists of a sleeveless cotton blouse, wooden clogs and a wide cotton skirt with a big pocket for her shears. She also wears tortoise-shell glasses, for nearsightedness, and a magnetized wristband for carrying pins. With a fury which rarely abates, she rides her staff ragged—and herself too—insisting on nothing less than perfection. In addition to the weight any command carries, Miss Trigère's commands are backed by her reputation as an immensely skilled tailor. She is, for instance, a virtuoso with the shears, and it is not uncommon for her, with only a rough idea in her mind, to cut up an expensive piece of cloth, drape it on a live model and O.K. it immediately for trial production with an assurance that never fails to elect her employees.

Around eight o'clock in the evening the metamorphosis is well under way. The ex-slavey, clad in one of her more striking numbers, is waiting in her apartment, maybe for Julio Werthein, a wealthy Argentinian and her most frequent escort, to take her to a concert or show; maybe she is waiting for some 8:30 dinner guests. If the latter, Pauline, an amateur cook of vast talents, will have prepared the main dish. The apartment, furnished in the romantic style, drips with crystal, garnet roses and Louis XVI touches. In each room part of the décor consists of an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne in it. "I like the feeling of having luxury about me and champagne ready if I should happen to want some," Miss Trigère explains.

A naturalized American since 1942, Pauline makes one or two trips to France each year to buy fabrics. Every time she arrives in Paris she suffers a twinge of nostalgia, but soon recovers from it.

"I'll love Paris always," she said returning from her latest voyage. "But honestly, the lively pace of America is so exciting that sometimes I think it was made just for me." THE END

"One jar of peanut butter will make thirty-one sandwiches!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# What Is a School Superintendent?

(Continued from Page 39)

what was his job and what was the board's. An investigation uncovered many points of friction, some petty, some extremely serious. Among the former, for example, was the fact that the superintendent had a pass to all football games while the board members had none. Another irritant, both petty and, by implication, serious, was that the board frequently told the coach which members of the squad were eligible to play. And among the wholly serious disputes was the fact that the board often hired teachers without consulting the superintendent.

This kind of trouble arises when neither the board nor the superintendent has a clear understanding of where the superintendency should lie between the extremes of errand boy and dictator. There are bound to be areas of friction in any human undertaking; and in the absence of a clear mutual understanding of responsibilities, any disagreement on policy—or even a mere prick of personal pique—can touch off just such a tragedy.

The way out of this dilemma, I think, is the one we follow in Rock Island. Here the board members have decided that they have neither the time nor the professional training actually to administer the details of the school system. They willingly accept their collective obligation as a legislative body, and as such, establish the policies within which the superintendent shall act. But the carrying out of these policies they leave to me and my staff.

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The road to heaven, too, is paved with good intentions.

SUSAN M. BLACK

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For example, the board recently decided that, while our schools had good programs for mentally and emotionally handicapped children and for average students, we were not doing as much as we should for the superior pupils. After many discussions, the board therefore directed me to prepare a definite plan aimed at getting out of these talented children all that the Lord had put into them. The details they left to me. With the help of my staff, I drew up a program including voluntary Saturday-morning classes for the elementary schools and advanced classes in the junior and senior high schools—college-level courses in history, mathematics, science and foreign languages, for example.

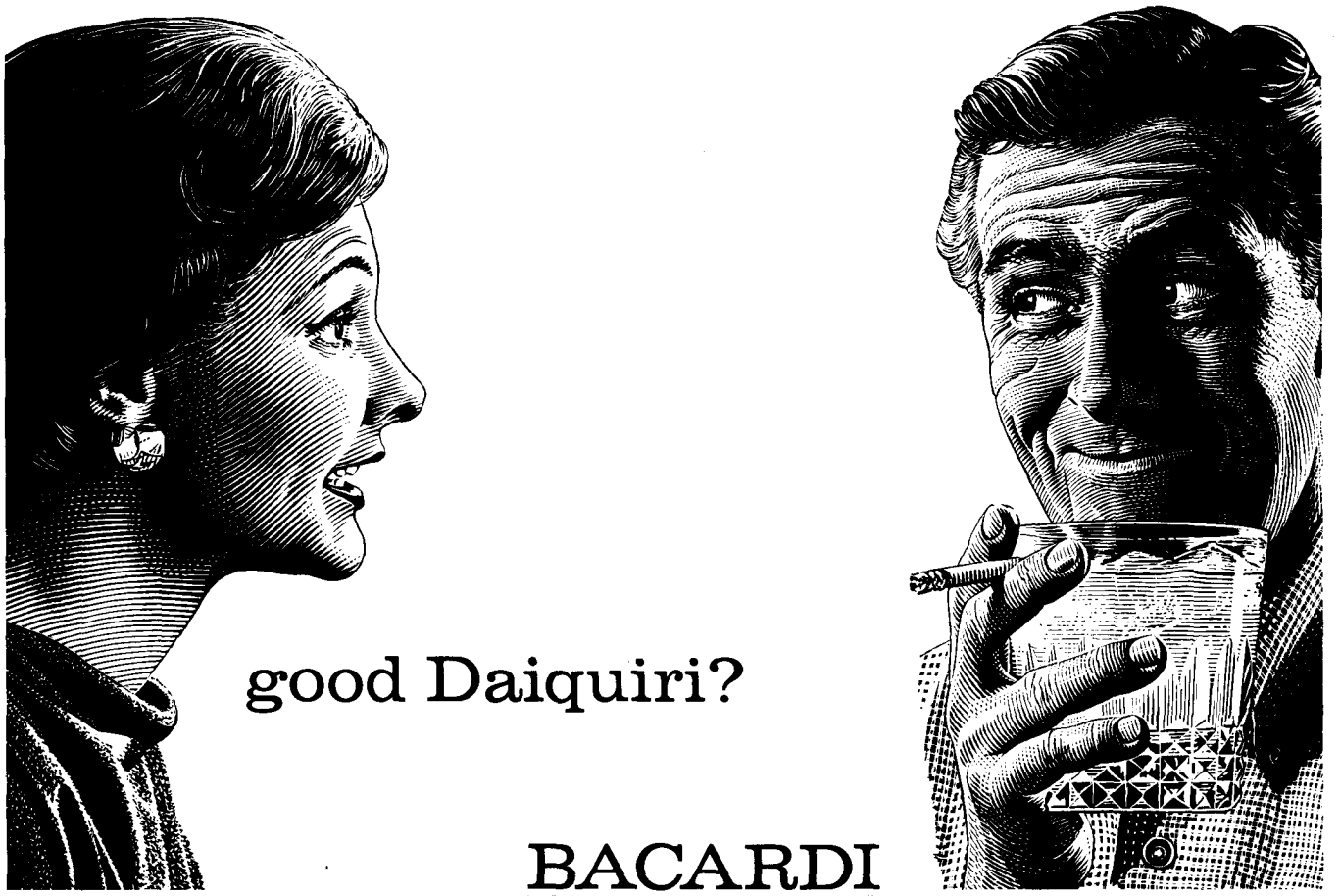
In extracurricular activities, the board, acting for the community, has demanded an active athletic program. It has wisely directed, however, that this shall not be the kind of program which will overshadow the rest of the school program. And with this in mind, it has set as policy that there shall be no interscholastic competition in the elementary schools and that in junior and senior high schools the object shall not be the development of championship basketball, football and baseball teams at the expense of athletic participation by the hundreds of youngsters not skilled enough to play on such teams. That much is policy, and there the board stops. It has nothing to do with the appointment of coaches or their assignments within the athletic program, or with the determination of which students are eligible to compete.

The same sort of distinction between the setting of policy and its implementation extends to the whole spectrum of my relations with the board, and I think we all feel that the arrangement works very well. My responsibilities under this system have indeed resulted in my "leaving education" in the sense that I am one step further from textbook and blackboard than I was as a school principal. But this is inevitable, in view of the fact that I am administrator of what is actually our town's biggest home-owned industry.

We operate nineteen schools in the Rock Island district, and it is my responsibility to make sure that they are maintained in a safe condition and kept sufficiently attractive to enhance property values in the neighborhood. Rock Islanders like to drive visitors around to see "the good schools we have," and even within the community, public support often depends on the opinion people get of the quality of the schools by looking at the outside of the buildings.

But a school system is a lot more than just buildings. It is children: In our nineteen schools we teach more than 10,000 children, from kindergarten through high school. It is staff: There are 532 men and women on the payroll, of whom 414 are teachers, principals and supervisors. And it is money: Last year we spent $5,238,000, including capital outlay.

Sometimes, regrettably, the money seems the most vital part of the job. In balancing our budget, the board expects me to know how much money we will need, help persuade the state legislature and the tax-assessment authorities to let us have it, and then make sure that every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dollar buys at least a dollar's worth of education. Each year, and from month to month, I am forcibly reminded of the hard fact that we can spend only what we get.

This is a truth that I find particularly galling when I hire new teachers, surely one of my most important duties. Naturally the parents in Rock Island expect me to hire the best teachers that can be found; but in these days of teacher shortage, we have to fish them out of the same pool that every other superintendent in the whole country fishes from. The bait we must use is the salary schedule. This must be generous enough to catch the teachers we need, but not so generous that the school district goes bankrupt. Over the years we have succeeded in raising our salary schedule somewhat, but I wish we could raise it still more.

Worrying about the budget, running a business with nineteen buildings and more than 500 employees, I sometimes feel very much like any other business executive. But there is more to the superintendent's job than that. As Doctor Briggs warned me twenty-three years ago, I'm involved in politics as well. Fortunately partisan politics doesn't enter the picture in our town. But since the schools belong to the people, since the board of education is elected by popular vote and since important issues—the ceiling on tax rates, for instance—are also settled by the ballot, I can't avoid being in politics to a considerable extent. I am, after all, a public servant who must, in the last analysis, justify himself to the public. This covers everything from reconciling the community's voters to the size of their school taxes to impressing them with the quality of our students. If students behave badly in public, or if a businessman's new secretary, fresh from school, can't spell, punctuate or type, the people may well feel that they're not getting enough for their money.

Or they may violently disagree with the way some particular subject is handled in school. People seldom get exercised about the teaching of Darwinian evolution any more, but there are always other sensitive areas.

A friend of mine, for instance, quit his job as superintendent in another district because of the searing passions that can arise, however illegitimately, from that fine old feeling of American patriotism. I never did hear all sides of the matter, but the way he told it to me made it clear that he thought injustice had been done. A civics teacher in his high school had assigned her students the study of what was called "McCarthyism," at a time when feeling on the subject, both pro and con, was running high, all over the country. The kids explored what they could find about McCarthy's motives, the way he conducted his hearings, the charges he made and the kind of evidence he produced.

Most of the town's citizens approved; some didn't like McCarthy anyway, others thought that a good objective of citizenship education is to develop judgment about controversial issues and that the only way to develop such judgment is to study these issues. But some other citizens—and they were the more vocal ones—liked McCarthy, believed in him, thought he was capable of doing no wrong; and they interpreted the exercise as an attack on good Americanism if not, indeed, as indoctrination for Communism. My friend, the superintendent, defended the teacher, but the issue came to a head in the school-board election held that spring. There weren't many votes cast—there seldom are in school-board elections—but more were cast for the candidates who thought the teacher ought to be fired than for those who thought she should be retained.

Since there was no tenure law, she was dismissed; and since it seemed to my friend that this was an injustice which he couldn't stomach, he retired. Fortunately he was old enough to do so. The end result, however, was that the country l a good school administrator before it h to—and all because some extremely tender nerves in the community had become inflamed against a teacher he felt duty-bound to protect. Both he and the community lost sight of everything except the pain from that one nerve.

Fortunately we have not had an unhappy explosion of this kind during my time in Rock Island, but it is useful for a superintendent to remember that he is always ultimately accountable to the people of his community. And that is as it should be. If the people did not keep final control over the conduct of the public schools, the whole school system could become either a private business or a walled bureaucracy, and the people would have forfeited their right—and obligation—to determine what the schools are for and what kind of citizens they should turn out. If that happened, the schools could in one generation change the whole nature of American civilization.

Of course, not all my time is taken w with acting as the school's representati and spokesman in the community—wit making speeches and serving on committees. In fact, these public-relations aspects of my job actually prove considerably less demanding than the many private human-relations problems with which I must cope. Theoretically, at least, each of our 10,000 pupils brings with him the love and hopes—and the prejudices—of a father and mother, of perhaps four grandparents and an untold number of other relatives. In school these feelings meet the loves and hopes and prejudices of a large faculty, and conflicts are inevitable. As a group, of course, teachers like children; otherwise they wouldn't be teachers. Even so, I have learned to be ready for flaming explosions at any moment.

A few months ago, for instance, a mother telephoned me in distress because she couldn't get her boy to mind her, act respectful toward the neighbors and stay out of fights with other children. At her request, I promised to call the principal of the school her youngster attended and enlist the aid of the principal and of t boy's teacher. I did so. Then, recently, th mother called me again and told me, in a voice quivering with rage, that the teacher had forcibly pulled her son out of a fight, marched him to the principal's office and there delivered a firm lecture on how to get along with other children. It sounded to me as if what the mother really wanted was for us to build in the boy a respectful attitude toward her, but otherwise to force other children meekly to accept his bullying.

Naturally I didn't say so to her, but in the course of our conversation I got her to admit that her son seemed to have a chip on his shoulder and convinced her that the school was as interested as she in finding out why the boy acted that way and then in doing something about it. At least I hope I convinced her; because, of course, we are interested in helping him learn to get along with people.

Problems like these, exasperating as they sometimes are, do make me feel that I haven't really "left education." But I am concerned with the classroom courses too. Because I am the leader of the publi school community, people rightly wa me to know everything that goes on in our schools. They expect me to know what the children must be taught in order

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to become good, productive citizens. They want me to know how these things should be taught, and at what grade level. And they want me to know what is actually going on in our classrooms, to see that every daily recitation produces its full potential of education.

In a school district the size of ours, I can't do all of this myself, and no one expects me to. The board authorizes assistants—but it still expects me to know what my assistants are doing and to direct what they do. For example, I couldn't personally prepare the syllabus for every course; they are written by committees of teachers, principals, parents and, occasionally, even students. But all the syllabuses must pass my scrutiny—thereby becoming my responsibility—before going on to the board for final approval.

A rather typical consideration in deciding what and how the children shall be taught involves the old controversy between the proponents of traditional basic education and those who insist that the school's primary mission is to teach "life adjustment." Both sides of this debate have vocal—even violent—adherents in Rock Island, as elsewhere. But the truth as I see it is that both sides are partly right. Basic education—reading, writing, mathematics, science, history and language—simply has to be taught, or the nation will presently be populated by ignoramuses. Yet it is also true that if children aren't taught to adjust to the life they will have to lead, they may end up as neurotics nursing ulcers or as psychopaths in asylums. So while our schools give no purely life-adjustment courses—unless one counts vocational courses, driver training and the like—we do try to develop character and a healthy social outlook in the teaching of all our courses.

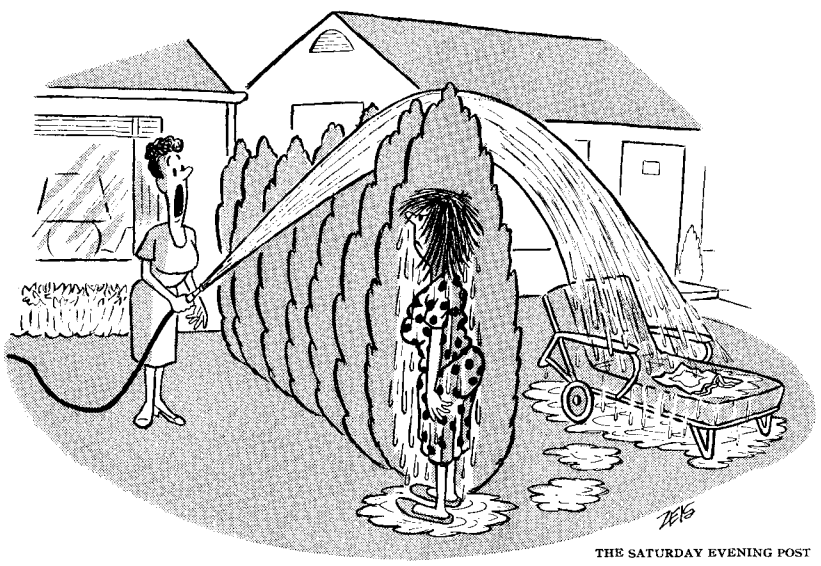
In trying to find the happy middle way between the extremes in this, as in other controversies, I not only suffer the displeasure of the extremists on both sides; but, perhaps hardest of all, I find that I myself become emotionally involved. As a mere human being, I can't escape my own prejudices and emotions; and so the inherent agony of each decision is intensified by my own inner doubts. Am I, I often wonder, really trudging the narrow middle way, or am I perhaps favoring one side because of personal prejudices, or because one side importunes more violently than the other, or because I just plain like the folks on one side better?

Once, back in the days when I was a school principal, I heard a couple of pupils talking outside my office door. One said to the other, "*You* go in and ask Hanson. He'll probably do it for you, but I wouldn't get to first base." As a matter of fact, the speaker had been a persistently annoying discipline problem, but his words brought me up short. Challenged like that, I could only step out and invite them both in—and they both got what they wanted. I don't even remember what it was now, but I do remember the lesson the incident taught me; and ever since then I have tried to keep my own personal feelings as far out of the picture as possible. More than that, I have tried to make myself as available as possible, to everyone with any legitimate interest in the schools.

As a result, I sometimes feel rather like the turtle, who has to carry his house with him wherever he goes. I have to carry my office with me wherever I go, even at night. Having an open office door and a listed telephone number brings me a lot of visitors and a lot of calls with troubles or causes which seem rather trivial to me, when considered against the problems of 10,000 children and their relatives. But the fact remains that these matters are important to the people who come to me with them; and unless the pressure of school affairs makes it impossible, I see the visitors and take the calls.

My days, in consequence, start early and finish late. On a rather typical weekday last spring, for example, my telephone at home rang at 7:30 in the morning; it was a mother asking me to give her the special privilege of sending her children to a school other than the one where they belonged. She had just had a fight with a neighbor and didn't want her youngsters to attend the same school with the neighbor's children any longer. I didn't simply say, "No." Instead, I encouraged her to talk about it—there's nothing like talking a matter out to put it in perspective—and after a while she seemed to persuade herself that making peace with her neighbor was a better idea than switching schools.

When I arrived at the office that day, the first thing I read was a letter of resignation from two teachers—a man and his wife. They were good teachers, and I hated to let them go; but teachers aren't slaves, so the assistant superintendent and I set about finding replacements for them. Later that morning I had to prepare the budget message, and then I had lunch with a real-estate developer to wind up some negotiations about a new school site. After lunch I wrote a column for a monthly magazine and during the afternoon I had to adjudicate two more requests for student transfers. Shortly before the office closed for the day, a man and his wife came in to tell me about their troubles with a neighbor. The husband

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had been arrested for disturbing the peace, on the neighbor's complaint; and he wondered whether he should sue the neighbor for false arrest. The reason they had come to see me was that they had four children in our schools, and the parents were afraid of what might happen to the kids in this storm. On my advice they finally decided to let the whole thing drop.

Finally, that evening, when I was sitting on my lawn, relaxing with a newspaper, the telephone rang again. A man who lived next door to one of our elementary schools was hopping mad because some of the neighborhood children were playing baseball on the school grounds. He said if I didn't stop them, he'd hold me personally responsible for any broken windows. That schoolyard, I knew, wasn't big enough to permit hard ball; so I called the custodian and told him to go out and spoil the fun.

Days like these—and there are lots of them—make it hard to avoid getting so caught up in literally thousands of petty details that I can no longer clearly see the really big parts of the puzzle. And there are times, I must admit, when the distraction of petty intrusions becomes so annoying that I am tempted to close my ears to them. But then I would become remote and unapproachable, and the people don't want a superintendent like that. They feel they have a right to see "the boss"—and, of course, in a democracy they do.

My principle regret is that all through the years I have been unable to give as much time as I should, and would like, to my own children. It's been a lot of fun helping raise other people's youngsters, but I know my own have missed me. Actually I think, the emotional involvement is harder on me—and on my family—than the simple loss of time. Even the petty problems are real and urgent to the people who come to me about them, and many of the problems are not petty at all. Time and again I feel the way the president of our board, Judge Junius Califf, says he used to feel in the days when he was a county judge. He has told me that he retired from the bench because he found the ache too much to stand, after suffering so continuously with the heartbreaks which came to him for judgment.

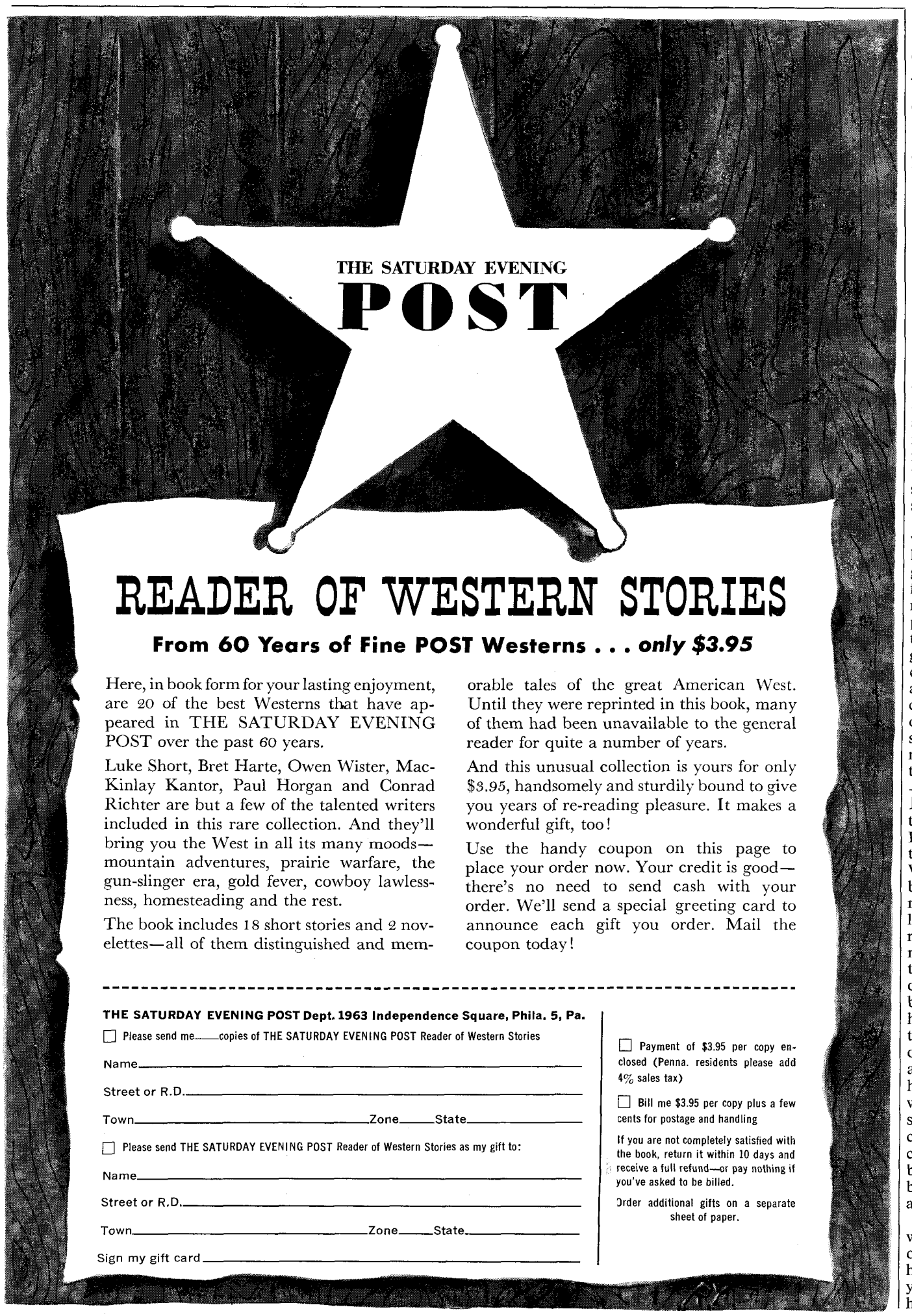
Yet, in spite of the distractions and the emotional punishment I take, I love my job. It brings me in contact with people who share my interests—in books, for example—and my enthusiasms for learning and the pursuit of excellence. My salary—now $16,000—has always been enough to buy the groceries, pay for a house and educate my own children. More important, my job gives me a strategic position in one of the country's most vital institutions—its school system. It is challenging—and rewarding—to have a part in shaping tomorrow's generation.

Most immediately rewarding are the occasions when I can step into some specific situation and avert what might have been a tragedy. A while ago, for instance, one of our boys stumbled into trouble with the law. He was riding a bicycle which didn't belong to him and he wrecked it. The parents of the boy who owned the bicycle were extremely angry and they were not mollified by the promise of the other boy's father to pay for a new one. The school counselor, the boy's teacher and the principal all tried unsuccessfully to bring about a peaceful solution. Then they turned to me.

They told me that the offending boy was basically a good youngster, that he knew he had done wrong and felt deeply guilty about it. He wanted to make up for what he had done, but the matter required some delicacy of handling. If the punishment were too light, he might feel that no one really considered his transgression very serious. But if his genuine desire to make amends were thwarted by a harsh insistence on treating him like a criminal, his sense of justice would be outraged; he would come to regard himself as the aggrieved party, and his bitterness might conceivably turn him toward true delinquency.

Because of my strategic position more than any exceptional wisdom on my part, I was able to negotiate with the parties in the case, including the police department. We worked out a compromise which both satisfied the outraged parents and nailed down a lesson the boy needed to learn—but without destroying his self-respect. He and his parents paid for a new bike, but that was the least-important part of the solution. In addition, the offending boy agreed to call on the other boy's father a month later, to report that he had been in no further trouble and to tell about a few good deeds he had gone out of his way to do. Furthermore, once a month for the rest of the school year he reported to his principal to tell in what ways he had tried to be a better citizen in school. Perhaps all this seems a little childish, but after all, the offense was committed by a child. And I hope and believe that he will grow up a better man because of the way this particular situation was handled.

No one who loves children will wonder why the chance to help in such cases is one of the chief rewards of my job. If I had to "leave education" twenty-three years ago to help even one boy, I'm heartily glad that I did so. THE END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# "The Greatest Amateur Since Bobby Jones"

(Continued from Page 24)

Nicklaus looks even younger than his fans expect him to. The face is chubby, the eyes are light blue, the short crew-cut hair is the color of new rope. The voice is a husky boyish treble, and the general manner is one of unstudied naturalness. It is typical of Jack that when he wears a golf cap, he shoves it to the back of his head when he is putting. As he bent low over his final four-footer at Merion last fall, the cap toppled off and fell at his feet. He went on with the putt as if nothing had happened—and holed it.

This minute incident provides an index to the deep-set concentration and poise beneath his deceptively innocent façade. Under the mounting pressure of major tournaments, he goes about his business imperturbably. He walks a little faster and frowns a bit more regularly than on casual rounds, but this is the extent of the change. In last year's National Open, Jack was paired on the double round of thirty-six holes on the final day with Ben Hogan. Ben is a very courteous partner, but many young men fall apart when they play with so illustrious a champion. Nicklaus was not only thoroughly at ease with Hogan, but thrived on his quiet company.

As it turned out, both Hogan and Nicklaus had excellent chances to win that exciting tournament. As you may remember, during the fourth and final round the field was bunched as it has never been in a recent Open, with no less than seven players jumping in and out of the lead as that hectic afternoon wore on. Nicklaus fought his way into contention with two birdies and an eagle on the first nine. When he came to the sixty-seventh hole, he was leading the whole parade by one shot. He punched his approach twelve feet from the pin to set himself up for another possible birdie. At this juncture his fortunes swiftly changed. He took three putts on that green and then three-putted the sixty-eighth from thirty-five feet, and his opportunity was past.

Hogan remained in the thick of things until the seventy-first hole, where his pitch to the green caught the last foot of a water hazard. They walked off the final green similarly spent, deeply disappointed with themselves, and yet oddly full of heart—the old warhorse of forty-seven and the boy of twenty.

It has been said of Bob Rosburg, a very successful professional with a most unlyrical swing, that until he hits the ball he looks like a ninety golfer. To a degree this is true of Nicklaus. His arms move back rather stiffly, his head sometimes bobs a trifle just before the downswing begins, and on the way down his right knee kicks the left side out of the way with enormous drive. It is only at the instant when Nicklaus actually contacts the ball that his unusual talent for the game manifests itself. Time after time he hits the ball as squarely and as crisply as a golf ball can be hit.

During his formative years the outstanding feature of Nicklaus's golf, particularly when playing the wooden clubs, was the fierce muscular intent behind his shotmaking. As he addressed the ball, he would keep shifting his body around so that he would be able to unleash every last ounce of energy into his swing. This he proceeded to do, striking the ball "a splendidly venomous blow," in the words of Bernard Darwin, the English critic.

Halfway through the summer of 1959, after playing a stretch of five tournaments on the professional circuit, Jack slowed his action down in the interests of gaining better control. Today his swing has a reserved, lazy, almost droning quality about it, and one of the fascinations of watching him is the huge distances he powders the ball with no apparent effort. Off the tee Jack is as long as any of the pros (always excepting George Bayer), averaging around 275 yards on his drives. He is indecently long with his irons. During a practice round at Cherry Hills in Denver before the Open last June, for example, he reached the green of the 548-yard seventeenth hole with a drive and a seven-iron.

Behind this dynamic power lies no exotic technique. Jack is extremely strong to begin with, and the fundamentals of his swing are beautifully sound, especially in "the hitting zone." At impact his hands are welded so surely to the golf club that all the vigor of his body, his arms and his hands pours right into the club head. Where most of the leading golfers today use the overlapping, or Vardon, grip, Jack is an interlocker—that is, the little finger of his right hand is locked between the first and second fingers of his left. This somewhat outmoded method has been used by very few first-class players since the day of Francis Ouimet and Gene Sarazen. It is undoubtedly best suited to people who do not have large hands, and for a man of his generous dimensions, Jack's hands are surprisingly small.

Amateur golfing whiz Jack Nicklaus, 21 (right), at home in Columbus, Ohio, with his family: (from left) sister Marilyn, his parents Charles and Helen, and wife Barbara.

On his visit to the professional circuit in the summer of 1959, Nicklaus learned a great deal about the pros' cultivated knack of scoring well even on the days when their game is off. Just before he joined the tour, he was accorded a preview when he played his first two rounds of the National Open with Gene Littler and Doug Ford. Littler got down in two shots twelve out of the fifteen times he was bunkered, and Ford did it fifteen out of fifteen times.

"That was one thing I concentrated on after that, playing the bunker shot better," Jack related recently. "What I really picked up from the pros, though, is what they call management. What you have to learn on an approach shot, for example, is how to play the simple shot and not the fancy, complicated one. Along with this, since you're bound to mis-hit a few shots, you've got to learn how to think them out in advance so that an error doesn't cost you any strokes. If you miss a green, you must plan to miss it on the safe side, where there is no real trouble. Then you can salvage your par pretty easily with a chip and a putt."

The completeness with which Nicklaus digested these tenets of good golf management was never more evident than last autumn at Merion. For the most part he made life simple for himself by hitting all but five fairways off the tee, but when he was in trouble, he invariably played the sensible percentage shot.

On the sixteenth hole during his third round, for illustration, he got off one of his few poor drives, pulling the ball deep into the rough to the left, close to a cluster of ash trees. The sixteenth is Merion's celebrated Quarry Hole, a 445-yard par four where the green rides the crown of a slope just beyond the far wall of an old quarry—a yawning pit about eighty yards wide and fifteen feet deep. In the rough, 170 yards from the pin, Jack had left himself quite a shot. The overhanging branches of the trees barred his direct route to the green, except for one tiny opening through the low boughs. Instead of gambling on threading the needle—and possibly landing in the quarry—he played the ball conservatively wide to the right of the branches. At worst, it would end up on the bank to the right of the green. At best, if the right-to-left draw he was attempting to impart to the ball came off, he would achieve the green itself.

Jack hit the shot with an eight-iron exactly as planned, and the draw took nicely. To the spectators massed behind the green it looked like an audaciously spectacular recovery, the ball whistling out of the background of heavy foliage and then breaking in and finishing twenty feet from the pin. To the spectators standing near Nicklaus, however, the shot seemed a fairly routine approach with a little draw on it. This, of course, is the mark of the masterful player in any sport: He makes the hard ones look easy. Incidentally, Jack holed that twenty-foot putt for his birdie three.

Whenever Nicklaus travels to a new course, the invariable first impression of the members is that here is one kid who certainly isn't suffering from an inferiority complex. Two or three days later they see him in truer perspective: a young man of vast self-assurance, indeed, but an exceedingly pleasant, companionable, self-critical and courteous person.

The trouble here is that Jack assumes that everyone is as youthfully direct as he is. After a practice round, when he is asked how he scored, he is apt to answer with unchecked exuberance, "I had a sixty-seven. Man, I played well! Hit it perfectly all the way. Do you want me to go over the round hole by hole for you?"

My first opportunity for spending any amount of time in Jack's company came at Muirfield in Scotland two springs ago during the week of practice preceding the 1959 Walker Cup match. At the beginning of the week I wondered if I had ever met so brash a youngster. I remember in particular a segment of a conversation that took place one evening when the American team was playing over the day's rounds at dinner.

"Billy Joe, you really flew that drive off that first tee, didn't you?" Bill Hyndman said to Billy Joe Patton at the table where the older players were seated.

Patton averred that he'd hit that tee shot pretty well.

"Where'd it finish, Billy Joe?" Nicklaus called over from a nearby table.

"Oh, about twenty yards past the dip on the right," Patton answered. "It got a big kick off the slope."

"Gee," Nicklaus said, "you couldn't have hit it too well. I must have been ten yards past that."

As I say, in this day when nearly all athletes are almost too well schooled in the special brand of self-effacing modesty ordained by public relations, it takes a while to appreciate Nicklaus's outgoing candor for what it really is. There is no conceit in Jack Nicklaus. There is, however, a formidable self-confidence. Like Arnold Palmer, whom he resembles in many aspects of his approach to golf, Nicklaus deep down in his heart believes he has the ability to outplay his competition, whatever the circumstances. This is an incalculable asset, and few become champions without it.

Off the golf course the chief outlet for Nicklaus's competitive instinct is bridge. Before and during tournaments a certain fidgetiness overtakes him after dinner, and lasts until he has tracked down a full table for a few charged-up rubbers. His most regular partners are two other amateur stars about his own age—Deane Beman, the current Amateur champion, and Ward Wettlaufer, his closest friend in golf. Almost invariably one of his opponents is Billy Joe Patton, who shares Nicklaus's relish for friendly battle.

Although older friends among the amateurs, such as Bill Campbell, have helped Nicklaus in various ways, the lion's share of the credit for his development into an enviably self-reliant young man and golfer belongs to Jack's father, L. Charles Nicklaus, a pharmacist who operates three stores in the Columbus area. Charley Nicklaus has never tried to mastermind Jack's career, and has insisted that the boy think out his own decisions. He has no desire to intrude on even the rim of the spotlight. At tournaments, though an unfailing member of Jack's gallery, he chooses to enhance his own anonymity by detaching the cardboard strip bearing his name from the badge on his lapel.

If Charley Nicklaus is an admirable contrast to the usual "stage father," one reason is that he knows athletics and athletes very well. Of the same build as his son, he played football, baseball and basketball at Ohio State and helped support himself after college as a linebacker in pro football with the Portsmouth Spartans. He won the Columbus city tennis championship and, as a young man, set two course records on municipal golf layouts. Mr. Nicklaus inevitably infused his wife Helen and their two children, Jack and Marilyn—three years

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younger than her brother—with his general enthusiasm for sports and his fervid devotion to his college's football teams.

Jack was ten when his father introduced him to golf. Their first time out together in 1950 they played nine holes at the Scioto Club, which Mr. Nicklaus had joined. Jack had an astonishing fifty-one. This achievement eclipsed the previous high point of his early athletic career. At five, after watching a football game on a neighborhood playground, he had returned home and promptly tackled the maid.

Young Nicklaus joined the Friday-morning class which Jack Grout, the Scioto professional, gave during the summer for the club's junior members. Grout, a studious Texan, has a quite unorthodox approach to starting kids in golf. He encourages them to hit the ball as hard as they can and to forget about everything else. This, as Grout sees it, stretches their muscles and assures them of developing into power hitters. Control and finesse—these things can be learned later. Jack Nicklaus was a prize pupil. He became Grout's demonstrator at the junior classes, and at twelve started taking private lessons from him. He has never taken a lesson from anyone else.

In his first boyhood year of golf Jack got his score down to ninety-three, the second year to eighty-one. The following season he shot eighty some eight times in a row, and when he finally broke it, he did it with a seventy-three. In his fourth year, when he was thirteen, he broke seventy from the back tees at Scioto, a genuine championship course—over 7000 yards long from the back tees—which has been the venue of the Open, the P.G.A. and the Ryder Cup.

By this time Jack had also developed into a powerful forward in basketball and an exceptionally good punter and place kicker in football. He continued to play those sports in season, but it was clear to everyone that his true future lay in golf, where his record in school, club and district events was beginning to recall the fantastic conquests of that earlier youthful prodigy, Bobby Jones.

As a kid growing up in Atlanta during World War I, Bob had confounded the sports world by capturing the Georgia State Amateur at the age of fourteen and then going to the third round of the National Amateur. Nicklaus had to wait until he was a graybeard of fifteen before he managed to qualify for the Amateur. It was held that year at the Country Club of Virginia, in Richmond, and Jones came up from Atlanta for it. "I want to see you play very much," Bob told the youngster at the banquet on the eve of the tournament. "I'll make certain to watch you tomorrow."

In his first-round match against Bob Gardner, Jack was one up after the first ten holes. As he was preparing to drive off the next tee, he noticed that Jones had joined the small gallery. Jack promptly splashed that drive into the woods. On the twelfth he skulled his approach far over the green. Then he messed up the thirteenth with real conviction. At this point Jones, feeling his presence was throwing the boy off, decided to leave.

"I'd put on a terrific show for Bob, hadn't I?" Jack remarked recently. "I'd dropped three holes in a row and hadn't played a single par." After his idol's departure, Jack settled down and tied the match up before finally losing it on the eighteenth.

The following summer Nicklaus, at sixteen, carried off his first important tournament, the Ohio Open, from a full field of professionals. After his second round, which was played early in the morning, he flew to Urbana, Illinois, for an afternoon exhibition appearance with Sam Snead. Flown back late that night, he went out the next morning and shot a sixty-four, which put him in front of the field. He stayed there, adding a seventy-two on the last round to win by two shots with a total of 282.

For all this precocity, it took Jack Nicklaus a bit longer than his admirers thought it would to make a real indentation on the national golf scene. After winning the Ohio Open, he did little of consequence the rest of the season. The following two years, although he became a standout in college golf under Coach Robert Kepler at Ohio State, his only considerable victories were scored in the "Jaycees"—sponsored by the National Junior Chamber of Commerce—and in the Trans-Mississippi championship. These hardly counterbalanced a poor showing in his first National Open and regular defeats in the late rounds of the National Juniors and in the early stages of the National Amateur. Jack's besetting difficulty was his wildness off the tees.

Just when Nicklaus was wondering if he would ever arrive, in 1959 he did, and in force. If there was one single factor behind his sudden graduation that season from just another promising youngster into the finest amateur in the world, it was perhaps his experience as a member of the nine-man American Walker Cup team that met the British in May in the seventeenth edition of that superb international event.

The Walker Cup match that year was held in Muirfield in Scotland, a classic links about twenty-five miles east of Edinburgh. Handsomely and copiously bunkered, Muirfield demands very accurate driving. The hard, unwatered greens require the pitch-and-run type of approach; the golfer must estimate how many yards short of the green his approach shot should pitch so that it will finish near the cup when its lively run expires. In addition, because of a spring drought, Muirfield's greens were extraordinarily fast for putting.

In the American camp on the eve of the match, team captain Charlie Coe and the other veterans were somewhat worried that these unfamiliar conditions might prove the undoing of the four relatively untried youngsters on the team: Nicklaus, nineteen; Beman, twenty-one; Tommy Aaron, twenty-two; and Wettlaufer, twenty-three. As it turned out, the youngsters actually spearheaded a 9–3 American victory. Nicklaus, in top form, won both his matches—his singles, five and four; and his foursome, partnered with Wettlaufer, two and one.

". . . a box of sixty-watt bulbs, a box of one hundred-watt bulbs . . .

". . . and a box of fuses."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The goal of every amateur is to make the Walker Cup team," Jack told a friend shortly afterward. "Simply being selected for it gave me a new confidence in myself. 'Here I am,' I told myself, 'playing right alongside these better players. I must be on a par with them.' Then I began to demand much more of myself, and I began to play better than I ever had. The way it seems to me, in golf you're always breaking a barrier. When you bust it, you set yourself a little higher barrier and try to break that one."

The record that Nicklaus compiled before 1959 was over ranks as one of the most impressive amateur campaigns of all times. He was defeated only once in thirty matches, losing to Bill Hyndman in the semifinals of the British Amateur. He won the North and South championship early in the year, added the Grand Challenge Cup at Sandwich, England, and successfully defended his Trans-Mississippi title. On the summer pro tour, he was the leading amateur in the Gleneagles Open, the Buick Open and the Western Open. He brought his season to a fitting climax in September by winning the National Amateur at Broadmoor in Colorado Springs, defeating Charlie Coe, the defending champion, in the most exciting final in many years.

After the first three holes, two of which he birdied, Nicklaus found himself one down to Coe, who had birdied all three of the holes. Thereafter the scoring on the tough mountain course was not quite so volcanic, but both men continued to play superlative golf. After the morning eighteen, Coe led by two holes. Nicklaus quickly evened matters after lunch. Coe went one up again on the twenty-fourth. On the thirtieth Nicklaus squared the match once more, and two holes later went out in front for the first time. Coe came back to win the thirty-fifth. Now, after seven hours of furious give and take, the two came to the thirty-sixth all square.

The last hole at Broadmoor is a rigorous 430-yard par four which doglegs to the right. Coe and Nicklaus both hit fine drives and carefully studied their approaches. Coe, playing first, hit an eight-iron that was on the flag all the way. It was a fateful yard too strong, however, the ball hopping over the green and trickling down the sharp bank at the rear into a hollow of heavy rough. Nicklaus, using a nine-iron, hit a lovely, soft-falling shot which rolled to within eight feet of the cup.

It wasn't over yet, though. From the hollow Coe played a delicate little pitch with his wedge that came sliding down the green straight for the hole. It stopped on the very brink. Then Nicklaus firmly stroked his eight-footer off a slight break and into the middle of the cup. He was the new Amateur champion—the youngest since 1909.

Today, after his even more spectacular performances last year at Merion and Cherry Hills, what is the new barrier Jack Nicklaus has set himself to break? The answer is the obvious one: to win as many of the major championships as he can. Like Arnold Palmer, his ambition is to attain a place among the truly great golfers of the century. With this in mind, Jack's tentative plans for this season include flying to Britain for the Open and Amateur, provided he is playing well and can afford the trips.

This last matter, of course, is the eternal problem the amateur faces, but Jack undoubtedly prefers to play his golf as an amateur. His friends think he would consider turning pro only if he felt at some future date that the restrictions of the amateur life were preventing him from realizing his full potential.

In the meantime, Jack has a many-sided life in Columbus between golf campaigns—assisting his wife Barbara in fixing up the new suburban home his father is helping them to buy, attending classes at the university, lining up insurance prospects and occasionally dropping in at the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity house to make certain he has not lost his touch at bridge. However, golf is seldom far from his thoughts during his lively hibernation. To keep his weight down, he plays handball four times a week. He constantly rehearses his stroke with his light, wooden-shafted Scottish putter. On every good day he is over at Scioto hitting out balls as Jack Grout stands silently by.

Jack Nicklaus knows that he is a marked man this year. He is the first amateur since Jones to be taken seriously by the pros as a genuine threat in the major open tournaments, beginning with the Masters this week. Golf fans find this an exciting prospect, and so does this amazing young man of twenty-one.

THE END

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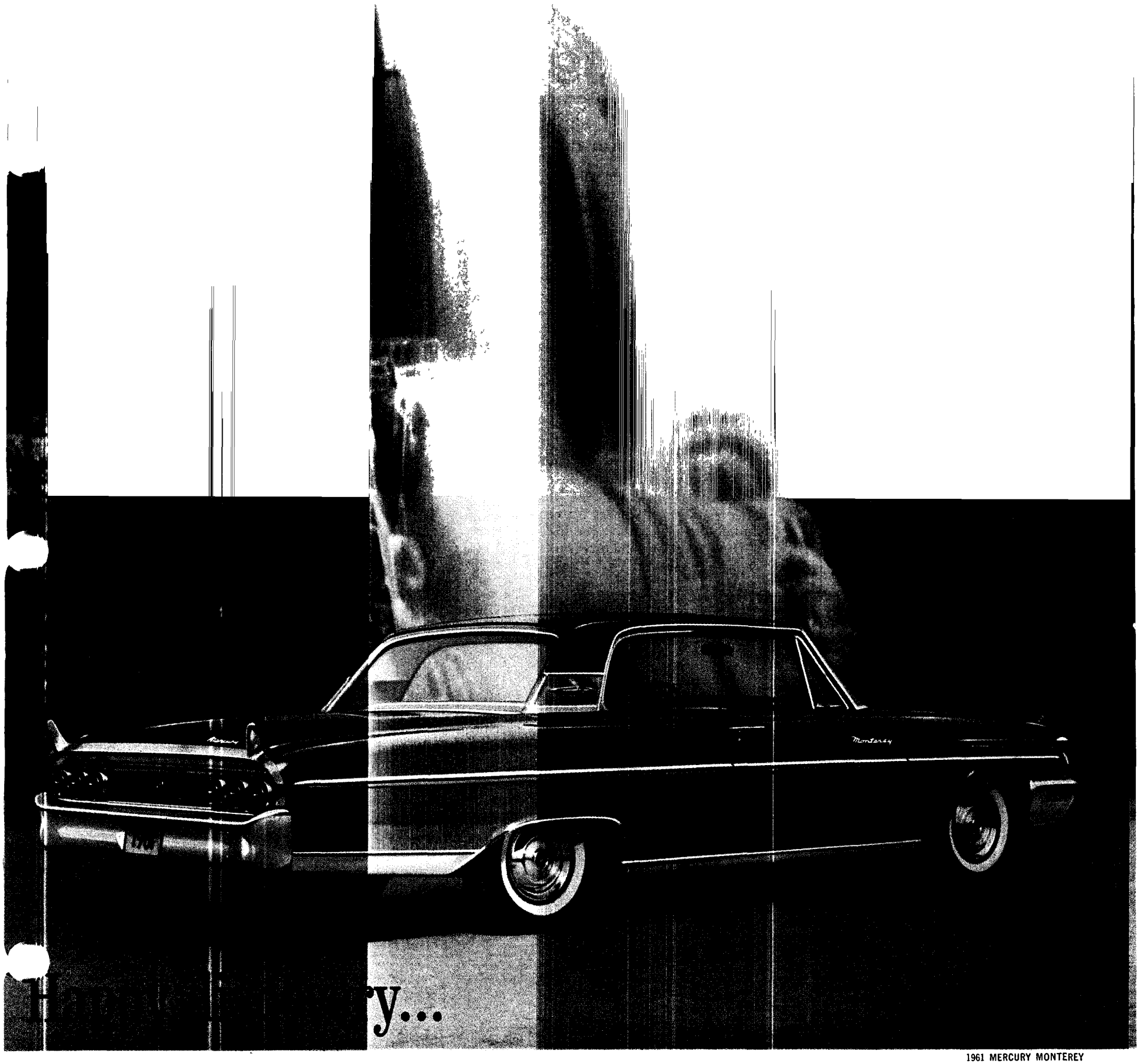


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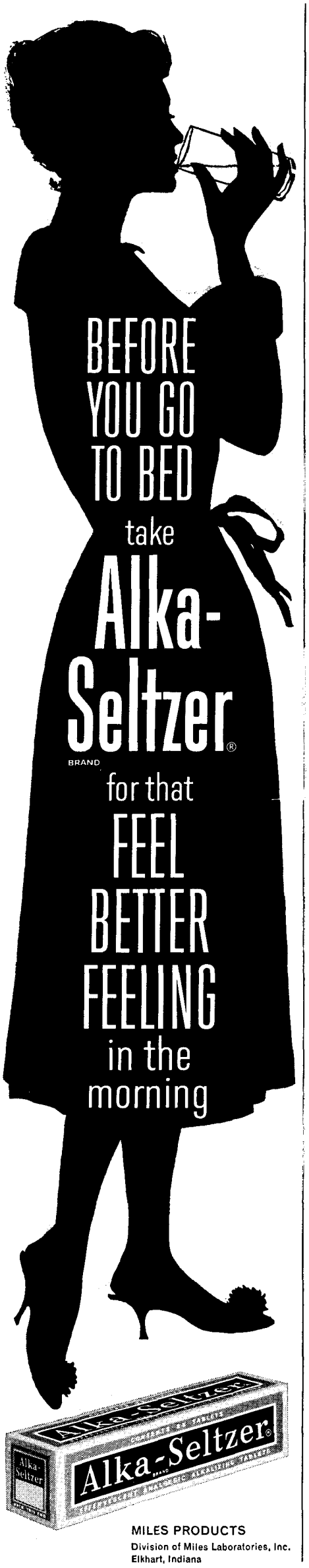
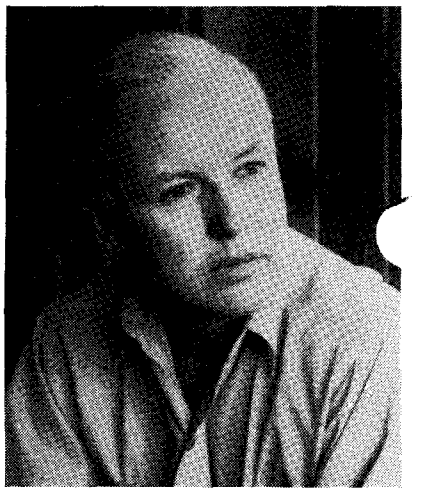



# Keeping Posted

## Prolific Beginner

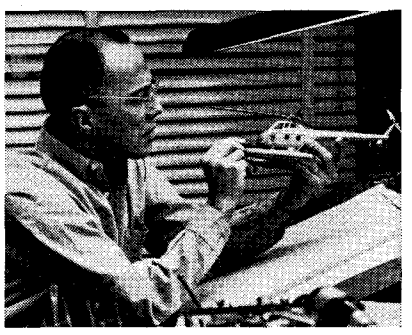
KITTEN ON A TRAMPOLINE, on page 36, is the first of three **John D. MacDonald** stories purchased in recent months by *The Post*. MacDonald, forty-four, is one of America's most prolific magazine authors. Since he began writing in 1946, he has turned out over 500 pieces of magazine fiction. More than 15,000,000 copies of his thirty-eight novels have sold in hardcover, paperback and translated editions. Many of his works have been adapted for motion pictures and television. All of which is understandable. MacDonald usually works at his typewriter six mornings, four afternoons and three evenings each week. Not long ago, he shifted to a nine A.M.-to-midnight schedule to complete a 250,000-word novel, tentatively titled *A Flash of Green*. MacDonald attended the University of Pennsylvania, Syracuse and Harvard Graduate School. He and his wife, Dorothy, a professional painter, have resided in New York, Texas and Mexico. In 1949 they and their son John P. settled in Sarasota, Florida, which is the setting for KITTEN ON A TRAMPOLINE.


John D. MacDonald.

## Golf Expert

"THE GREATEST AMATEUR SINCE BOBBY JONES," on page 24, is the first appearance of **Herbert Warren Wind** on the pages of *The Post* since his HOW AN UMPIRE GETS THAT WAY (August 8, 1953). Wind, forty-five, served on the editorial staff of the *New Yorker*—he *is* a New Yorker—and became *Sports Illustrated*'s golf expert when that magazine was founded. He is the author of half a dozen golf books and coeditor of a three-volume sports-fiction anthology, *Great Stories From the World of Sport*.

## Diligent Illustrator


Paul Nonnast with H-19 model.

When **Paul Nonnast** was assigned to do the aerial artwork accompanying **Charles Rawlings**'s CARGO OF GOLD (page 25), he was promptly grounded. We had asked him to paint a close-up of a hovering helicopter—specifically, a Sikorsky H-19. Nonnast sought but could not find adequate photographs or reference material to use in depicting the whirlybird. Further searching failed to turn up a 'copter of the H-19 type within a hundred miles of Nonnast's Doylestown, Pennsylvania, home. Then Nonnast remembered a discontinued hobby of his—model-airplane building. Extensive rummaging through the cavernous storage spaces of his Victorian house produced an old model-helicopter kit. The type? An H-19, which Nonnast constructed (see our photo, left) and used as a model for his exciting illustration.

## Bird Watcher

BACK FROM OBLIVION, on page 28, is **Gertrude Schweitzer**'s twelfth *Post* story and was inspired by a news clipping. Author Schweitzer lives with her lawyer husband in a little house on two and a half acres of woodland in Armonk, New York. When weather permits, she works outdoors—with bird book and binoculars within reach. "The clatter of my typewriter seems to attract the birds," she tells us. "It's not uncommon for eight or nine species to gather nearby at one sitting. I find them so fascinating I sometimes stop in midsentence to watch them—which is not a good way to g stories written for *The Post*."

## Unfashionable Cartoonist

The design assistant to Pauline Trigère (NEW YORK'S NEW QUEEN OF FASHION, page 30) is Lucie Porges, wife of *Post* cartoonist **Peter Porges**. He complains, "Lucie has no eye for cartoons." He, apparently, has no eye for fashion; see the frumpish gowns in his cartoon on page 66. Mr. and Mrs. Porges were born in the same hospital in Vienna, Austria, thirty-four years ago. They met eighteen years later in a Swiss school, were married in New York in 1951, when Peter was a U. S. Army private. He started cartooning while in the service, became a celebrity in his battalion on the strength of a caricature of his platoon sergeant. His remuneration for that drawing: two days' K.P. duty.

Lucie Porges (left) and Trigère model.

## Our Cuban Thermometer

Contributing editor **Harold H. Martin** has written three *Post* articles dealing with Cuba and Fidel Castro. In his first piece Martin reported the joy and hope of the Cuban people with the coming of the revolution. His second article related the confusion and chaos which swept Cuba during the early months of the inexperienced Castro government. Martin's third piece, ANGRY EXILES IN FLORIDA (page 19), reveals the growing disillusionment of the Cuban people today. After Martin wrote article No. 1, he received a wire from Castro congratulating him on his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Martin doubts that Fidel will be send any congratulatory cables after reads this latest report.

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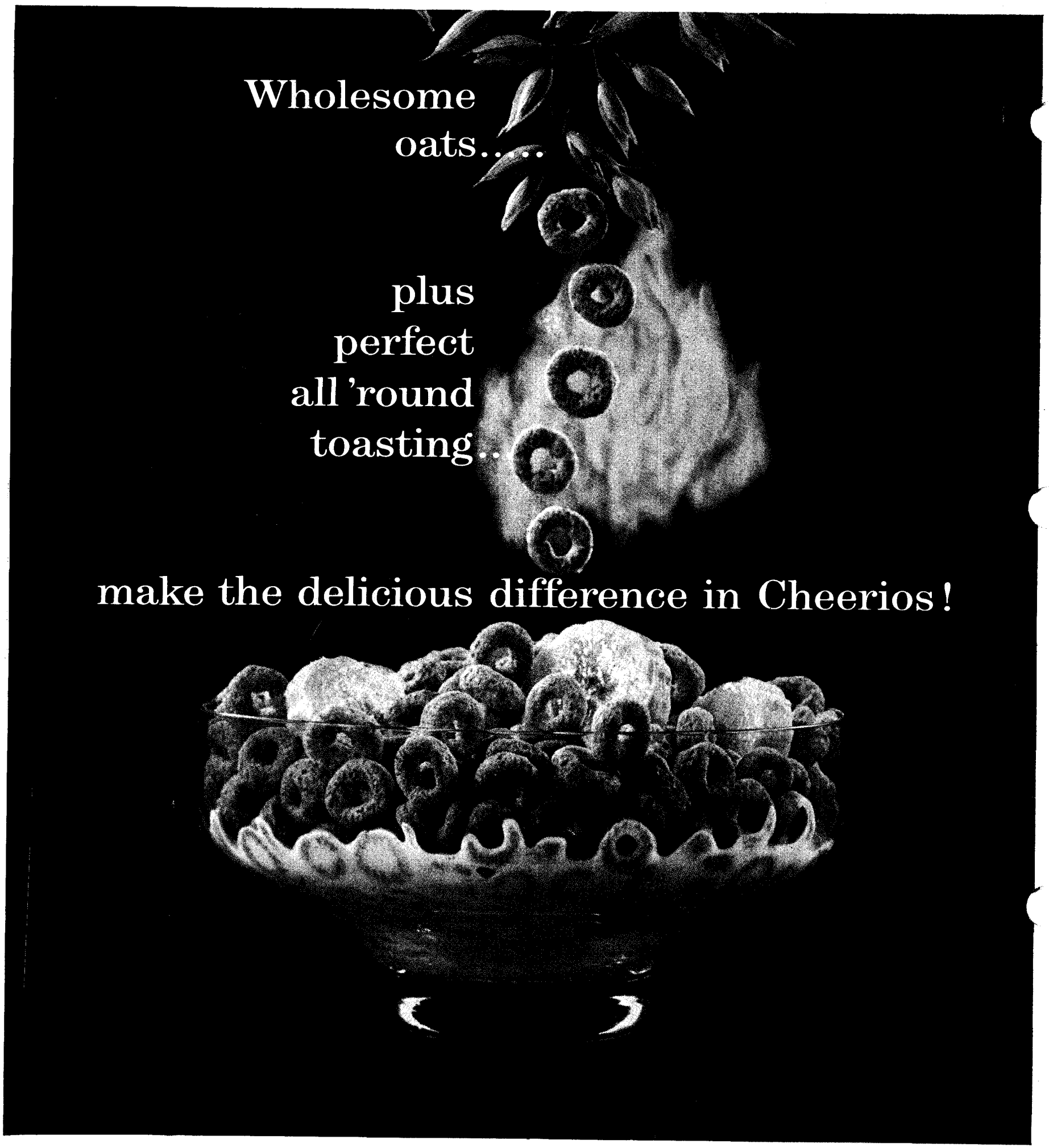


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